Good Housekeeping

OCTOBER
1929

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CASTLES IN SPAIN *By Frances Parkinson Keyes*

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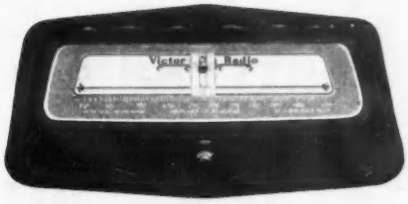

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Vol. LXXXIX No. 4

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NOVEMBER BRINGS SPLENDID SHORT STORIES

"The Sea Was Waiting," by Elizabeth Petersen, carries the scent and sight and sound of deep waters in its limpid descriptions. "If You Begin with Love" is a delightful tale of love in the big city. Mary Synon has a fine message in "Grand Piano," and "Rain Preacher," by Margaret Belle Houston, sets a new record in the field of colored fiction.

In addition, Frances Parkinson Keyes' first letter from South America, "The White House Gang" in another series of wild deeds, Ida Tarbell's far-visioned discussion of college life, William Lyon Phelps' sermon, "What Is Man?" and Archibald Rutledge's stories of wild deer make

A FASCINATING LIST OF SPECIAL ARTICLES

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CABBAGE AND STAR BACON. *See page* 10 *of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

STAR BACON AND MACARONI. *See page* 10 *of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

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RICE—MEXICAN STYLE. *See page* 13 *of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

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In using advertisements see page 6

The Least of These

WITH the exception of the boys who are helping in the fields these glorious October days—we count them lucky—the school population of the entire country is now safely gathered within doors again. Scattered here and there and everywhere, they were, since June, individuals with the stamp of freedom upon them; now they are circumscribed by routine and regular schedules and, we fear, altogether too much interference by state school authorities in the pursuance of what is and will be best for them, now and later. But that is another subject, full of dynamite and surrounded by voluble defenders. And so let's get back to what we set out to say—that the gravest responsibility with which we are now charged is the safeguarding of the health of the millions we insist shall go to school, willy-nilly.

HOW serious this health matter is was recently emphasized in a report by Dr. James F. Rogers, of the Federal Bureau of Education. Said Dr. Rogers: "The number of deaths of children of school age would be shocking if we were not so accustomed to their daily and hourly occurrence. There is such a death every ten minutes." The public is both interested in and responsible for the great majority of these deaths, for most of them were due to diseases that are absolutely preventable and in most cases curable. Think of permitting twenty-eight hundred school children to die, in a single year, with diphtheria, a terrifying disease, but one that is itself more vulnerable than its victims. It can, should, and must be wiped out. Every community in the United States should offer the preventive serum to its citizens, and after a reasonable period in which to prove its efficacy and its harmlessness, *all* should be compelled to take advantage of it.

OTHER diseases claiming hundreds of children's lives are typhoid fever, measles, scarlet fever, tuberculosis (ranking next to diphtheria, and both curable and preventable), influenza, heart diseases, and pneumonia. What can be done in the way of prevention is illustrated by the practical elimination of smallpox as a fatal disease. In an estimated school population of over twenty-two million—five to fourteen inclusive—there were only twenty-seven deaths attributed to smallpox in 1925. But we fight smallpox all the time; it's loathsome, horrible. But when you are dead it doesn't matter to you whether smallpox or diphtheria or tuberculosis killed you. Nor does it matter to the child whose budding life is ours to have and to hold, to cherish and foster, to protect and defend. So we pray that every Board of Education, every Board of Health, will this winter try to crowd at least one minute into that record of deaths—one every eleven minutes, this year, then jump into the widening gap with our whole souls, making it our goal that no child of school age shall die of a preventable, curable disease.

"PROVISION for public health is more important than provision for public education," said Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in a letter to this writer when GOOD HOUSEKEEPING first urged the passage of the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill. We agreed with Dr. Butler then, and we still think his statement incontrovertible—in spite of the fact that, in the wisdom of the Congress of the United States—more particularly of the Senate—the Maternity Act is no longer operative. However, it should be, and it should be backed up by states, counties, towns, and villages. And, the good work it originates should be extended through all the following years of the child in whose successful advent society is so greatly interested. It should be somebody's business to look after the public's health at the public's expense. And so we advocate a public health or visiting nurse—she is called both—in every community.

WHICH reminds us that when we started this little piece we hoped to say before we got through that the Visiting Nurse Service of the Henry Street Settlement in New York City is a bright and shining example of what may be accomplished in public health work. It's safe to be a baby or the mother of a baby in the territory where this Service operates. Part of the work is charitable, but most of it is paid for with small fees. The authorities of the Settlement contend that their service is vital to the community, and they vision the day when similar work will be carried on throughout the country. And they are anxious that it should be extended to include older children in their homes, for, they say, it has long been the complaint of many engaged in health education in schools that what is done in the classroom is too frequently undone at home. Children are sufficiently imitative to copy their parents' conduct and forget the precept of the teacher. They may know what is right, but do what is easy. To bring this lesson home to all of us, the Henry Street Settlement is inaugurating Visiting Nurse Service Week. This will be the last week in October. If your town wishes to cooperate, we are sure the Settlement folks will be glad to tell you how.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

Wild Geese

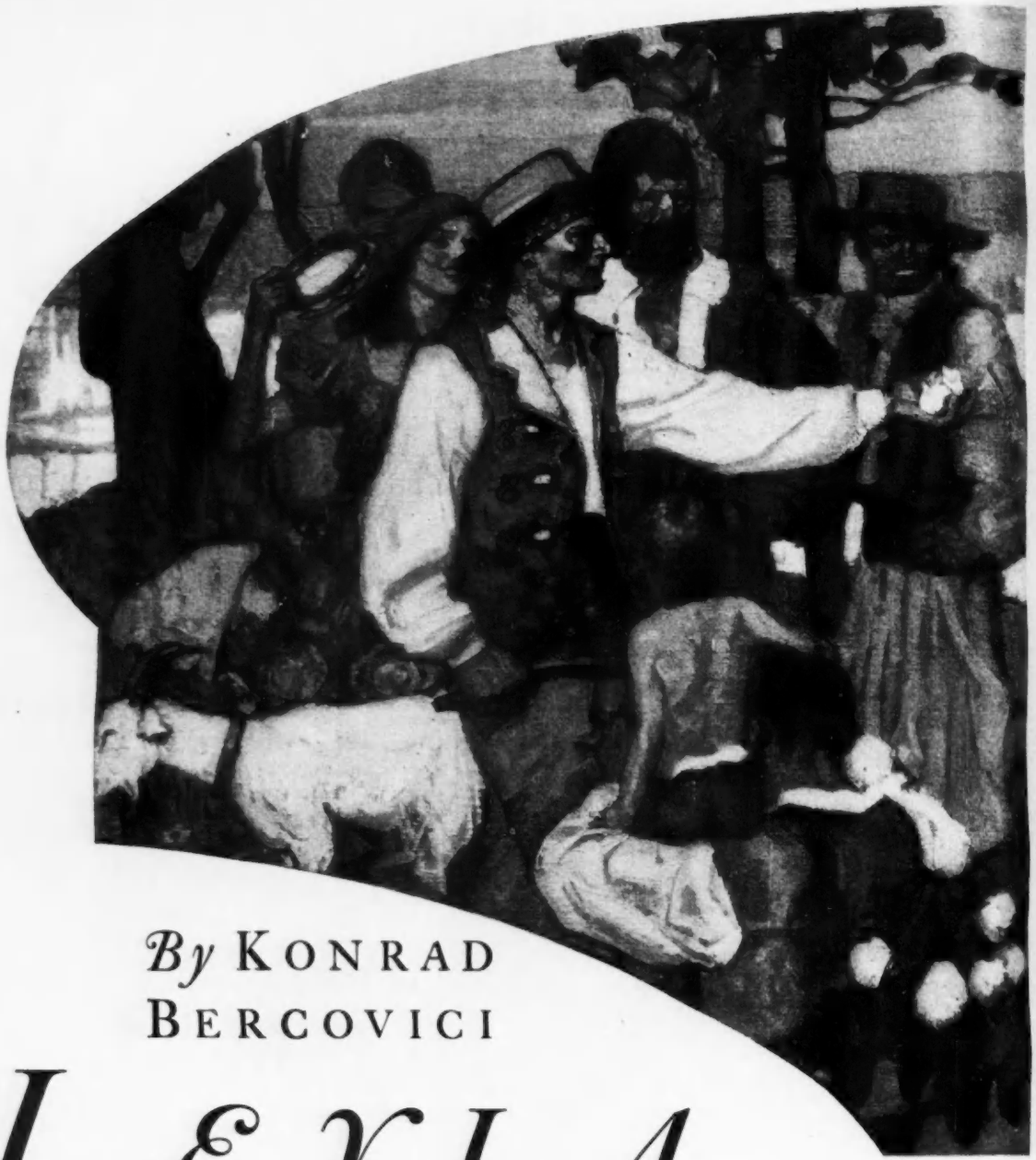
Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

By Nancy Byrd Turner

HARK, that is more than wild geese going south,
That cry from a cloud at the autumn sunset's edge,
As keen as the word in a lonely prophet's mouth—
It is promise and pledge!

THEY will return, they will break on the old earth's grieving
With clear, sweet clamor, prevailing on and on;
And they will be more than a wedge of wild birds cleaving
Home through an April dawn.

NEVER that cry, that challenge flinging free,
But I start to my feet with a hail, laughing at death—
On a sudden as sure of immortality
As of my life and breath!



By KONRAD BERCOVICI

LEYLA

"Here are your pieces. When Ilie's thing, he gets it," Gypsy looked at

THE little village of Isman, a cluster of green-painted, thatched, little houses on a hill tinted in red bronze by the early autumn, was unusually alive that Sunday morning. Turkish fishermen in festive dress, followed by their women and children garbed in gaily-colored pantaloons, crowded the square in front of the mosque. Late-comers inquired of their neighbors.

"What could have happened?"

For many years now, Gypsy caravans had come to Isman, wagon after wagon, the second week of Bairam, the yearly four-week-long feast of the Moslems, to buy cured fish for the winter; yet that fall not one wagon of Gypsies had appeared even during the third week of the Bairam month.

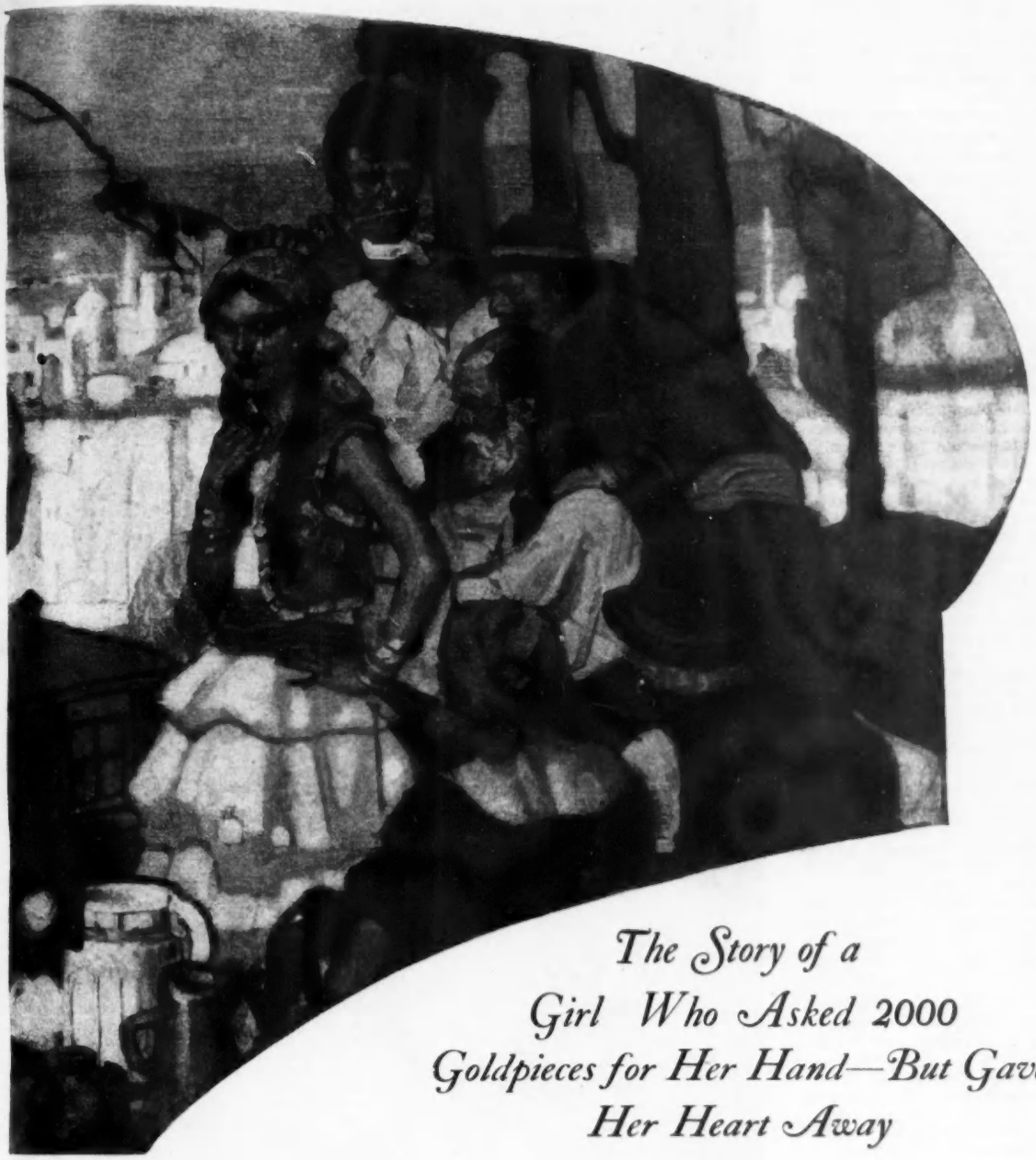
The Turkish fishermen who had never thought much of Gypsies began to miss them; not because of the money the heathens paid for the fish, but because they had become accustomed to seeing these strangers appear as regularly as poppies and daisies on the fields, at a definite time of the year. Veiled women and white-turbaned men joined their children in the anxious query:

"Why haven't they come? Why don't they come? Have they gone elsewhere? There hadn't been any heavy rains to swell the brooks on the road and halt their progress, had there?"

The last day of the third week of Bairam was half gone, and no Gypsies had come. The Turks talked about them every day now, remembering how a horse had once been stolen, how brass kettles had disappeared, how fowl were taken away mysteriously. Soon, however, people began to remember also how a Gypsy had cured Mechmet's wife, and how another one had found the cause of the dryness of the widow Aula's cow.

"Heathens, true enough; but good heathens, and gay."

Suddenly a little Turkish boy yelled:



two thousand gold-
son wants some-
and the young
Leyla triumphantly

The Story of a Girl Who Asked 2000 Goldpieces for Her Hand—But Gave Her Heart Away

Illustrated by Dan Content

"Burda. Burda. They are coming. They are coming. There. There."

The women lowered the veils over their faces. The men rose on their toes. From around the bend of a rock appeared covered wagons. In the clear, dry air one could hear the swish of the whip and the men talking to the horses.

The first wagon, the leader, stopped within sight of the assembled villagers. Tall, broad-shouldered, long-bearded Gypsies jumped down from their seats and talked softly among themselves. Why were there so many people waiting for them in the shadow of the mosque? Was it a good or a bad omen? Well, they were there. They had to face it out, come what may.

"Manu, you who speak their language, go and find out," an elderly Gypsy suggested. "Go, Manu."

Manu, the oldest of the group, left his whip behind and went empty-handed toward the Turks, who had sat down to fan the embers under the long-handled, brass coffee-pots that glistened at a distance. The mosque square was the market-place and the open-air coffee-house of the village. From there the Turks could watch the colored, patched sails that glided on the blue waters of the Danube below. Arrived within speaking distance, Manu, the Gypsy, crossed his arms over his chest and bowed deeply, Moslem fashion.

"*Hosh geldi.* Welcome," greeted the oldest of the Turks, rising to his feet.

"*Hosh bourdum.* Happy to find you well," Manu answered, coming nearer.

The formal greetings over, the Turks asked excitedly all at once, tugging at the Gypsy's long coat:

"Why haven't you come? Where have you been? You are late. We have been waiting for you. It is the last day of the third Bairam week."

Before answering questions, Manu whistled to his friends to come. The Turks were anxious to see them. They could

buy their fish cheaper if they took advantage of the enthusiasm of the villagers.

Gypsy men and women jumped out of their wagons before the eager, lean, little horses had come to a standstill. In one word Manu made the situation clear to his people. The Gypsies hugged the villagers and called them brothers. The women pulled down the veils from the faces of the "*Kadinas*" and said ecstatically:

"Ah, sister. You didn't look so well last year. You are getting younger every year. How do you do it? Tell me. Tell me."

Even the Gypsy children understood they were to cajole the little Turks to help their parents. Packs of cards came out from under the folds of the skirts of Gypsy girls ready to tell fortunes. Fiddles were tuned. One-eyed Maye was already blowing a sad, sad Turkish melody on his reed flute.

The Gypsies worked fast. At the noon hour, when the Turks had gone to prayers, the Gypsy carts were full of cured fish, for which they had paid less than half of what they had paid the previous year. Manu, the hero of the occasion, spoke wisely to his daughter Leyla, who was helping him store away the things he had bought.

"It is well to let people wait for you. Don't wear flowers in your hair every day. When people get accustomed to see them, they become blind."

That Gypsy caravan did not belong to one band or tribe. Each wagon had its own master. They traveled in families. The villages dotting the hills and stony valleys of the Dobrougea, between the Danube and the Black Sea, were too far apart and too small to give scope to large tribes. But it so happened that they met in Sulina that fall, at a gay tzigan wedding, and having been delayed by the feast, they came together to Isman to buy their winter provisions. They were in a gay mood and had stopped on the way to eat and drink together while the children and the young chals and chies, girls and boys, danced on the dry grass beside the road.

The fish bought in one-half a day, a transaction which would have taken from four to five days under ordinary circumstances, the Gypsies didn't intend to leave immediately. They were happy and unhappy at the same time. They walked about their wagons, looking at their horses, at the canvas of their tents, chatting, singing. Now they were a little cross at having been robbed of the pleasure of bargaining with the Turks. It was great sport outwitting such keen traders as the Turks were.

"There will be other girls, Gregory," she consoled. "More beautiful and
"You don't love me. You only wanted to break me, Gregory." He sighed,

Manu was sitting on the seat of his wagon beside his daughter Leyla. She was a tall, lean, copper-colored girl, with large black eyes set wide apart. Leaning against her father's wide chest, she was playing with her long, raven-black, thick braids. The old man, whose long beard was the same shade as his lamb fur cap, was puffing mouthfuls from his long-stemmed, silver-cupped pipe. After a while he said to her:

"Why don't you play as all the others do, Leyla? Why do you sit here so idly?"

Without moving she looked her father full in the face and asked reproachfully,

"Are you tired of me?"

He shook his head and pointed his thick,

kinder than I am. Another moon, and you will forget." He smiled forlornly, and tears sprang into his eyes. "I didn't know what it feels like—to be broken"

black, bejeweled forefinger. "Look there, at the girls your age. Singing, playing, ta king, dancing. Gregory and the boys are swimming, and you, the best swimmer of them all! When we are alone, you complain. When we meet people, you stay away from them. Go now. Gregory's father, Ilie, wants to talk to me. I will ask two thousand—go now."

With a rapid gesture of her hand she wound the braids around her head, saying: "Ask what you want. You want to get rid of me. You are tired of me."

She jumped down and walked away with sinuous hip movements and balancing shoulders. Suddenly, like a flash, she began to run, and running, she shed her clothes one by one as she raced down the slope from the camp to the water. She was stark naked when she splashed into the river. The older Gypsies turned their heads.

"There is a girl for you. One in a thousand; Manu's daughter. Ah, if I were young once more!"

Gregory and the others were far away. Their black heads bobbed up and down in the steel-gray water. Leyla began to gain on them, coming up on top of the waves and calling:

"Swim on faster. Leyla is coming."

Gypsy men and women ran to the shore, applauding Manu's daughter.

"Race him. Race Gregory. Race and beat him."

The others stopped swimming. Gregory waited for her to come nearer.

"Let's race to the other shore, Gregory," she said. "Come."

He looked at her, laughed, and began to swim back.

"Why won't you race me, Gregory?" Leyla asked angrily.

He splashed a handful of water into her face, ducked, and swam away with large strokes. Soon his sinewy, bronzed body climbed out on the sunny shore. The others were still swimming about, splashing, laughing, playing, yet no one would take up Leyla's challenge to race her.

"Oh, old women, who will race me to the other shore?"

No one took her up. It was cold. They had had enough.

Ilie, Gregory's father, stepped up to Manu's wagon. He was taller and broader than Manu. A horse dealer from the deserts. His voice was louder than that of the other man, louder and harsher.

"Can I have speech with you, Rom?"

"I have told you already, it is useless."

"Look at my son." The father pointed proudly to the half-naked young body that was beginning to dress. "Is there a finer man to father the children of your daughter? Look at his long arms and wide chest. Look at his strong neck and his muscled legs. Look at them, Rom. Look at them!"

"Few young men are worthier than your son," Manu answered. "But I don't want to marry her yet. I am alone. Speak to me next year."

"Is Gregory a cripple," Ilie bellowed, "that he should wait a year, or do you think there are no other girls in Gypsydom? Five hundred gold pieces, and I pay half the cost of the wedding feast. What do you say?" (*Continued on page 234*)

MORE JOLLY DOINGS OF

The White House Gang

The Only Crowd of Boys That Ever Included A President, and a President's Son

By Earle Looker

CHAPTER VII

IT MUST be borne in mind that every Sunday morning in church we were wont to hear that beautiful prayer: "Most heartily we beseech Thee, with Thy favour, to behold and bless Thy servant THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, and all others in authority . . . Endue them plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant them in health and prosperity long to live; and finally, after this life, to attain everlasting joy and felicity . . ."

Often, after playing with the President on a Saturday afternoon, our sureness of equality with him was so definite that at the end of this Sunday prayer we actually refrained from joining in the deep, reverberating "Amen" of the congregation, because we felt not at all uncertain that the Gang was included in that prayer, as being among "all others in authority." We were exalted, and somehow it did not seem to be in exactly good taste to "amen" a prayer for ourselves, since at that moment, we imagined, millions of people also were praying for us. So we stood straight and quivering, for assuredly we had been wrought upon by the influence of a great and good man.

It was in this period that the approach of a member of the Gang to the White House had something about it of an impossibly fantastic princely progress. There was a thumping, martial music in his heart, as he passed through one of the gates on Pennsylvania Avenue, and walked with a sort of skipping cadence up the long path curving beside the carriage drive—ceaselessly watched by the Secret Service.

Still the Gangster would not have been so astonished had the long, blue arm of the Law reached for him, and a heavy hand caught him roughly by the coat collar. Instead, the policemen merely groomed their fierce mustaches with white-gloved hands as that small boy passed, and purred pleasantries like so many sleek cats. That, in itself, was at first more than disturbing; it was not at all natural. So the boy would be breathless, as he came under the golden lantern suspended from the ceiling of the high-columned *porte-cochère;* by the time the doormen, in the swallow-tails and brass buttons of the Presidential livery, popped out of the glittering double-doors and bowed him through, he would be speechless.

Once, after I had thus safely entered the White House without let or hindrance, I met the other members of the Gang assembled in more or less mute contemplation of marble floors, and the Great Seal of the United States of America, inlaid in polished brass—we thought it solid gold—and we were steered to the ushers' room to the right of the main entrance. Here a minor crisis arose, which, as I understand it now, was Rooseveltian in its unconventional conception, and correspondingly satisfactory in results.

The ushers' room was connected, by an intercommunicating telephone system, with all parts of the White House; when I arrived an usher—Irwin H. ("Ike") Hoover, since become Chief Usher—judging the Gang completely present, telephoned to Q's rooms that we had arrived. Mr. Hoover, receiving an answer over the wire, looked startled and said into the instrument:

"No! I can't say that at all! Whatever are you thinking?"

There was a distinctly audible click in the earpiece, and Mr. Hoover looked out of the window, confused and embarrassed. Drumming his fingers impatiently on the table, he finally said, "Quentin says—well, he says he can't see you today."

Slats Stead, who had been more or less argumentative all day, said quickly: "Darn him! You tell him that's no way to behave!"

Inasmuch as Slats had appointed himself first spokesman, the Gang nodded solemnly and in angry agreement.

"Tell him," said Dick, "that we really didn't want to see him, anyway."

"Tell him, too," Brom said, "we only stopped in because we happened to be passing by."

"And tell him," Walker piped in, "that he can go and chase himself to Washington Circle."

Mr. Hoover was, and is, no mean diplomatist. So he laughed, picked up the telephone again, and after some delay—which we understood to be Q's ignoring of the call—delivered the return messages *verbatim*, adding:

"Quent, they're mighty sore at you, and I think they're right. They're all going now, of course."

We could hear Q's answer, as he shouted:

"Golly! Don't let 'em leave the house. Bring 'em up! Bring 'em up! I just wanted to know what they'd say, and they—said—it—and I want—"

We found Q standing on his head—with the help of a table—in the middle of the great upper hall, trying adequately to express his pleasure at our insulting remarks.

"Somebody," Q said with his father's directness, "just told me that you only came to see me because this was the White House. I wanted to kick him on his seat of government; but being able to tell him about *this* will be better than anything."

Then the famous after-chuckle bubbled up—"And I won't get in dutch this way, either."

Q's thought was not too complex for us to follow; inasmuch as we understood that he regarded our disagreeable remarks as proofs of personal affection—which they undoubtedly were—although it took us some minutes to forget that we were still angry. But in the course of a little while we *did* forget and, forgetting, forgave him.

Q was in no way scatter-brained, although the wide range of his remarks on any subject interesting him often made him appear so to people who did not really know him. This same trait was his father's possession, but with TR the habit of compassing the particular subject was instantly appreciated. An important yet mythical individual, greatly cultivated by all the Roosevelt family and spoken of among them as "Gen. Information," contributed greatly to Q—although Quentin, boy-fashion, was often logical and sometimes stubbornly so.

Of this characteristic, TR, writing to Kermit, said, ". . . The other day we were discussing a really dreadful accident which had happened: a Georgetown young man having taken a young girl in a canoe in the river, the canoe upset and the girl was drowned; whereupon the young man, when he got home, took what seemed to us an exceedingly cold-blooded method of a special delivery letter to notify her parents. We were expressing our horror at his sending a special delivery letter, and Quentin solemnly chimed in with 'Yes, he wasted ten cents.' There was a moment's eloquent silence, and then we strove to explain to Quentin that what we were objecting to was not in the least the young man's spendthrift attitude."

Such misunderstandings between boy and man are hardly ever serious; for a man like TR and a boy like Q understand

"This hose was Government property," said TR. "To replace it will cost money—money which I was earning when interrupted by a dispatch regarding the progress of this war, and left hurriedly for the field"

fully the cause for them and learn how to allow for them. There are, however, no such allowances between boy and boy; in that realm nothing is discounted, and degrees of difference in ideas naturally brought about many of the internal dissensions in the Gang.

Swollen noses, split lips, and black eyes were freely given and taken by Q. But these trophies of battle possessed for him enough of pride value to compensate for mere injured sensibilities, and so grievances were not long nursed. Physical damage, mutually inflicted and received, healed naturally and disappeared quickly. The really amazing thing was that there was comparatively little destruction of Government property.

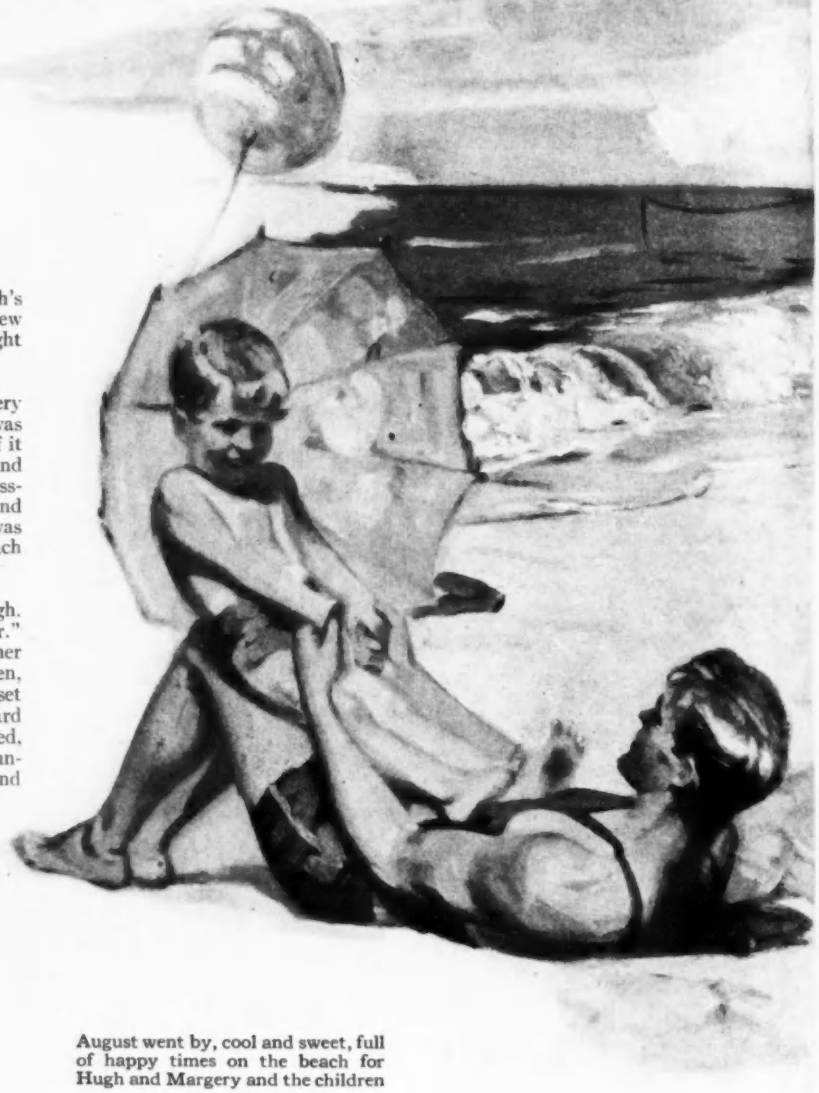
"I. C."—inspected, condemned—is the mark placed upon U. S. equipment when it has reached its absolute limit of serviceability. Some official property man of the War Department, having the heart of a boy and a keen appreciation of junior values, had seen fit to present Q with an old I. C. artillery guidon. Its moth-eaten appearance and mended staff greatly enhanced its value. The gorgeous crimson silk of the pennant was ripped for a battle flag, and the glittering spear-tip shone with martial glory, whenever we planted it, upright and gently fluttering, in the south garden. (*Continued on page 244*)

Money Isn't

By

Sarah Addington

Illustrated
By
Thomas Webb



August went by, cool and sweet, full of happy times on the beach for Hugh and Margery and the children

THE front hall door opened. Hugh's step sounded, the children flew down, and Margery upstairs thought suddenly,

"Something's happened."

For in the way Hugh laughed, the very way he had flung open the door, there was vibrant excitement, a little sure wave of it that had traveled clear up the stairs and into Margery as she sat before her dressing-table. She flung down hairpins and comb and raced into the hall. Hugh was leaping up, one child clutching each trouser leg, Johnnie in his arms.

"Well!" she cried.

"Hello!" His voice was queer and high. "Hey, Nance, gangway for an officer." Nancy, aged four, was wound rather dangerously about the right leg. "Listen, kids, all bets are off for a while." He set Johnnie down, urged him gently toward the nursery. "Beat it," he commanded, "all of you. Go into the nursery, get undressed, see who can get into bed first, and *then* we'll have the big romp, see?"

"Johnnie can't—" began Margery.

"Of course, he can," said Hugh. "If he could take off all his clothes when the minister's wife was here, he can certainly do it again now."

"You help him, then, Jimmie, will you?" asked Margery.

Jimmie was not interested. "Father, Roger Eliot's got a bicycle, and I rode on it today!"

"Did you? Good boy. Fun, isn't it? I'll get you one. When you're eight."

Margery gasped.

"But Roger's only seven, and I'm nearly—"

"When you're eight," repeated Hugh. "I don't want you breaking your neck until you're eight."

"But I didn't break it today!"

"Pure luck," stated Hugh. "Now, run along. I want to talk to your mother, and you're too distracting."

Johnnie was trying to heave himself up his father's back.

"Play bear!" he commanded.

Hugh reached back, seized the first part of Johnnie that his hand came to—it happened to be Johnnie's romper-leg—and fetched him around.

"Shoo!" said Hugh. "Get in there before I spank you all around."

"Father," shrilled Nancy, "we singed in school today, and I singed the loudest!" Her eyes blazed at this glorious feat; her cheeks were pink with her pride.

"Did you, Nance?" said Hugh. "Great! Will you sing for me later?"

"I'll sing now! It's a song about de little frog and de big frog and—"

Hugh nodded understandingly. "All right. Don't forget now, you're going to sing to me about the frog. But now—to bed! Johnnie, come here!" Johnnie was on his way downstairs. "Jim, go get Johnnie and take him to the nursery. Oh!" wailed Hugh helplessly then, "do something with them, Margery."

Margery laughed, went around scooping up children, finally had them all in their room with the door shut.

"Though how long Johnnie will last—" she said cynically. Then: "Hugh, you shouldn't have promised Jim a bike. They're frightfully expensive."

They were in their own room now, more or less safe from their various little pitchers.

"But that's just it!" cried Hugh. "It

EVERYTHING

It's The Lady Who Appears On Money— We Call Her Liberty

doesn't matter whether anything's expensive or not any more." He paused impressively a moment, his eyes shining oddly. "I've got a new job!"

"Hugh!"

He was nodding foolishly, grinning.

"Well, go *on!*"

"Well, old Caulfield called me up today—"

"The investment banker gent?"

"Yes. He asked me over to his office, and I went"—("Oh, why does Hugh *always* have to go clear round the barn?" thought Margery, agonized)—"thinking it was another something or other he wanted done, and he offered me a membership in the firm with fifteen thousand a year to start and five percent interest."

Margery fell weakly on to the bed, then sat up and said, "No!"

"Yes. Honest. No funny business. No catch. Fifteen thou' and five percent and junior membership. Can you beat it?" said Hugh then feebly.

"I can't," said Margery. "Oh, Hugh, you took it, didn't you?"

"Well, I said I'd talk it over with you."

"Oh, Hugh, call him up," begged Margery.

"He may change his mind!"

Hugh grinned. "I guess not. I told him I'd let him know tomorrow. He wants me to start in the first of July."

"Whew!" Margery was still gaping. "Hugh, how much is fifteen thousand a year a month?"

"One thousand two hundred and fifty."

"And how much will your interest be?"

"Oh, I don't know. They make at least half a million a year. They're a small house. I suppose I'd get $25,000 a year out of the profits."

"Then we're *rich!*" cried Margery.

"Well," said Hugh, "we're richer than we were, a whole lot. But I suppose we oughtn't to count on the percentage. We can count on the salary, though."

A shriek sounded from the nursery; their door opened violently.

"Mother," said Jimmie, "Johnnie won't let me take off his shoes. He says his feet are cold; he wants to sleep in his shoes."

Margery went hastily into the nursery. "Come on, Johnnie," she said, "shoes off. No monkey business."

But she was thinking: "It wouldn't matter if he did sleep in them. It wouldn't matter if he slept in all his clothes. We're rich. We're going to be gay and happy and free now the rest of our lives!"

She went around, picking up small, wide-flung garments, helping Johnnie,

discussing with him the subject of going to bed with shoes on—since her first brisk method hadn't worked in the least. She presented her side quite impartially: if he wanted to sleep in his shoes, he could, of course, this was a free country, but it was rather silly to want to, because if he kept his shoes on, he'd have to take a bath in them, and then his shoes would get wet and soapy, and they were such really good shoes, it was a pity to treat them so shabbily. And if Johnnie's feet *were* cold on this fine June evening, which seemed unlikely, he could have the hot water bottle, and everything would thus be nicely settled.

Johnnie took off his shoes.

They were finally quiet for the night. Baths and stories and romps and Nancy's aria were achieved. Hugs and prayers and goodnights were done with.

It was half past seven, and Margery said as she said every night: "It's too late and too hectic. Johnnie ought to be asleep by seven. And you ought to have your dinner earlier."

But they lived in a suburb, and Hugh worked late, and it was Margery's firm opinion that fathers and children ought to have more than the hasty breakfast hour together.

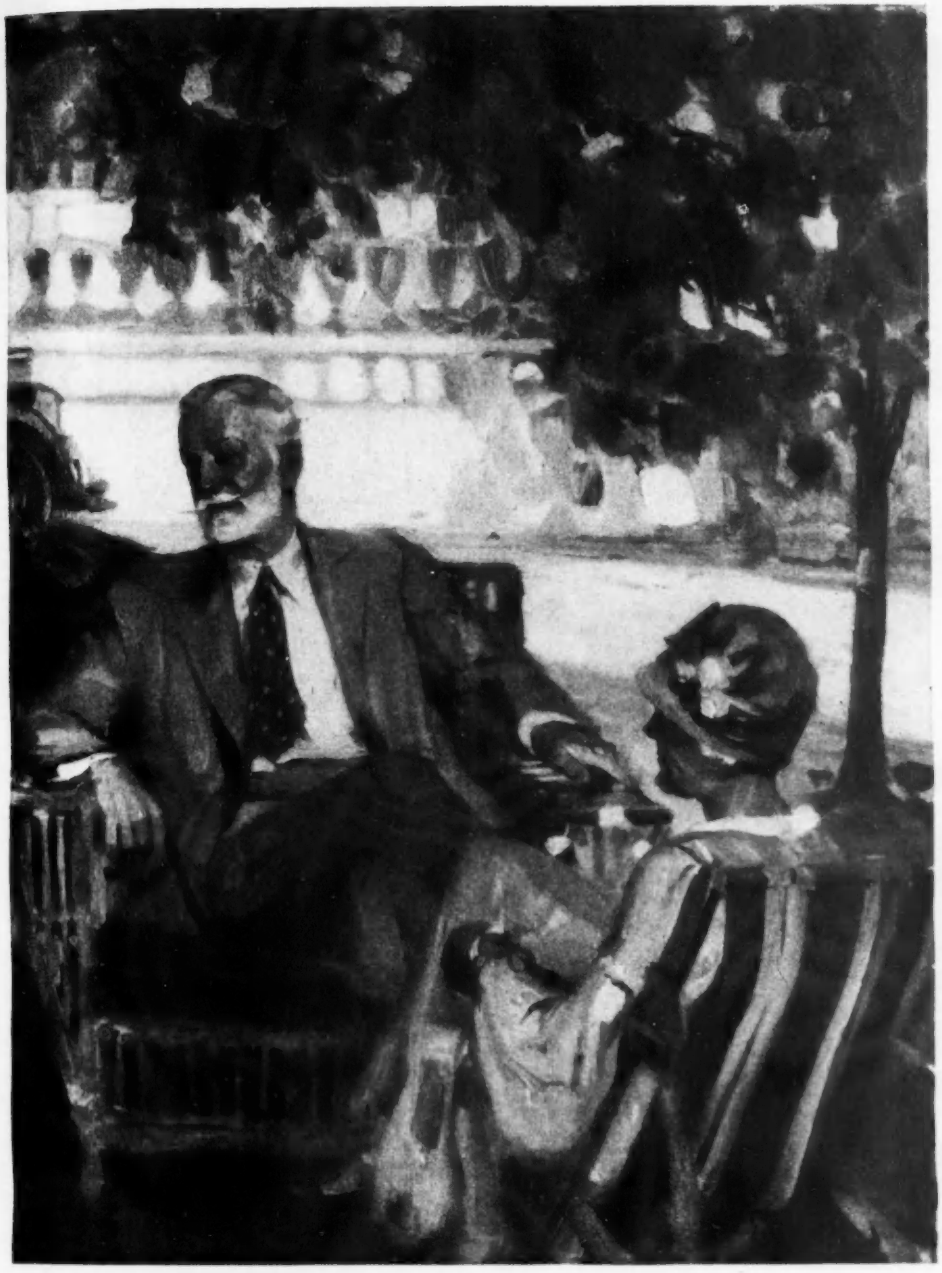
"But I don't see," said Margery at dinner—lamb stew and string-beans and Margery's apricot whip, whose spiky garland of lady-fingers always made Hugh laugh for some strange, husbandly reason—"I don't see just *why* he suddenly plumped this at you. Had he ever even hinted about it before?"

There were times when Margery almost loved Mr. Caulfield. He was friends for him. But one couldn't really talk to him. And his wife

"Yes," said Hugh, "he had. He's been hinting all spring. I didn't tell you because I was afraid it was just talk. You see, he liked that job I did for him on the cement merger. In fact, that quite sold me, Margery. He was quite—er—well, you know, he said a lot of nice things and said he wanted somebody in the firm that could do that sort of set-up for them."

Margery was nodding emphatically. She had always known Hugh was a genius at figures. She knew it by the fine frenzy he had always had for mathematics, by the long nights he worked at home when he did not really have to, by his religious fervor for charts and diagrams, by his real *flair* for making figures talk, by that sudden change amidstream which they made six years before. Hugh was an accountant. Once he had been a lawyer, but the law for Hugh left something to be desired, and after they had been married three years, and Jimmie was just six months old, they had made a great and terrifying decision. Hugh was to study accounting at night—every night except Saturday and Sunday. It would take three years, and the initial salary in accountancy would be minute, but Hugh wanted to be an accountant, and that was enough for Margery, and he thought he could succeed in it, and that was enough to give Hugh courage for the awesome venture. For those three years Hugh had struggled with the law by day and leaped ahead with accountancy at night, Nancy had been born (to everybody's horror), and Margery had done housework at home and part-time work in the little library in Woodycrest. Finally Hugh left the law office, was blissful to get a berth in the largest accounting house in New York, and three more years had gone by. Lean years, hard years. Johnnie had come. Not enough money. Not enough fun. Too much work.

And now, like a miracle, all this was behind them. They were rich! If old Caulfield had offered Hugh a million dollars a year, they couldn't have felt richer.



so fond of Hugh, so proud of him, so willing to give up his banker was so steeped in wealth that the woman, herself, had all but vanished

THEY awoke the next day to a ripe June morning. Margery's bridal-wreath was full and blossomy. The sun was shining its heart out. A redbird in a tree up the street piped and whistled. Yesterday had been exactly the same sort of day, but Margery had not noticed until this morning how beautiful the world was.

She dashed down into the kitchen, Johnnie at her heels, and feverishly prepared the cereal, the toast, the eggs, the tall glasses of milk, the coffee, the oranges.

"Never again," she said blithely. "I'll get a maid today."

That afternoon she went to a meeting of the Garden Club. A schoolgirl came in to look after the children and peel the vegetables for dinner. Margery, putting on her old lavender tweed suit, bought when lavender tweed was both fashionable and cheap, thought:

"I'll have some clothes, too. And Hugh will have decent suits. And he can join the Harvard Club and maybe a golf club, and I can send Mother some money once in a while. And now we'll be *sure* of college for the kids, and maybe we can go to Europe. And oh, I do want my own house, and I *would* like the kids to know French."

"But we must be sensible," she told herself later. "I've always loathed people who got silly on the money question."

Also she had begun to realize overnight that fifteen thousand a year would probably have limits, just as five thousand a year had. Wider limits, though, really generous limits in which they could gambol around quite freely and never spill over the border.

But as she sat in Mrs. Harry Soper's lovely garden, listening to a talk on peonies by a spectacled gentleman from New Haven, she really couldn't help feeling rich, after all. She felt as if she, too, lived in a brick house like Mrs. Soper's, with servants gliding silently around; as if she, like most of these other women, had stored up inside of her trips and theatres and dinner parties, all the glamourous things that cost money. Already she felt well-dressed, already she felt that if she opened her shabby purse she would find it lined with bills. Wonderful what money could do for you, even before you had it! Wonderful how it could make you hold your head up high and proud, how it could make you careless and carefree, confident and sure.

MARGERY did not get a servant.

"Oh, I don't know," she told Hugh. "I think it's sort of—cheap to rush off and begin to hire people and buy things and do things, the minute you get your hands on a nickel. I'll have Hettie in a lot this summer, and then I'll get somebody in the fall. I do want to move, Hugh."

They both did. They had never liked the little house. It was too small for three children and two adults; it had no attic and was hot in summer; its next-door neighbor was too close; its plumbing was eccentric. But it had been the only house at their price near the railroad station, and they had to be near the railroad station because they couldn't afford a car.

July first came. Hugh had resigned; had said rather sentimental farewells to the firm of Willcox & Gordon, especially to a certain red-haired, freckled-faced Miss Twittey in the stenographic department, and to Mr. Willcox, the senior member, who was in everything (*Continued on page 142*)

The ancient sea-wall and towering cathedral of Cadiz, the Moorish "dish of silver," where Murillo painted his last picture

The "Door of Justice," surmounted by a carved key, leads to the Alhambra gardens and the palace of the Moorish kings

Frances Parkinson Keyes

On Her Way to South America for Good Housekeeping Writes Of

Castles In Spain

DEAR MIMOSA:

I am on a funny little boat which, stopping every few days at some port of call, is making its way from Spain—which I left with the greatest regret—to Venezuela, my first objective in South America. Before embarking from Barcelona, I stole a week-end in Mallorca and saw the cathedral rising from the sea-wall by sunrise—surely one of the most beautiful sights in the world—and the monastery at Valldemosa, where George Sand and Chopin spent a winter together, and which seemed to me cold and cheerless enough to chill the ardor of any love affair! And since then I have seen rose-wreathed Valencia, where the ancient "Tribunal of the Waters," composed of farmers who settle all questions pertaining to irrigation, and from whose decision there is no appeal, still meets and pronounces its verdicts in front of the cathedral; Malaga, surmounted by a crumbling fortress, where the mountains look on the city and the city on the sea, where the sun shines with African brilliance and the wind sweeps over from the African shore; Cadiz, the Moorish "dish of silver," where Murillo painted his last picture and, dying, left a masterpiece that was worth perishing to produce; and Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, where camels act as beasts of burden, and women wear funny little straw hats perched on the shawls that cover their heads; and La Laguna, the old capital of the Canaries, where the dragon-tree grows, and the altars are made of beaten silver, and the mountain peak that gives its name to the island of Teneriffe rises funnel-shaped, like Fujiyama, beyond the lesser hills. The traveler in Spain who leaves without seeing all of these ports has missed much of its essential character; for each Spanish city is different, each has individual charm and distinction nowhere else to be found.

But now there will be no more ports of call, except our own San Juan de Porto Rico, before I reach La Guaira. Ten placid, uneventful days stretch out before me; and, in the absence of any distraction whatever, I no longer have the slightest excuse for not writing you the letter I promised you when we said goodbye in New York, and which, until now, has seemed impossible to achieve. I did, to be sure, write to Genevieve from Seville—but that was a special birthday letter! I

am sure, since you and she are such good friends, she shared it with you, and I shall begin this account of my adventures where I left off in writing before, hoping that *you* will share it with *her!*

Elisabeth and I had barely recovered from the excitement of the opening of the Ibero-American Exposition, when Captain Morgan, who is in charge of the exhibit of the Department of Commerce, appeared at our hotel early one morning and made a delightful suggestion.

"Before I left the United States," he said, "several of the big motor companies were good enough to offer cars to be used in connection with the activities of our officials at the Exposition. Governor Campbell has two at his disposal, and so have I. It seems to me especially desirable that the distinguished visitors who come here should see not only as much of Seville as possible, but as much of Spain as possible. You and Miss Shirley are distinguished visitors. How would you like to take one of these cars and make a little trip through Andalusia?"

I have read somewhere that when we get to Heaven we are to be held responsible for all the pleasures we might have enjoyed on earth if we had only taken advantage of our opportunities, but which we have passed by. And long ago I determined that I should have no explanations to make to St. Peter on this score.

"Thank you very much. How soon can we start?" I answered.

Captain Morgan did not turn a hair. I knew that he would not. He is the personification of that peculiarly American brand of efficiency which has caused our automobiles and sewing machines, our typewriters and moving pictures—not to mention numerous other things—to penetrate every corner of the globe, and which has done it in such a tactful and pleasant way that the invasion has seemed agreeable rather than aggressive. A mere motor trip arranged at a moment's notice could not possibly cause him any inconvenience whatever.

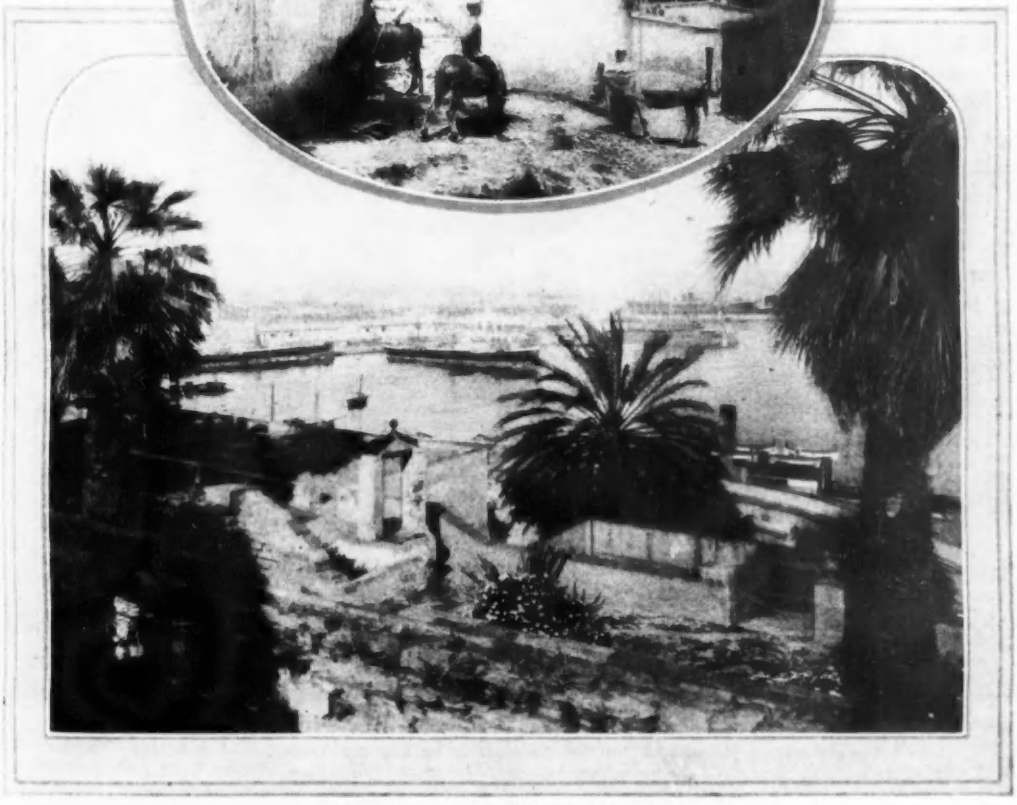
"Why, right away," he replied. "Governor Campbell's chauffeur has a friend, Angel, who knows all the roads around here. He'll drive, if the idea appeals to you. I've just been talking to him about the trip; and I have had him stock up with gasoline and oil. As soon as you are packed—"

An hour later Elisabeth

(*Continued on page 270*)

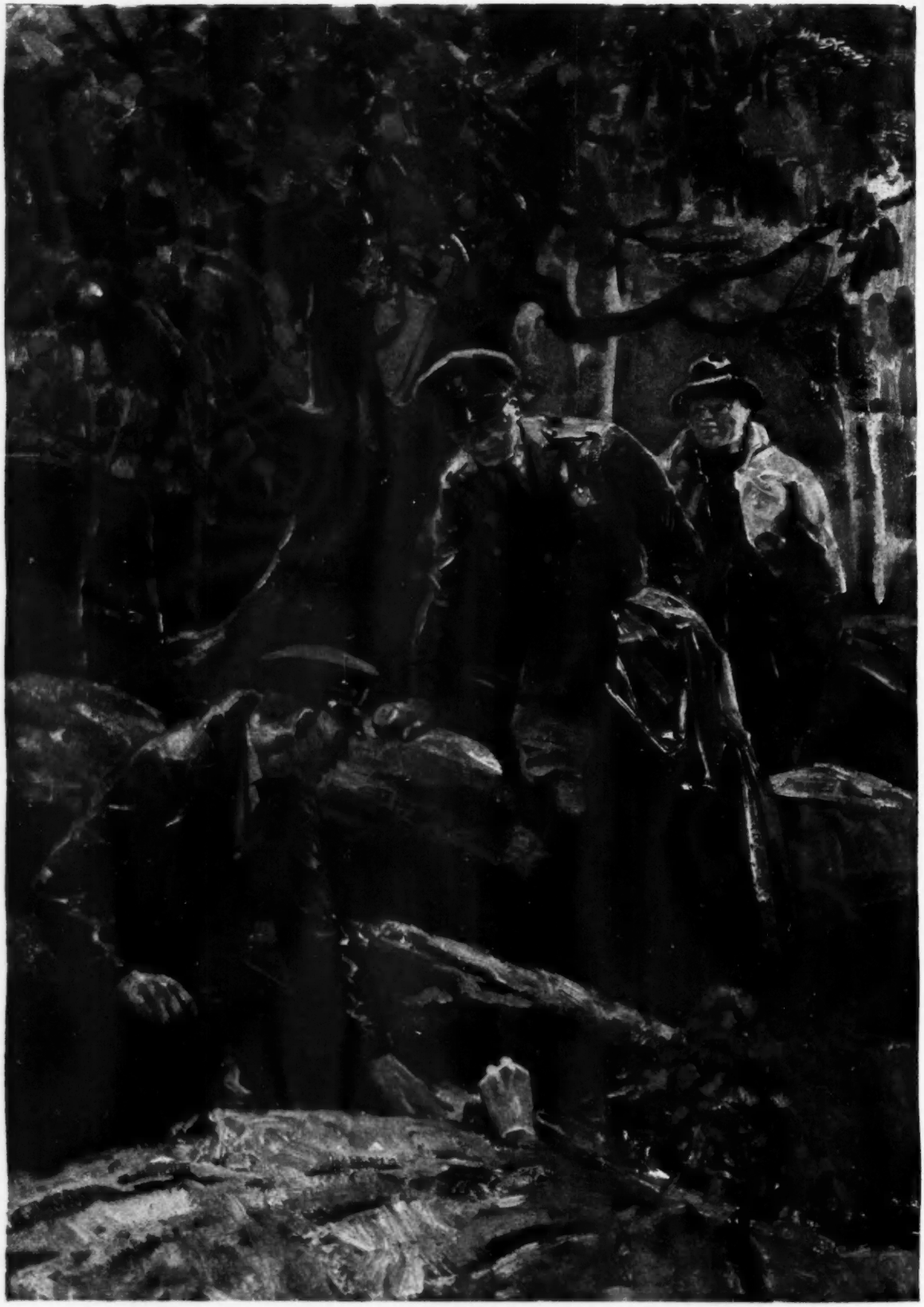
The Mezquita in Cordoba gives the effect of an impenetrable forest of columns stretching in every direction

Granada, the city of the pomegranate, is a place of varied fascination. A winding road leads up the hill to the gypsy quarter



The harbor of Barcelona from the gardens of Miramar; here the Catholic kings received Columbus returning from America

© *E. M. Newman, From Publisher's Photo Service*



"MURDERED man's down yonder," Holloway insisted. "Might have fallen out when the plane crashed," commented the corporal as he hastened downhill. "Huh," he grunted when he considered the body, "you're right. Not much injured for a fall from a plane"

ALIBI

The Year's Best Murder-Mystery Yarn, By One of the Judges of the Crime Club—

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

The Story So Far:

FOR twenty years John Tower and Gordon Ashley, his cousin, and Cynthia Kent had spent their summers on the old Avery farm in the New England township of Turin. This year Peter Mortimer, the late Seabrook Ashley's confidential clerk, was sometimes with them, for Gordon had recently inherited him along with his uncle's millions.

Cynthia's Aunt Lucy had long disliked Johnny—principally because she couldn't understand him. Why had he deserted the law for newspaper work and book writing? Why had he, instead of staying at the hotel with the rest of them, elected to live in a remodeled barn half a mile deep in the forest? Maliciously, Miss Lucy decided he was jealous of Gordon's new wealth—and even of Mortimer's bequest, which had been larger than Johnny's, though he was Seabrook's nephew.

That sultry morning before the storm Johnny tried to drown Peter. It was generally supposed that the attack was due to his ill-feeling for the secretary; only Miss Lucy knew he had been goaded to a frenzy by her confidential report of Cynthia's and Gordon's engagement.

By afternoon Peter was feeling normal enough to arrange for a few hours' fishing before he flew to Boston. A plane was to land on the deserted golf course and pick him up. Gordon set off for Cold River alone, and Mortimer followed later in his employer's car. Then the storm came, thunder roared and rain came down in torrents. By five o'clock Cynthia was worried, so she set out to meet the fishermen. But it was only Johnny Tower that she met—soaked and draggled, his face haggard, and—a red stain on his sleeve!

His temper had not improved since morning, and when the girl told him of her anxiety, he said, "I'd like to think that Mortimer had broken his neck or drowned in Cold River. And you needn't worry about Gordon. He always falls on his feet—fortune's fair-haired boy."

That night Cynthia sought him again, at his cabin—the plane had been heard before supper, and it was supposed that Mortimer had gone on to Boston; but Gordon had failed to return. Johnny was bending over a suds-filled washtub, and the girl's thoughts flashed to that spot of red on his sleeve. Her suspicions were further aroused by his refusing to join a search party.

But Avery and the constable, who were waiting for her at the hotel, confirmed Tower's opinion that the searchers would only lose themselves and that it would be better to wait for daylight. It was Gordon himself, however, who wakened Cynthia at sunrise. Muddy and dripping, he stopped at her door to tell her he was back. He had been lost all night, he said, and he had not even seen Mortimer!

Avery, Constable Holloway, and his assistant, Swanson, not knowing of the young man's reappearance, had already started out to look for him. Their search through the rain-drenched forest brought to light a spectacular and gruesome mystery. Avery and the Swede discovered a wrecked airplane, its nose thrust into the soil, its tail sticking up among the trees, and a man hanging head down from the pilot's seat.

"There's a dead man here," Avery called to the constable.

Holloway stumbled toward them, gesticulating crazily toward the foggy silence behind him. "There's another—down there," he panted.

CHAPTER IV

CONSTABLE HOMER HOLLOWAY sat on a stump and gasped. Slowly Avery and Swanson retreated from the wrecked plane until they stood close beside him, drawn together by the capillary attraction of horror pervading this motionless, mist-throttled woodland.

Color was returning to the constable's round cheeks, and his lungs heaved less violently. Fear that had glazed his canny eyes evaporated. The lids puckered, and his stare shuttled quickly from one companion to the other. He stood up with a loud sigh.

"Whoosh," he exclaimed. "Sweet sufferin' spirits, Eli, I was scared! Constabilin' in Turin ain't never included men layin' dead on a rock for a feller nigh to fall on." He squared his sturdy shoulders and shook his head. "Still an' all," he pursued, "I'm constable. Lessee what this is all about, anyway. Feller dead in that plane, eh?"

"Yeh." Eli agreed nervously. "Hangin' head downwards out of the chauffeur's seat. Strapped in, I guess. Deader'n tripe."

Holloway clumped over to the smashed plane and pulled at the brush concealing the cockpit. "Dead," he conceded, "is correct. He 'n' this other feller—" He hesitated, and his eyes were calculating slits. "No," he decided aloud, "couldn't be, neither. You boys know this here—deceased? Me neither."

Eli asked with sudden, stumbling eagerness, "The other—who is he?"

Holloway shrugged. "Didn't look very close," he confessed with a tremulous grin. "Nobody I ever seen, though."

He considered a moment and then asked Eli:

"Ain't the Haskins farm t'other side of this hill? They got a phone, hey? Swanson, I want you should git there quick's you kin; call up the state police down't Burnett. Tell 'em to git to Haskins' quick's they kin, 'n' you wait 'n' bring 'em down here. Don't quite know how t' handle this by myself. Ain't had no murders on my hands before."

"Murder?" Eli echoed.

The chubby constable nodded briskly. "Yup," he replied. "Guess so. Git goin', Swanson."

The sound of the Swede's departure melted away. Holloway, his eyes squinted with intense thought, took a hesitant step toward the airplane and then turned on his heel.

"Nope," he corrected himself. "Got sense enough to leave things alone. C'mon downhill, Eli. We'll look at t'other."

A forked white birch slanted twin ivory, leaf-muffled prongs over a gray rock ridge outcropping beside the almost vanished trace of a one-time lumber road. Across the low mound of stone the body lay, gray face back-tilted, lank hair washed away from the forehead by the downpour. Eli, forcing himself to bend over it, shrank at sight of the thin, blacker stream that had stained the rain-darkened rock.

"Well?" Holloway asked at last, raising his voice above the river's tumult.

"Mr. Mortimer," Avery said slowly.

They had withdrawn a little distance from the horror of the sprawled, sodden shape and had seated themselves upon a log before Eli's mind formulated the thought:

"Gordon," he stammered. "What about him?"

"Yup," Holloway agreed, chewing upon a twig of black birch. "I been askin' myself that for quite a spell."

"Couldn't have been," Avery thought aloud. "What for? Homer, listen. Maybe I got it. He was goin' to fly back to Boston in a plane. Mind? Sven 'n' me heard a plane long about milkin' time last night. Somethin' went wrong. That chauffeur feller was strapped in, but Mortimer wasn't. He dropped out here just before the contraption came down on the hill above."

He surveyed his neighbor on the log with expectant pride. Eli champed soberly on his twig.

"Don't seem likely," he droned, "'t a feller could fall out of the sky on a rock 'n' bust so little."

"'Could 'a' jumped when they got close, couldn't he?" Eli retorted. "Or maybe ketched in a tree and broke his fall?"

"And where's this Ashley all this time?" countered Homer. "Looks bad, Eli."

"He never done it," Avery contradicted. "What'd he do it for? There'd be tracks if he did. Did you look for 'em?"

"Uh-huh," the constable agreed. "None except those we made ourselves. Don't prove a thing, though. Rain last night would of washed tracks away."

"That plane," Eli pursued stubbornly, "lit on the old golf links just south of the Trail, right after the thunder-storm yesterday afternoon, an' flew east. We heard it, and Mortimer was in it, else it wouldn't 'a' headed for Boston, would it? Gordon Ashley don't know anything more about this 'n a babe unborn."

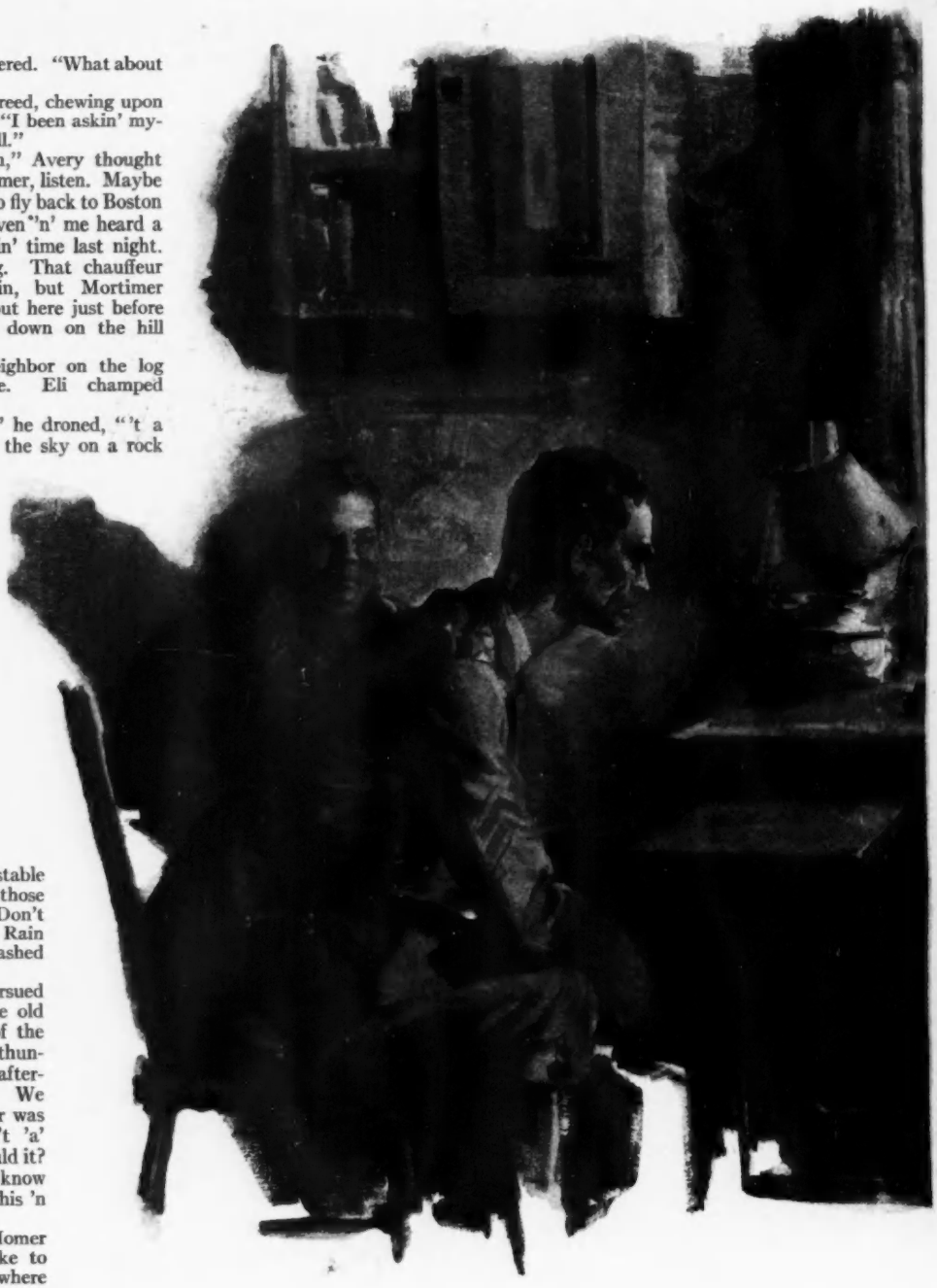
"Ain't said he did," Homer retorted, "only I'd like to know where he is 'n' where he's been."

His sharp little eyes peered about the ghostly vagueness of the woodland. "Maybe he's dead in here somewheres, too," he said at last.

Eli found small comfort in the thought. For five more minutes, while Holloway ruminated, he endured the stillness troubled only by the unearthly voice of the swollen river. The gray, boding loneliness, the lowering sky that promised more rain, the ghastly immobility of the figure stretched back against the rock as though frozen in convulsion, grew at length unendurable. He rose.

"Homer," he said between chattering teeth, "we'll catch our death settin' here. Better go back to that airplane. Police won't know how to find us."

"Yup," Holloway agreed absently, standing up. "I was just thinkin'. I'd like to see that Ashley feller."



"Then," the corporal summarized, "you really can't tell where you were between two yesterday afternoon and six this morning, Mr. Ashley?"

After an age-long wait beside the shattered plane, voices came to them from the cloud that dwelt upon the hill summit and the sound of men floundering down the slope. Swanson appeared, followed by two state policemen, competent figures in olive drab with the triangular badge of their service on tunic shoulder—Corporal Haddonfield and Trooper Berry, the taller with chevrons on his sleeve informed Holloway briskly.

They inspected the wrecked plane with a matter-of-fact thoroughness that awed Avery and at once comforted and abashed Turin's constable.

"This," Haddonfield told the latter with a faint scowl, "isn't a murder."

"Murdered man's down yonder," Homer insisted stoutly and retailed to the impatient police the story of the discovery of the twin tragedies.

"Might have fallen out when this crashed," Haddonfield commented. "I've phoned the airport. This plane with a

pilot from Boston—Floyd Hutton—left Madison at 5:40 last night, about a half-hour after the thunder-storm. Was to pick up this Mortimer on the links of that bankrupt country club and take him to Boston. You say," he added, turning to Avery, "you heard him going east. That proves it, doesn't it?"

He was moving downhill with a long stride that compelled Holloway to trot.

"Huh," the corporal grunted when he considered the body spread like a savage sacrifice across the stone. "You're right. Not much injured for a fall from a plane; Hutton's much more banged up."

He surveyed the wet earth about the rock and frowned. "Trampled this all up," he accused Holloway, "till it looks like a drill ground. Didn't you ever hear there was such a thing as tracks?"

"Yup," the constable retorted, "but there wa'n't none. I looked particular. Mebby was once, but the rain's washed 'em out."

"Well," the corporal commented disagreeably, "we'll have to take your word for it. If there weren't tracks, that doesn't help the murder theory."

"Washed out," Holloway insisted.

"I heard you the first time," the corporal rapped. "Shut up a moment."

He muttered beneath his breath to Berry at his elbow. The trooper nodded.

"Don't suppose any of you," Haddonfield asked aloud, "thought of telephoning to find if this man Ashley had come home?"

"Can't," Avery intruded. "Storm put the phone out yesterday. I know Gordon. He didn't do it, Corporal."

"You're right," the state policeman replied. "I'd like to check up on him just the same. What happened is this: Mortimer jumped when the plane broke or the engine failed, or whatever happened. There were two parachutes in the machine when it started. There's one still strapped on Hutton's back. He stuck to the plane and tried to save her. Mortimer landed, but hurt his head. He unhitched the parachute, and it blew away, God knows where. He got this far and died.

"That, anyhow," he said patronizingly to Holloway, "is the way it looks to me. When a doctor's seen that cracked skull, we can tell for sure. Still look like murder to you, Constable?"

Homer's cherubic face was impassive, but his eyes were thoughtful. "Now it's kind of funny," he said mildly, "that a feller stumblin' hurt through woods in the dark should fall backward over a rock an' die. Ain't it?"

There was a moment's pause. Haddonfield considered the stocky form of the constable with a faint diminution of superiority.

"Yes," he admitted at last, "it is."

He and Berry lifted the body by the shoulders, while the corporal examined more attentively the gash in the scalp.

"I may be wrong," he conceded, standing erect once more. "We can tell better after an autopsy."

"I know you're wrong," Holloway asserted. Haddonfield raised his brows superciliously.

"An' I'll tell you why," the constable went on, sputtering in his haste. "That thunder-storm wet everything, didn't it? Nothin' dried off before it come on to rain again. That rock there's still soppin' with the fog 'n' all, ain't it?"

"Go on, Hawkshaw," the corporal prompted ironically as embarrassment choked Homer.

"I mean," he faltered and laid hold firmly upon his argument again, "I mean that plane didn't come over till after the thunder-storm."

"Yes, yes," Haddonfield jerked. "Shoot it."

"Well, then," (*Continued on page 211*)

A New JOB For the PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Human nature can not face failure, ridicule, and reprimands week after week and year after year

IT WAS nothing but a small news item in the morning paper, and the episode reported was of such painfully common occurrence, so staled by constant repetition in all parts of this great and prosperous country, that it was deemed of no particular interest to the reading public and tucked away among advertisements on an inside page. And yet that sinister little item was as significant of danger as the tolling bell at a railroad crossing which warns of an approaching train; it was a mute signpost showing the road which thousands of young feet are traveling today. The headlines read:

"Girl and three boys seized in robberies. Accused of thirty burglaries. Police find over $10,000 in jewelry."

What had turned these children into hard-boiled, efficient young thieves? How did they get on that dangerous detour in life's road which leads inevitably to those grim stone piles with barred windows where criminals are immured? Today countless thousands of our boys and girls are starting out on that same detour. Why? What is causing this wholesale increase in juvenile delinquency in this great and so-called civilized nation where more children enter careers of crime annually than in any other country on the face of the globe? And what are we doing to prevent this hideous holocaust of our youth? Can we correct this evil? If so, where and how shall we begin?

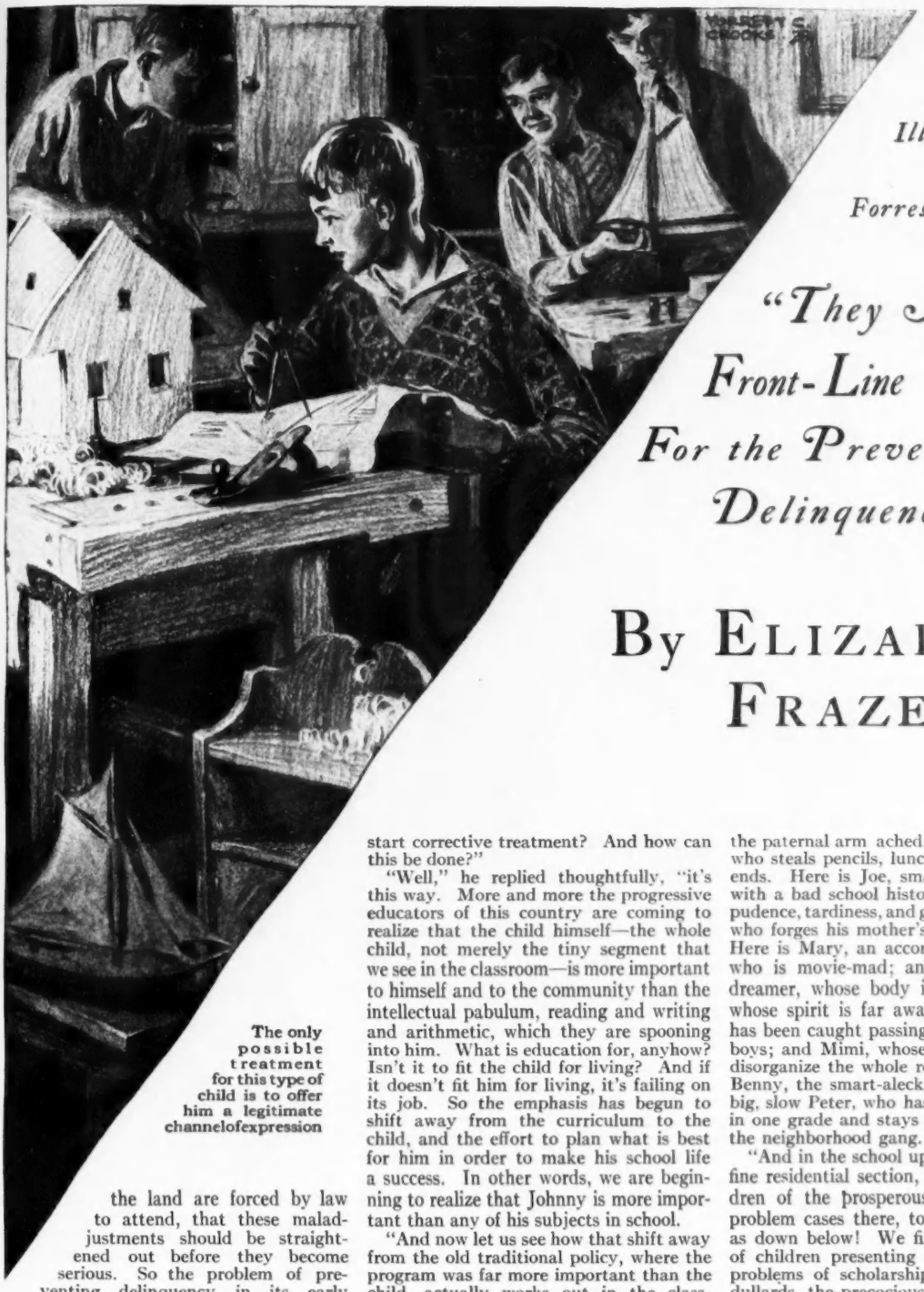
In the first place, who are these delinquents? The answer to this question comes from a distinguished judge of a juvenile court who has given his life striving to make democracy safe for children. In his opinion it is not safe for them today.

"The front-line trenches for the prevention of delinquency," said this eminent judge, "are the public schools. From the standpoint of both the child and the public it is more economical to straighten out difficulties at the beginning of a child's career, because the problems are easier to clear up and his nature is more plastic. So behavior troubles which may, if unchecked, lead to delinquency should be dealt with in the public schools.

"There is no such thing," he continued, "as truancy, retardation, and laziness, as those terms are commonly understood. Those things are nothing but symptoms of some deep-lying troubles which need expert treatment. Take, for example, the big, overgrown boy, all arms and legs, who is a persistent truant, the prize dumb-bell of his class, always failing in his grades. What makes him fail? What makes him hate school? What makes him take up with the street-corner gang and hang around pool-rooms? There are great multitudes of children who are failing every year in the elementary schools all over the land. Why do they fail?

"In a great majority of cases these children are afflicted with some deviation, physical or mental or emotional, from normal health; and if this deviation is not treated effectively in the early stages, it will become translated into some unusual, and frequently anti-social, behavior. It is from this group of unfortunate children, with twisted personalities, with inferiority complexes, with bad conduct disorders, that the criminal ranks are recruited. These boys and girls are neglected, persecuted, held responsible and punished. They appear in juvenile courts and are judged according to adult standards. They are sentenced to so-called 'industrial schools' for a season and then returned to their communities with their ailments aggravated, to devastate and destroy.

"Experience shows that in every thousand children who have been examined in elementary schools, there are approximately forty or fifty so poorly adjusted to their home life or the work of the school that they are in danger of becoming delinquent and eventually mentally unstable or criminal. Probably three-fourths, if not more, of these maladjusted children, as we call them, could be saved for lives of usefulness if their disorders could be treated in the early stages. And it is in the public schools, which children all over



The only possible treatment for this type of child is to offer him a legitimate channelofexpression

Illustrated By Forrest C. Crooks

"They Are the Front-Line Trenches For the Prevention of Delinquency"

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

the land are forced by law to attend, that these maladjustments should be straightened out before they become serious. So the problem of preventing delinquency in its early stages is directly up to the public schools and to our modern educators for solution."

The prevention of delinquency a function of the public schools? To me this was a new idea. How could a teacher, overworked, with a heavy program, and burdened with reports and examination papers, take over this tremendous task? With my mind full of doubts and queries, I sought out a well-known educator noted for his deep interest in the welfare of children.

"What are the public schools doing to check delinquency?" I enquired. "Is the school the logical place in which to start corrective treatment? And how can this be done?"

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "it's this way. More and more the progressive educators of this country are coming to realize that the child himself—the whole child, not merely the tiny segment that we see in the classroom—is more important to himself and to the community than the intellectual pabulum, reading and writing and arithmetic, which they are spooning into him. What is education for, anyhow? Isn't it to fit the child for living? And if it doesn't fit him for living, it's failing on its job. So the emphasis has begun to shift away from the curriculum to the child, and the effort to plan what is best for him in order to make his school life a success. In other words, we are beginning to realize that Johnny is more important than any of his subjects in school.

"And now let us see how that shift away from the old traditional policy, where the program was far more important than the child, actually works out in the classroom. Take, for example, an elementary school in a big industrial center with a large foreign population and a fine residential district up on the hill. Here you get a cross-section of modern Young America from the top to the bottom of the social scale. In the school down in the factory district are children of practically every color and race and religious creed and national background. Let us glance in for a moment at one of these schoolrooms. Here is sullen-mouthed little Tony, an inveterate truant, though his father, ambitious for his son to succeed, has whaled him with Italian fervor until the paternal arm ached. Here is George, who steals pencils, lunches, and odds and ends. Here is Joe, smart as a whip but with a bad school history of laziness, impudence, tardiness, and general inefficiency, who forges his mother's name to excuses. Here is Mary, an accomplished little liar who is movie-mad; and Max, the day-dreamer, whose body is in his seat but whose spirit is far away; and Rose, who has been caught passing ugly notes to the boys; and Mimi, whose temper tantrums disorganize the whole room. And here is Benny, the smart-aleck, the show-off, and big, slow Peter, who has been three years in one grade and stays out all night with the neighborhood gang.

"And in the school up on the hill in the fine residential section, attended by children of the prosperous class—are there problem cases there, too? Just as many as down below! We find the same kind of children presenting the same kind of problems of scholarship or conduct: the dullards, the precocious or gifted who are restive and unruly, the irritable, the violent-tempered, the day-dreamer, and the light-fingered lad. Human nature reacts in pretty much the same fashion whether up on the hill or down by the mills. Such children, if not adjusted early, go from bad to worse and are likely to arrive at the juvenile court or become emotionally unstable later in life.

"What is the matter with these children? What causes them to fail in school? And what can be done to help them? These are the questions the more progressive educators are beginning to ask, for to prevent failures and (*Continued on page 330*)

For Tomorrow We Die-t

By Mariel Brady

Genevieve Gertrude ignored the stylish-stout lady. Sweet mama! Did she think she could hog all the chocolate cake and then squeeze into a little-girl dress?

BY THE neat celluloid calendar on the New Teacher's desk it was Friday, September 25th. A lovely *autumn* month — September. A month when days may be balmy at noon, but a woolen blanket feels mighty good at night; when the sidewalks are hidden under drifts of gaudily tinted leaves, and footballs are hauled forth from attic cubby-holes. September twenty-fifth. *Almost* October. The shop windows have set aside their frothy chiffons and sport the latest thing in sweaters; ice dealers look pained, and coal merchants put in another telephone. Competent housewives daily air all the pillows and make scathing remarks about the shiftless ones who don't. September! A quilt of white frost on the grass in the early mornings; the last of the grapes, nectar-sweet, on the trellises—

Yes; but somehow *this* September had mixed its schedule frightfully. The brassy bowl of the sky, the heat waves shimmering above the softened asphalt, the burnt patches on the lawns, the saucy marigolds' bowed heads, were surely the bars sinister of July. Not an electric fan was left unsold in the town, and even the most well-bred people didn't stop with remarking that it *really* was *dreadfully* warm, wasn't it—the warmest September in forty-six years—but were goaded into declaring that it was just gosh-awful *hot*, and they wouldn't make one single murmur if the darned thermometer dropped to *ten below zero!* It was nothing less than a *crime* to keep those poor kiddies in school.

Behind her freshly varnished desk sat the New Teacher, her arms folded over a flat chest, her sensible toe tapping the floor, and surveyed her wilted flock with a certain grimness.

"We may as well understand one another, class," she announced. "This morning I noticed an even greater number of gum addicts. Gum means a full hour's detention period. *Means* it, remember. Tardiness—Genevieve Gertrude, will you arouse Chetwynd Jones? I'm sure he's practically asleep. Tardiness, *Chetwynd*, will be made up at the rate of ten minutes for each one you are late. Furthermore, my contract says nothing whatever about teaching tattooed children; consequently, the people on whose arms I perceive masterpieces in ink or transfer pictures will do well to get rid of them—permanently.

"Once more I should like to state I am *not* responsible for the weather, as you seem to think, and I shall punish the boys and girls who have made fans of their corrected English papers. I slaved hours over those compositions, and the act of fanning simply raises your body temperatures. Now, Chetwynd Jones, if you have returned from

Illustrated By C. D. Williams

Genevieve Gertrude Again—And As Delightful As Ever

the arms of Morpheus, you may read the first paragraph, and do not try to swallow your tonsils as well as your words, because I assure you it can not be done."

Genevieve Gertrude, her flaming head a riot of moist ringlets, a tiny dew of perspiration on lip and temples, leaned her cheek on her folded hands and gazed dolorously about the room, as the stocky scion of the house of Jones stumbled into the aisle. . . . Hm'm. *Some* year they was a-going to have with that ole crab. Some *year!* Couldn't even fan yourselfs when it was hotter'n pepper, and a-jawring all the time 'bout somepin or other, and a-picking on Peter, or Rick, or Gastric most every blessed minute. Hm'm.

" 'And—and John Adams said to the men of the Continental Congress,' " droned the somnolent Chetwynd, rocking on his feet, " ' "Gentlemen, we must stick together in this matter for in onion there is stren'th." Then he sat—' "

"Follow his example, Chetwynd, and resume your slumbers." The New Teacher's face was red. "Stop laughing, class. *Instantly!* You are quite correct in your statement, Chetwynd, but the word happens to be '*union.*' A mere trifle, however. *Peter!* Fanning *again*, after all I said?"

"Beans!" Peter's tone was sulky. "Even nitwits knows enough to fan when it's hot. Aw, beans!"

"Put that paper down, young man, and try to *look* intelligent, at least! I have never, in the course of an extensive teaching experience, seen such— *Arabel Hoyt!* May I ask *why* you left your seat during recitation?"

"To put my English paper on your desk like you tole us," replied the offender blandly. "I just got it copied over."

A shiver went down Genevieve Gertrude's back as she saw the look which the New Teacher turned on Arabel. . . . Say! *Now* that fat tattle-taley Arabel Hoyt would get what-for! Yes, *sir!* Served her good and proper, too—forevernever a-sucking lollypops on the sly, and a-blaming everythin' on other folkses. Prob'bly the New Teacher'd tear her paper right spang up and make her do it over *after school!*

But the New Teacher took only one glance at the script she held. Then her broad heels carried her to the blackboard, and a silent and absorbed group followed line after line of her crisp arm movement as she copied Arabel's essay:

"A Thousand Dollars To Spend

"If I had A Thousand Dollars To Spend I wood first put a large sum in the bank. For when I get old. I wood put about fifty dollars in. People do not like you to be poor when you are old. Then I wood go to New York and stay in one of the best Hotells untill I had spent about fifty dollars more. Probly two months. Then I wood buy a rubee ring set with perls for one hundred dollars more, five evening dresses and about 55 other dresses and a rist watch that is gold and has dimonds in it. Then I wood buy a rackoon coat for two hundred dollars more and go to Africa becaus I wood like to be a mishhuner and save the durty heethun. And that's how I wood spend A Thousand Dollars."

"Wonderful!" said the New Teacher, blowing chalk dust from her fingers.

"Marvelous! A model of unselfishness! Note the use of the word 'wood,' children! And I'd like to know the name of your hotel, Arabel. A vacation there wouldn't bankrupt even a teacher. But why a *raccoon* coat for African wear, Miss Hoyt? What keeps the cold out will keep the heat out, I suppose. My word! Is there *any* way I can get it through you people's heads that ten times ten dollars makes one hundred dollars; that ten times one hundred dollars—"

The door opened briskly. Mr. Cornish, the principal, came in, washing his hands with air. He looked at the thermometer and ran a finger inside his collar before he spoke.

"Your attention, please, boys and girls. The—ah—superintendent has *suggested* that school be dismissed—*now*. It is, unfortunately, over ninety. I feel sure that you will all welcome the opportunity of adding to your Thrift Club totals. October first is election day and will soon be here. You understand that to become a member you must deposit in the school bank at least ten dollars, and to hold office, *twenty-five!* These amounts you must have earned *through your own efforts* during the summer vacation and this month. I trust I have made myself clear—well, little girl, what is it you do not understand?"

Arabel Hoyt hastily thrust her perennial lollipop inside her desk and got her plump self into the aisle.

"I want to know about Irma," she insisted. "Irma's got a whole raft of father uncles and mother uncles, and they all give her quarters just for running in the house after their tennis rackets, or for telling chaser girls on the telefoam they aren't home yet. Is that *earning* money? *My* mother wouldn't *'low* me to get it that way, and anyway I haven't no uncles."

"Me, neither," testified a majority of Grade 6, gazing accusingly at Irma's averted golden head.

"Er—your teacher will settle the point in question." Mr. Cornish backed quickly toward the hall. "Goodby, boys and girls, until Monday."

Genevieve Gertrude's oddly gold-flecked eyes narrowed as she looked after his retreating figure. . . . Well, say! A-passing the buck again, he was, like he *always* done. Hm'm. A-scairt he'd get in Dutch with Irma's father what was high up in the bank and had the best pew in church, if he said anythin' 'bout the way *she* was a-earning *her* thrift money. Prob'bly Irma'd be elected president. Prob'bly she was as good as president *aready!*

GLUMLY still, when the lines had passed, she picked up her shiny week-end bag and wended almost reluctant steps along Mayflower Avenue. As she mounted the hill toward the Hardinge home her dejection increased. . . . No, sir! Tending babies and having a lemonade stand wasn't in it with *uncles*. Only five days more! *How* could you earn ten whole dollars when all the ladies was a-getting madder and madder, and a-slamming their door when you ast did they have some weeding, or errunts, or any fruit to pick, and a-saying ohmyheavensandearth there'd been forty 'leven kids there *now*, and they was *good and sick* of chasing *down*stairs, when they'd just got *up*, twenty times a hour to answer the bell! Children had ought to be learned their *lessons* in school and leave the banking for the growed-ups. Hm'm. Well, then, *how* was you a-going to get ten dollars? If all you had earnt was a measley seven twenty-seven, even a *nidiot* would know you couldn't.

At five o'clock the locusts, those indefatigable conversationalists, had slowed down to a fretful murmur, but on the Hardinge porch, shaded by giddily striped awnings, the tide of talk ran full and strong. The Friday Afternoon Bridge Club had turned out to a woman. They *always* did, come sleet or sunshine, winter's bitter blasts or summer's sultry breath. Members who at nine A.M. were reported prostrate with sick headache, backache, nerves, colds, blues, sulks, and even incipient appendicitis, arose from the couch of suffering, arrayed themselves like the lilies of the field, and at four P.M., miraculously recovered, were to be found playing a stiff game, and furtively eyeing the prizes lying in state on the hostess's Adam, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, or Duncan Phyfe table.

A CLEAR voice suddenly mounted the babel of tongues.

"Aha! No, you *can't*, Missus Hardinge, ma'am! Beatrice has a little slam, bless the god of luck! Oh, for heavings sake, Genevieve Gertrude, *don't* stick those bonbons under my nose again! I've had three, and I've simply been putting on *pounds* this summer."

The babel broke out afresh, punctuated with peals of laughter.

"—just orange juice for breakfast and luncheon" . . . "my only comfort is to go into Vain Tryant's and watch the *whales* drift in. I feel actually *thin* by comparison and—" . . . "not what you *eat* but what you *assimilate*" . . . "raw cabbage and lettuce. *My* middle name is *Bunny*" . . . "stuck to that wretched pineapple and lamb chop business, my dear, until I *gagged*" . . . "so tired of admiring a spiffy frock in a window, and then the saleswoman gives you one look and coos, 'No, modom. Not in *your* size. But here's a sweet little slenderizing model,' and she trots out a horror that looks like Great-aunt Agatha's bed-gown!"

Genevieve Gertrude put down the pink-glass dish which held the bonbons and eyed the last speaker severely. . . . Sweet mama! Did that stylish-stout Mrs. T. Effingham Howells, what was a widow lady and a-trying hard to grab herself another husband, think she could hog all the *tons* of choc'lit cake, *and* chicken sandridges, *and* whipped cream she'd had all summer and then squeeze into the little-girl dresses the ladies was a-wearing now? *Swell chanst!* And no wonder them other dames was a-beginning to worry 'bout their chins—a-picking at candies every place they went! If they'd only suck lemons—

The critic's narrowed eyes suddenly opened wide. An idea had begun to buzz in her brain. Beside the white gate in the trim hedge was her lemonade stand, abandoned while she helped with the tea-table, but there was nothing more she could do. Cautiously she slid one leg over the porch railing, hesitated a moment, then dropped to the dry grass below.

The lemonade stand was a simple affair of a board and two barrels, covered with yellow crêpe paper and freighted with stones. A milk bottle, filled with golden rod and purple asters, ornamented one end. At the other was a sign, printed in ink, and propped against a pile of bricks. The sign read:

LeMoNaiD—5 CENts,
DOnT Ask FOr TRuST.
He DieD IN 1492.

The wayside merchant briskly brought out her stock from its hiding-place under the hedge and poured a pint of undiluted lemon juice into a preserve jar which had possibly a cup of sweetened mixture in it. This exceedingly bitter liquid she tasted with much satisfaction but with watering eyes and a smarting throat.

"There!" she said aloud. "When them bridge ladies gets through a-guzzling i-scream and fruit punch and come out here, I'm a-going to tell 'em this is *reducing* lemonade. They'd *ought* to buy up the whole works."

She subsided onto an upended box and looked soberly down the hill. Not a leaf stirred in the still air, not a person was in sight. Even a bee which buzzed about a few grains of sugar spilled on the yellow crêpe paper was languid.

Presently a growing pain assailed Genevieve Gertrude's right leg. She pounded her knee and then hopped out to the sidewalk, where she began to jump back and forth across a crack in the pavement, chanting as she leaped:

"Way down south where the trains go slow,
A monkey stepped on a nelephunt's toe,
The nelephunt said with tears in his eyes,
'Why-don't-you-pick on-some one-*your* size?' "

A VAST shadow, stretching far beyond her own, made the dancer whirl about. She stared, finger in mouth.

The largest, widest, thickest lady in the world had come from over the brow of the hill. She did not seem to walk on her incredibly small feet, but to navigate under her own steam. As a delicate compliment to the weather, she wore a crimson gown, and her hands were crowded into white kid gloves. Between her thumb and forefinger she held a crumpled piece of paper as if it were a contamination.

"Little girl," she boomed, "if I was your ma you wouldn't be out here looking like a boiled lobster. Stop cavorting now and tell me where is the E-lite Laundry. Because I intend to give those smarties a good piece of my mind—*personally*. I'm a stranger in this here town, and when I send my kimono to be washed, I *don't* intend to get back a note like this here, pinned to the shoulder, without raising a ruckus."

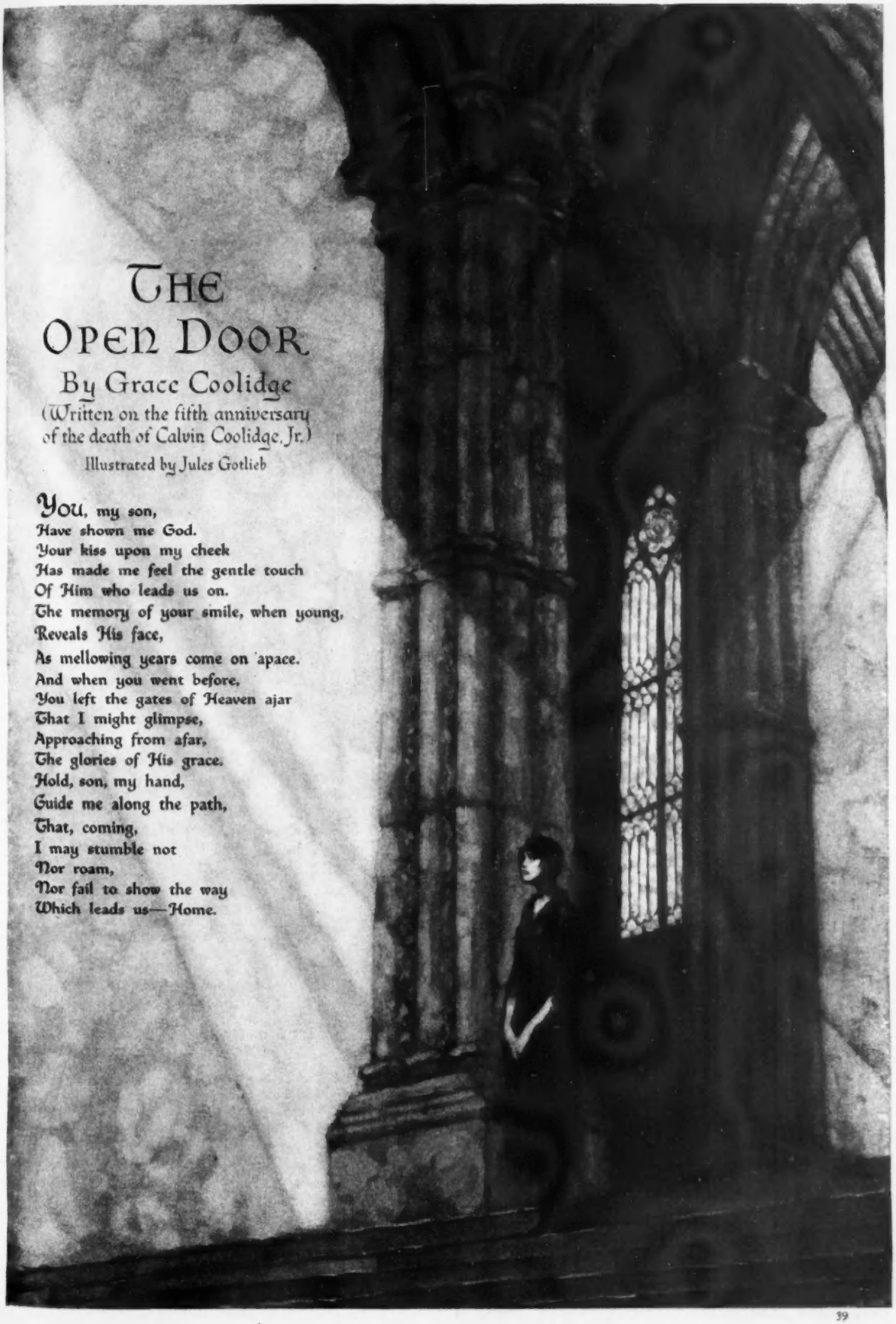
She opened the bit of crushed paper, struck it with a contemptuous fist, and thrust it under the lemonade vendor's startled eyes.

"Read it!" she commanded.

Genevieve Gertrude looked down at the six words of the note. They were written in blue, indelible ink:

"We do not do up tents."

The embarrassed confidante of the large stranger's woes ran a tongue over her dry lips. . . . Sweet *mama!* Now *what* did you say to a great big lady what'd been wrote *that* to? (*Continued on page 314*)



The Open Door

By Grace Coolidge

(Written on the fifth anniversary of the death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr.)

Illustrated by Jules Gotlieb

You, my son,
Have shown me God.
Your kiss upon my cheek
Has made me feel the gentle touch
Of Him who leads us on.
The memory of your smile, when young,
Reveals His face,
As mellowing years come on apace.
And when you went before,
You left the gates of Heaven ajar
That I might glimpse,
Approaching from afar,
The glories of His grace.
Hold, son, my hand,
Guide me along the path,
That, coming,
I may stumble not
Nor roam,
Nor fail to show the way
Which leads us—Home.

© Hilemann

Big-horns share with mountain goats the reputation of being the surest-footed of all animals

Forest Folk

A Ranger's Story of the Wonderful World in Which He Lives

IT IS our custom to call animals wild, without realizing that man himself has made them so. Their "wildness" is only a comparative thing, for in natural surroundings each animal has its place and tolerates the other, so far as the natural laws of self-preservation allow. In our national parks, the last stamping grounds of animal life in the United States, the observer can catch glimpses of what the typical life of this country was not so many years ago. There, in their native haunts and unmolested, the animals become used to the presence of man and actually seem to enjoy association with him. Wild grouse strut about like farmyard poultry; bears pay friendly visits to campers' tents; mountain sheep and goats descend to watch passing autos; elk bugle in the thickets, and moose bury their great muzzles among the lily-pads of favorite fishing waters and set canoes a-dancing on the water-ribbons caused by their movement; perhaps overnight a beaver will drop a tree across your pet stream; and any hour of the day squirrels, woodchucks, rabbits, and wild birds flirt around you.

So peaceful and amiable a place sounds safe enough, but there is actually enough danger to suit the most daring. Although I have trailed and photographed nearly everything from rattlesnakes to grizzly bears and have never been scratched, I know this: wild animals can not be wholly trusted; they have an untamable streak which may show

Capturing a pair of cubs from the top of a dead tree is less dangerous than bringing them out of their den — I have done both

Bears have always had a peculiar fascination for me. When they are contented and well-fed, they are comical creatures; they do many odd and curious things merely to pass the time

By H. L. Dillaway

itself at any moment. Always remember that!

Another thing to remember is that wild animals that are somewhat used to human beings are most dangerous. A "tame" buck deer, a family pet, turned on his mistress and nearly gored her to death. Once I was prowling around near the hibernating district of an oddly marked bear a farmer had mentioned to me. Without any warning whatsoever I came upon him—an immense black, a beauty, with wonderful new claws and fresh pads, for he was just out of his winter's sleep. As he was lying down, eating, he merely rolled his little pig eyes at me and remained indifferent. I backed away from him slowly, circled the spot, and went on—unharmed. A few days later a woman met that same bear. Paralyzed with fear, she could do nothing but stand still and shriek, and the bear, wanting the right of way, brushed her aside with his great sweeping paw. The blow broke her hip.

Only a mind-reader could guess how animals will act. They are as temperamental and individual as people. This individuality sometimes, as in the case of the woman, brings injury or death; sometimes it is merely surprising and amusing. One afternoon I was resting after scaling a high cliff to photograph a nest of baby eagles. I probably dozed, for I was dead tired. Suddenly the alarm bell in my brain rang wildly, and I popped open my eyes. Not ten feet away was the largest brown bear I have ever seen. Bears were new to me then, and I was honestly scared to see him standing so near me, weaving his immense head from side to side. I didn't bat an eyelash—I couldn't. At last the big brown moved away and sat wearily down on a log, as if he were a tired old man, with his forepaws hanging limply down his sides. Never before nor since have I seen a bear do that.

Bears have always had a particular fascination for me. I have seen hundreds of them and watched them at all seasons, at play and in their daily round of activities. When they are contented and well-fed they are comical creatures; they do many odd and curious things merely to pass the time away. Especially the younger ones like to stand on their hind legs and box with each other. I have seen even silver-tip grizzlies sparring. An almost sure trick to make a bear stand on his hind legs is to crack a dead limb over your knee. The bear responds almost instantly. There is a practical purpose, too, in standing erect: it broadens the field of vision. Bears are always on the lookout for each other; the small ones give the larger ones a wide berth.

©Asahel Curtis for N. P. Ry. Co.

This fawn took up residence near the cabin, and was often seen close by, wandering unafraid, but immensely curious of our movements

Suddenly I met face-to-face on the path one of the largest black bears I have ever seen. Using an old cowboy trick, I "rushed" him. Straight up a tree he went, then turned about and faced me

I have witnessed many quarrels between full-grown blacks, blacks and browns, and blacks and grizzlies. Most of the fighting is strutting about and bluffing, showing the teeth and ruffing the hair along the spine. They frequently rush each other, but generally settle their differences without a blow. This does not refer to cubs, who are always slatting each other about.

Tree climbing is another favorite sport for brown and black bears. Grizzlies are not (*Continued on page 282*)

The LAST Emperor

A Romance of "The Golden Trail," Where Love and Hate Walked Hand in Hand Under the Silver Moon

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

Tula feared the possible, and pre-

YOU will not find on any map the long road that Hernan Cortez took on his journey from Mexico to Honduras. The green, greedy jungle has swallowed up all traces of that terrible march of vengeance. Only here and there, in the remote wilderness of Peten, you will find remnants of bridges spanning an unfordable stream or deep morass. These remain to mark the passing of the indomitable Conquistador, and are called by the Mayan Indians "*Los Puentes de Cortez.*"

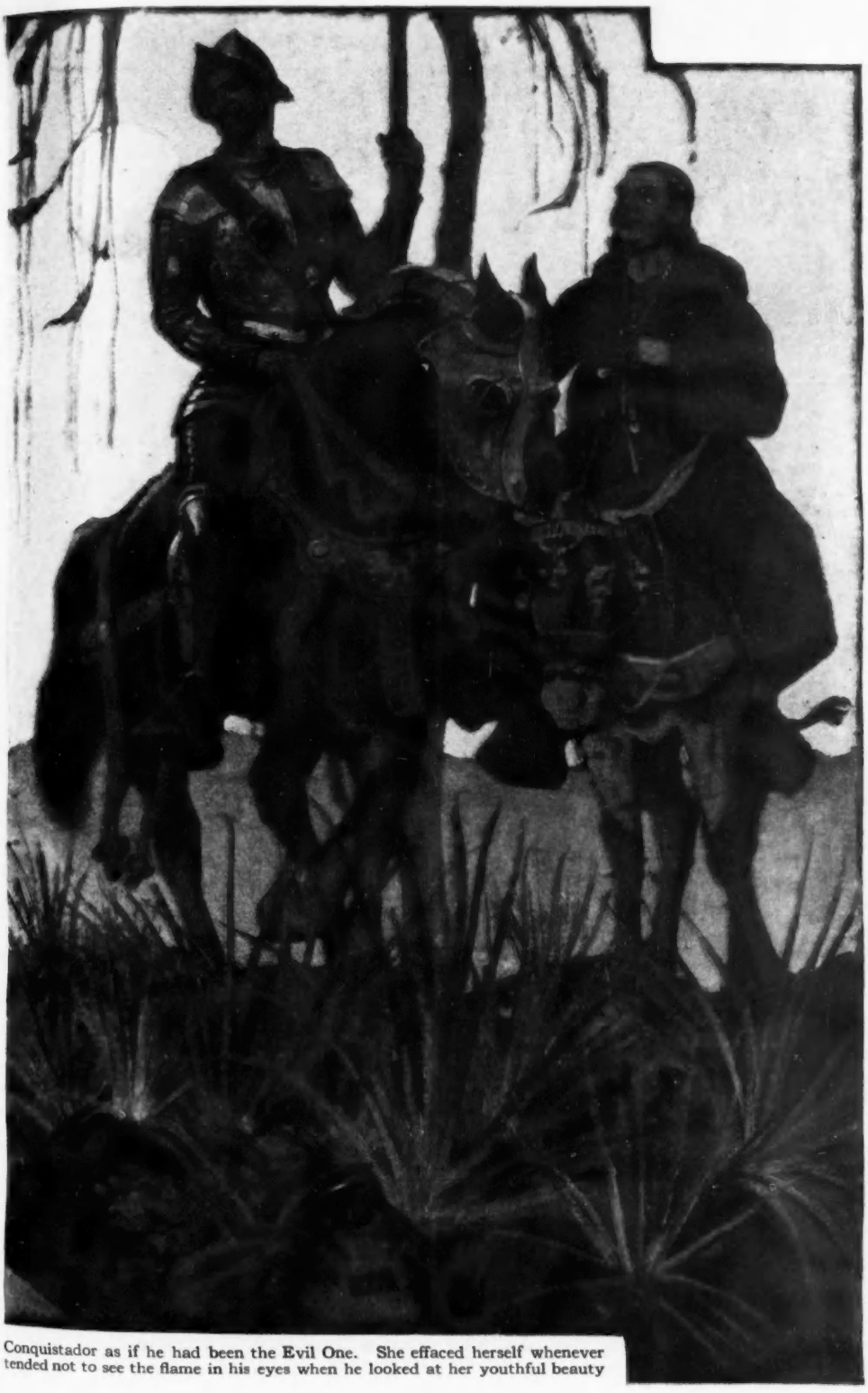
Fragments of the bridges remain—these, and legends of the Conquistador. Grim, fantastic stories of that terrible, fifteen-hundred-mile journey, scattered shreds of fact and fiction torn by the hands of four dead centuries and the lips of thousands of tellers of tales. So that when one goes along the dim jungle trails, one walks with ghosts and memories, and phantoms of love and hate and fear.

Even the golden light of the sun is muted, as it sifts through matted trellises of interlaced palms and vines and branches. There is a silence as of old things weighted down by the pyramiding of many years; a silence such as that which follows the clamor and clang of marching men, whose passing disturbs the dust of ages for a moment and whose footprints are blotted out again by dust and forgetfulness and time.

But it is at night that one feels most the crowding presence of ancient memories and legends that have slept in the heat of the day. For the jungle moon is bright, and the shadows are black—and living. It is as if the moon were a golden shield to keep back the too near approach of the darkness; to soften the chill of the ghostly tales that the Indios tell in the light of the fire—stories of shadowy columns of warriors who come plodding wearily out of the jungle blackness; of the silent swinging of a red and yellow banner, the soundless hoof-beats of panoplied steeds; of the glint of armor that shines in the moonlight, and the stern, bearded face of a white lord of Spain.

By a little nameless lake, one night, we made camp on the way to Peten. The quiet water wore the moon on its breast as a sleeping maiden wears a locket of gold. From the high-peaked, palm-thatched native houses came the smell of wood smoke and the drifting murmur of talk and laughter. From somewhere came the sound of a guitar, from somewhere the drowsy whimper of a child. And from far away, in the deep, tangled shadows, the long, thrilling chant of the *cigarras*, song of night that the jungle gods sing when they lay their dark hands on the day's golden mantle.

The Indios lounged and smoked, staring up at the stars, and talked in their soft, plaintive voices, telling stories of spirits, and ghosts, and visions, relating tales of supernatural warnings and dreams that came true. They spoke freely before us,



Conquistador as if he had been the Evil One. She effaced herself whenever tended not to see the flame in his eyes when he looked at her youthful beauty

Illustrated By James E. Allen

because we did not laugh; and they were willing to answer our questions. So that when I asked if any of them had seen the wraiths of the marching army, there was a murmured chorus of,

"But, yes, Señorita—I myself have seen them!"

"And I!"

"*Y yo tambien!*"

Then they waited expectantly for an old, wrinkled Indio to speak. He had been blind for many years, and his shriveled, brown hands shook as if with the palsy. But he had the respect of all the little community, and they waited in silence for him to tell the tale that he had told many times before. A little breeze drifted up from the lake; the blue-green fireflies winked like eerie eyes from the shadowing branches of a ceiba tree.

"But, yes, Señorita," he said at last, "we have all seen these things, we who are of Maya blood. For was it not our ancestors who fought against the Conquistador? Strange things, terrible things, have happened in this ancient land of ours. The imprint of them is still upon the land—and we of Maya blood feel it most.

"It is unlucky to see the ghosts of the dead, for they appear only before some sorrowful happening. The marching spirits of Cortez' army are seen only before a drought or famine. It is the truth, Señorita, that the Señor Cortez is seen only when some great misery is to come upon us. And that woman, Marina, she who loved the Conquistador and helped him in his conquest of her own people, she is often heard wailing as she drifts through the night sky—for heaven is denied to traitors, Señorita. And always after her voice is heard, some one dies before the dawn.

"I myself can prove my words true. For one evening, long ago in my youth, I had gone with some of my companions to cut mahogany far away from our village. It was a night of darkness, and it was hot. My *campaneros* all slept, but I lay awake,

The once powerful Caciques, bending the knee to the white Conquistador, looked query. They went forth sorrowfully, saying to each other: "It is finished, the

restless. For somehow I knew that unseen people were walking; that the ghosts of the dead were hovering about us.

"All at once I saw a dim, blue light—such as that a clouded moon might make. And I sat upright, thinking first that some one was coming carrying a lantern under a *serape*.

"But the dim light grew, spreading upward and outward, until it seemed the height of a man. I could not move or speak—I could only stare with aching eyes. I was afraid, yet I could not look away. I could not cry out to my sleeping companions.

"And then, Señorita, I saw a man standing there—a man of my own race, though far, far above me in station. He was dressed as the kings of our ancient race dressed, with quetzal plumes on his head and a feather cloak upon his shoulders. His face was sad—*ai*, sadder than death. And when he lifted his hands, I saw that they were chained. He seemed to move slowly across my vision, and there were clustering shadows of men behind him.

"Then, as I stared in that frozen trance, I saw the coil of a rope around his neck; and I knew him to be the Lord Guatemoc—he who was Moctezuma's nephew and the last emperor of the Aztec nation. For it was in the land of the Mayas that the Lord Guatemoc died. And my heart was like a cold, heavy stone, for I knew that something evil would follow. The light went out—and the night was empty. But I lay in a sweat of terror until the dawn. For I knew that I was to meet some sorrow.

"Soon enough did it come, Señorita! For upon the very next day a splintering branch of a mahogany tree fell upon me as we were cutting. A sharp sliver pierced my eyeballs—and I was blinded for life.

"Now, sometimes, in the darkness where I live my life, I see the sad, tired face of the Lord Guatemoc as I saw it upon that night. And I know that the end will not be long in coming; I await with patience the word of the Death God."

I HAD known before I came to Peten the story of Guatemoc, that noble, tragic pawn of fate who won his kingship too late to save it from the rapacious hands of the Spaniards who lusted for the gold of the Aztec empire. I had known the beginning of his story—how he distrusted the motives of the white strangers whom Moctezuma received as gods, and how he fought them valiantly, even driving them briefly from the great citadel of Tenochtitlan. I knew that he never pretended friendship with Hernan Cortez, the Conquistador. But that his indomitable bravery compelled the admiration of even the Conqueror himself. I knew that Cortez had tortured him to try to force from him the secret of the dead Moctezuma's hidden treasure; and when the Tzin of Tacuba, also in torture over a brazier of fiery coals, cried out in anguish for Guatemoc to speak and end his agony—the despoiled Emperor, with pain-contorted face and the smell of his own roasting flesh searing his nostrils, answered quietly,

"Am I then perchance on a bed of roses?"

Hernan Cortez, compelled by unwilling admiration, cried: "Enough! Release them! They shall remain as hostages!"

Yes, I had known the beginning of the story. But not the ending, as I learned it that night beside the little, nameless lake

into the eyes of him who had been their lord and found no answer to their mute glory of the Aztec nation. Our Emperor is silent—the gods of Mexitli are dead"

on the jungle trail to Peten. A part of it I can not find justified by any written history. But in legend it has survived, given from father to son through the slow cycle of four long centuries; and who is to know that the truth of the drama may not be found in the oft-repeated traditions that persist in the land of Mayab that Hernan Cortez traversed?

The conquest of Mexico was over. Moctezuma, the Emperor, was dead. In his place reigned Guatemoc, his nephew, a warrior of the highest clan in all of Mexitli, a statesman and an ardent patriot. At first it pleased Cortez to allow him the pretenses of royalty. Yes, even after he had tortured him over burning coals, the Conquistador permitted the maimed Emperor to retain the mockery of a court. He kept the Lord Guatemoc close beside him, too, making great show of friendship. Did he ride abroad over the battle-scarred streets of Tenochtitlan, Guatemoc rode beside him in his litter—his seared, bandaged feet hidden by soft, glimmering tapestries of woven humming-bird feathers. When the Conquistador held audience in the great room of the palace that Moctezuma, the Golden, had so lately lived and died in, Guatemoc was close beside him, seated in honor on a throne of Aztec design, his face as immovable as a mask of tragedy in its sweeping frame of quetzal plumes, his long, sensitive hands resting corpse-like on his knees. Always his feet were covered by spreading robes of glinting feathers. And if there was still an unbearable agony in them, his quiet face gave no sign.

One by one the Caciques who had fought against the Conquistador made their submission and their peace. For if the Lord of the Aztec nation was a prisoner in his own palace, how should his vassals continue a futile defense against the all-powerful invaders? They came into the presence of the Conquistador—but they looked at the Lord Guatemoc. He was still their Emperor, their war lord, the mouthpiece of the gods. But never a sign or word did he give in acknowledgment of their presence. He had known—he had always known—that the white strangers were not gods, but men lusting for gold and conquest. His warnings to Moctezuma had failed. His own valiant efforts to redeem the fate of a fallen nation had failed. The soul of him had died on that bitter day when, after weeks of fighting and famine, he was led like a chained animal to the bloody summit of a *teocalli* where the Conquistador awaited him.

Around the white lord were grouped the triumphant soldiers of Spain. The red and yellow banner of the terrible, unknown country flaunted its victory in the breeze. The man who had been a warrior and an Emperor looked into the black, vindictive eyes of the Caciques of Tlascala, that enemy nation who had allied themselves with the white Conquistador. He looked into the sorrowful eyes of Doña Marina—she who was of his own race, and yet who loved the white lord and had given herself to him, soul, body, and intelligence, to aid him in his desires. And he looked into the stern eyes of Hernan Cortez—look for look he gave him, though weariness and hunger had all but robbed him of power to stand erect.

His hand went out to touch a jeweled poniard in the Conquistador's belt. He spoke in the Aztec tongue, and Doña Marina repeated his words in Spanish:

"I have done all (*Continued on page 188*)

Home Lights

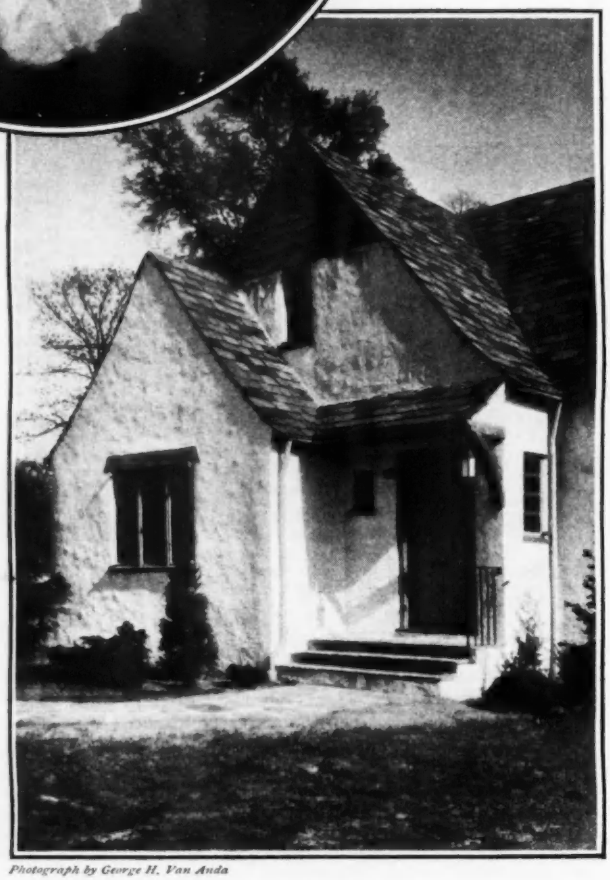
By Julius Gregory, A. I. A.

In planning the wiring we discover once more that the truest beauty and the highest utility go hand in hand

THIS month we celebrate the fiftieth birthday of the incandescent lamp. On October 21, 1879, Thomas A. Edison proved that his famous "sewing-thread lamp" would give light. A bottle and a carbonized piece of cotton thread were his materials. They were crude, indeed, but the lamp burned for forty hours. In the fifty years since then tremendous progress has been made in the practical use of electricity, but its esthetic value has not been so well appreciated.

When a new invention takes the place of an older one, it is natural that, for some time, the influence of the outworn device should dominate the design of the new one. The first automobiles looked much like the horse-drawn carriages which they replaced. The same process has gone on in the field of lighting, except that it has taken us longer to come to the realization that we should have fixtures designed primarily for electricity. When electricity took the place of candles, oil, and gas, we simply wired the old fixtures, the lamps and the candelabra, and for years the designers of fixtures continued to get inspiration for new designs from the lighting systems of bygone days.

Often these fixtures were not really serviceable, and possibly this was the reason that many people came to look upon them more or less as decorations.



Photograph by George H. Van Anda

The switch controlling the porch light should enable one returning home after night to turn on the light from the outside of the house

We went through a period of bracket lights. A mantelpiece was not thought complete unless a pair of brackets flanked it, and often a similar pair was placed on the opposite wall for no reason at all except an uneasy desire for symmetry. As a rule, electric fixtures were thought of as furnishings rather than as mediums of light, and every effort was made to disguise the fact that the source of light was modern electricity, and not the more romantic flicker of a candle or the flame of an oil lamp.

Recently, however, our point of view has changed radically. We feel now that lighting fixtures should express primarily the characteristics of electricity. Architects and designers everywhere are trying to avoid imitations and to illuminate modern homes in a modern way, bringing out the full possibilities of electricity in power, convenience, and beauty. Instead of putting a pair of brackets here and a pair there, balanced symmetrically but useless, we now place our lights essentially for utility. If only one bracket is needed, only one is put in. We discover once more, as we work for simple and logical solutions to our problem, that the truest beauty and the highest utility go hand in hand. In planning our wiring, we study carefully the needs for light and electric power in each room. In imagination we watch the activities of the various members of the family as they live in their house, to see how they can get the most in service from the current they buy. Then, by choosing lighting appointments designed solely for electricity, we achieve a combination of use and beauty thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of our times.

It is a great mistake to regard the wiring plan as a minor matter, one that can be disposed of with little thought. This is particularly true if one wishes to take advantage of the possibilities in so-called "modern" lighting. Study your lighting needs and possibilities; truly amazing things can be accomplished with little expense if the decision is made in advance. Much inconvenience and frequently considerable money (*Continued on page 313*)

Plant Your Shrubs Now

Advises

Romaine B. Ware

THE amateur gardener is faced with no simple task in selecting the shrubs which he will plant in his yard. Unless he has made a study of shrubs most of them will look alike, and when faced with the vast array of named varieties and species he will be truly bewildered.

We plant shrubs in our yards for various purposes: hedges, foundation plantings, screens, specimens, wind-breaks, backgrounds, and as groups for special purposes and locations. Different uses require shrubs with different characteristics; some shrubs are useful for certain purposes and totally unfit for others.

One of the most important uses for shrubs in the home landscape is as "foundation plantings" around the house. The requirements are different from hedge requirements. With few exceptions you must use varieties which do not grow very large and which have a quality of foliage and blossom that will stand close inspection. Do not use too great a variety of shrubs and be sure to combine them into a pleasing mass. You must consider texture as well as color of foliage and blossom, and most important, their ultimate size. You can not guess at this, you must know. If you plant the shrubs too close much of their natural beauty will be lost. For example, the Lilac, which naturally grows six to eight feet in height with a six-foot spread, should be allowed at least a six-foot circle, if its full beauty is to be enjoyed. This much space will seem large at planting time, especially if you purchase small-sized plants. A group of young shrubs, each with only a two-foot spread, will look skimpy planted on six-foot centers; but in the end they will be much better for it. For the first two or three years the spaces may be filled in with annuals. I used Cosmos most effectively in my last garden and really missed them when the shrubs got so large the flowers were no longer necessary.

Photograph by George H. Van Ando

A well-planned foundation planting should include evergreens; deciduous shrubs fail as screens in the winter months

Selecting the correct combinations of shrubs is almost as important as spacing them properly. They should be arranged with the taller varieties in the rear, those of medium height in front of them, and the dwarf ones for edging. More than three varieties may be used, of course; this arrangement is for general heights of the full-grown plants. For houses that have low foundations it is sometimes desirable to use only one line of shrubs, made up of two or more varieties of about equal height, such as Snowberry and Coralberry.

One of the most common combinations, and a good one, for foundation planting is made up of two shrubs, Spiræa Van Houtii and Japanese Barberry, with the latter predominating. The Deutzias, Forsythias, Weigelias, the dwarf Mock-Oranges, Globe Flowers, Privet, Jetbead, the dwarf Viburnums, Spiræas, and Hydrangeas are good for foundation planting. From this group selections may be made to fit any situation. As soon as the Cotoneasters and the new varieties of Barberry become better known, they will be very popular.

If a well-planned foundation planting is to give year-round satisfaction, it will necessarily include some evergreens. Deciduous shrubs fail us as screens during the winter months, while the evergreens, either of the broad-leaved or coniferous groups, are green the year round. For sheltered, northern exposures the broad-leaved varieties such as Rhododendrons, Azaleas, and Andromedas are desirable.

Remember that they absolutely require an acid soil and good drainage. Acid soil may be provided by

(*Continued on page 308*)

By

Roger B. Whitman

Not many people know that the terms of their fire insurance policy require them to protect a house from additional damage after a fire

Getting Ready for a FIRE

A HOT argument was going on in the office of a fire insurance company. On one side was the owner of a house that had been damaged by fire who was fighting for full indemnity, and on the other was the adjuster, equally interested in protecting the company from what he considered an unfair claim.

"But if it hadn't been for the fire there wouldn't have been any storm damage," insisted the owner, pounding the desk. "I know that the rain that came in through that ten-foot hole in the roof did as much damage as the fire. You saw what our bedroom looked like after the ceiling fell, and what the living-room looked like; that was all the direct result of the fire, and you needn't think that you can get out of paying for it. I've been insured in this company for fifteen years, and here's where I collect."

"Now wait a minute," said the adjuster. "You said that the storm broke three hours after the fire was put out. Did you see it coming up?"

"Why—I guess I must have. But with the way the fire left things I had more to do than watch the weather."

"I don't doubt that was so; but in those three hours you could have covered that hole with a tarpaulin or something else that would have kept out the rain. That is exactly what the terms of your policy required you to do and what you agreed to do when you accepted the policy. You have obligations to us under that policy just as much as we have obligations to you, and that's one of 'em. There; read it yourself."

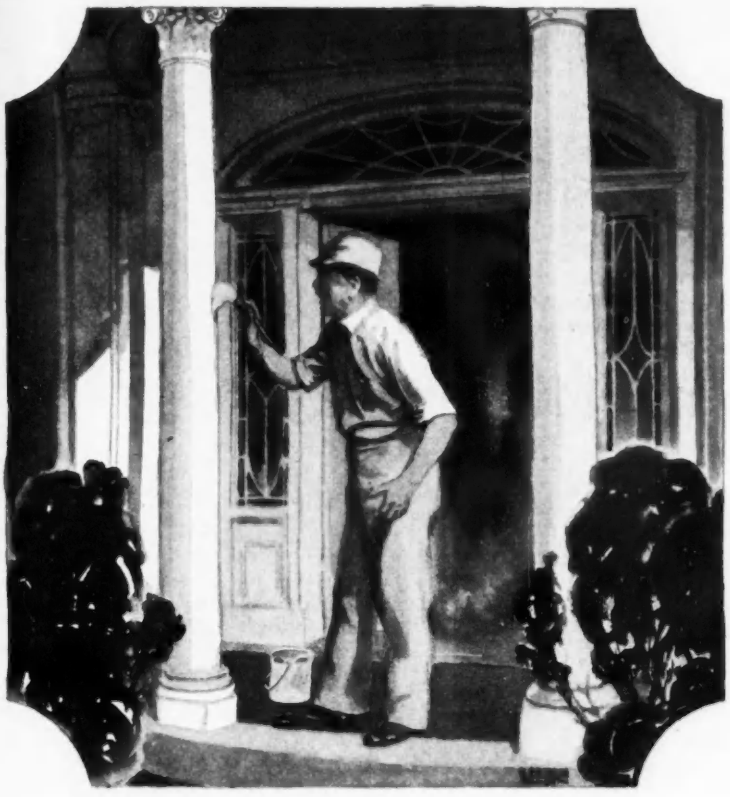
"I never noticed that before," said the owner. "I can't see that it makes any difference, anyway. If there hadn't been a fire, there—"

"Before we go any further," interrupted the adjuster, "let me ask you this: Have you ever read a policy? All that printing on the inside page? No? Well, we'll save a lot of time if you do. Then you'll understand that there's nothing one-sided about it; it's a contract, with the company requiring the holder to do things that are only common-sense. 'Protect the property from further damage,' for instance. All that the policy requires of us is to make good on the fire damage, and that we'll do. We'll rebuild your roof and pay you for the damage that we estimate was done in putting out the fire. But you can see for yourself that we're under no obligations to pay for what the storm did hours later.

"This reminds me of a case I had last winter. There was a cellar fire that didn't do much damage, but broke a few windows and smoked things so badly that the family had to camp out with the neighbors. That night the temperature dropped. With the furnace out all of the pipes froze, and the damage from the fire wasn't a marker to what happened when the pipes burst. The house was a wreck, and the owner had the same idea that you have—that if there hadn't been a fire the pipes wouldn't have frozen, and that it was up to us to pay for the whole thing. We didn't, of course. If he hadn't the wit to do so obvious a thing as shut off the water we couldn't be blamed for the results. But where was your agent when your roof caught? Didn't he come around to give you a hand?"

"No; he was too far away. I took this last policy out through a nephew of mine—he's just starting in business over in Wilden, and I wanted to help him. He didn't get over until two days later."

"Well, you helped him more than you did yourself. There's more for the agent to do than hand you the policy and pocket the commission, (*Continued on page 307*)



Quality in Outside Painting

By

H. Vandervoort Walsh

Assistant Professor of Architecture, Columbia University

Use only the best paints; nothing else pays, for the chief cost of a painting job is the labor

NATURE can not be fooled by a dishonest house painter. If he uses cheap materials or applies them carelessly, the sun and the rain will reveal it within six months to a year. Good workmanship, though, and high-grade materials will stand up for four or five years in the average climate and exposure.

The ideal paint is one that will wear or wash off gradually, exposing continually a fresh wearing surface, until the entire layer of paint is worn off. Repainting, then, is but a matter of a new application of paint on the old foundation. But paint which cracks like the skin of an alligator or scales off in brittle flakes or even peels off in sheets, leaves a poor foundation for repainting. Indeed, to do a good job it becomes necessary to go to the expense of burning and scraping off all the old paint before new can be applied. Certain paints, though, do not scale off, but brush off like so much chalk. To a slight degree this chalking is the way a good paint disintegrates, but when it proceeds too fast and most of the film of paint is gone within a year, you may know that something was wrong with the materials used in the paint.

House owners naturally want to avoid repainting as much as possible, to avoid not only the expense but the nuisance. To assist them, we offer the following suggestions.

One of the very first things to do is to be sure that the painter uses factory-mixed paint, put up in sealed cans by some reliable manufacturer. He should not be permitted to buy his own oil and pigments and mix them himself. Usually he will want to do this; either he wishes to make money for himself by using inferior and cheaper materials or else he may be afflicted with the painter's ego and believe that he can mix a better paint than the manufacturer can at the factory. Do not believe this, however, for he is not a chemist and knows practically nothing about the technical research that the manufacturers of paint have been carrying on to perfect their product for various purposes.

Take, for example, the basic paint for the outside work—white paint. If you buy a sealed can, made by a reputable firm, you will probably find the composition of it printed on the outside. It will not be a simple formula, but a combination of various things. When the can is opened, there will be on top a brown liquid, called the vehicle, and on stirring the paint with a stick a white paste, called the pigment, will appear. The vehicle or liquid is usually linseed oil with a little drier in it, and the pigment is a combination of numerous substances, found by research to produce a better result than paint composed of one single pigment. Many well-meaning painters will not admit that a paint having a number of pigments is a good one, but insist that the only satisfactory kind is one which is mixed by hand from linseed oil and some one pigment like white lead or zinc oxide. This was the way it used to be done, and so they argue it is the best. Yet the mixing done by hand can not compare in thoroughness to that done by a machine; nor can the average painter be trusted to proportion the parts with anything like the accuracy of a factory-made product. Besides, if only one pigment is used, it may make a paint that is too soft or too hard; a scientific blending of a number of pigments at the factory will control these factors.

The worst feature of the hand-mixed paints is the opportunity given the painter to substitute inferior linseed oil and cheap pigments. An owner has no way of protecting himself against this deception. On the other hand, if the paint has been put up by some high-grade manufacturer, there is every reason to believe that it contains the best of materials, especially when the manufacturer has a reputation to uphold.

Usually the cost of ready-mixed paints is slightly more than that quoted by the painter for his hand-mixed paints, but the owner should realize that the cost of materials in a paint job is a small item compared to the sum needed to pay for the labor. In an (*Continued on page 303*)

The Daughter of Jairus

By Bruce Barton

Children of the Bible, No. X

IF WE have fewer girls than boys in this series, it is because fewer girls are mentioned in the Bible. It was a time when girls and women were kept in the background; and one of the significant facts about the life of Jesus is that, in such an age, so large a proportion of those who were closely associated with him were women. His example created a precedent for the church; it has taught reverence for womanhood wherever its gospel has been preached.

Our heroine in this chapter is a little girl who was sick.

"My little daughter lieth at the point of death," said Jairus. "I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may live."

The words bring a catch of the throat to any one who has stood at the bedside of a child. We develop resistance to pain and disappointment as we grow older. Every hurt leaves a certain amount of scar tissue which protects us from being ever hurt quite so keenly in the same spot again. Our philosophy teaches us that there must be a proportion of unhappiness, and we can stand blows in maturity that would have crumpled us in youth. But the suffering of a child makes cowards of us all. To watch the color go out of little cheeks; to see the faint, brave smile of little lips; to witness pain which we would so gladly have transferred to our own bodies, and to be helpless through it all—this is the hardest hurt of all. Jesus, who had no children, chose instinctively the most effective appeal to human hearts when he said, the love and pity which you feel toward your boys and girls—this is the feeling of God toward you.

It was a marvelous stroke of divine ingenuity which decreed that every human life should enter the world naked and helpless Trees reproduce themselves by seeds, and the seedlings are at once independent. The young of animals require only a few hours or days of parental attention, and then are ready to strike out for themselves. But human infancy is long, and because of that fact it created and constantly recreates in men and women the noblest of the virtues. Love and patience and tenderness are the gifts of the cradle. When Jesus said that those who enter the kingdom of heaven must enter as a little child, he uttered the most profound truth, for God enters human life in that way.

"Whoso shall receive a little child in my name receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me."

The father of the little girl was ruler of the synagogue; and, since the synagogue appears so often in the New Testament and plays so large a part in the activities of Jesus and the apostles who followed him, this is a good time to find out what it was and how it came to be.

The system of worship decreed in the Old Testament made no provision for such a place of worship. The temple was the center of both religious and political life, and every effort was made to concentrate everything there. When local shrines were erected, they had a tendency to degenerate into centers of superstition. They were called "high places," and all the prophets recognized that they promoted disunity. The books of Kings measured the fidelity of the successive monarchs by their zeal, or lack of zeal, in the destruction of these high places. Josiah, the king, whom we saw as a little boy of seven in a former chapter, destroyed all of them he could, and, while he excited neighborhood opposition, the priests at Jerusalem applauded him. If only the eyes of the people could be kept fixed upon the temple, worship would be pure and national unity secure.

This was the situation in the good old days. Then came the capture of Jerusalem, when hundreds of the best families were carried away into Babylon, where there was no temple. Something had to be done if there was to be any public worship at all, and so the religious leaders established local synagogues or meeting houses. Every Sabbath the people assembled, and some man, or group of men, read the Law and expounded it. In process of time an order of service which was practically uniform was arranged, but this was a gradual development. The system worked so well in Babylon that when a minority of the captives were allowed to go back to Jerusalem, they took the synagogue with them. A school for boys was usually attached to it, taught by the chief elder, or sometimes by an employed teacher. Committees of elders were in control, but where the congregation could afford it there was a "ruler" who presided at the services and sometimes taught the school. Such a ruler was a man of importance, and so when the daughter of Jairus was sick the whole community joined in sympathy.

Jesus had crossed the little lake of Galilee to the region of the Ten Cities, or Decapolis. It was here that he healed the crazy man, who immediately wanted to follow him, but was not allowed to do so.

"And he went his way, and began to publish how great things Jesus had done for him, and all men marvelled."

All the way through the Gospels we are struck by the fact that Jesus was trying hard to avoid the reputation of a wonder-worker. Often he refused a miracle when the crowd would have been impressed He urged those whom he healed to say nothing about it; and when the news of one of his great works began to spread, he usually left the place and journeyed to another town. So it was that he returned to Capernaeum and found Jairus on the dock.

We can picture the pathetic figure at the water's edge, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of the boat. How slowly it seemed to move in its six-mile journey! Every minute was precious; at any stroke of the oars the little heart-beats at home might flicker and die. Would the boat never arrive?

It did arrive, and Jesus stepped out. Many were there to meet him, but a respectful lane was made for Jairus. Everybody knew the tragedy in his house, and everybody wanted the little girl to be well. At such a time the deep sympathy of an entire community testifies to the finest qualities in human nature. And who knows enough of the mysteries of life to say that, when all hearts are focused on one great desire, that desire may not be brought closer to accomplishment?

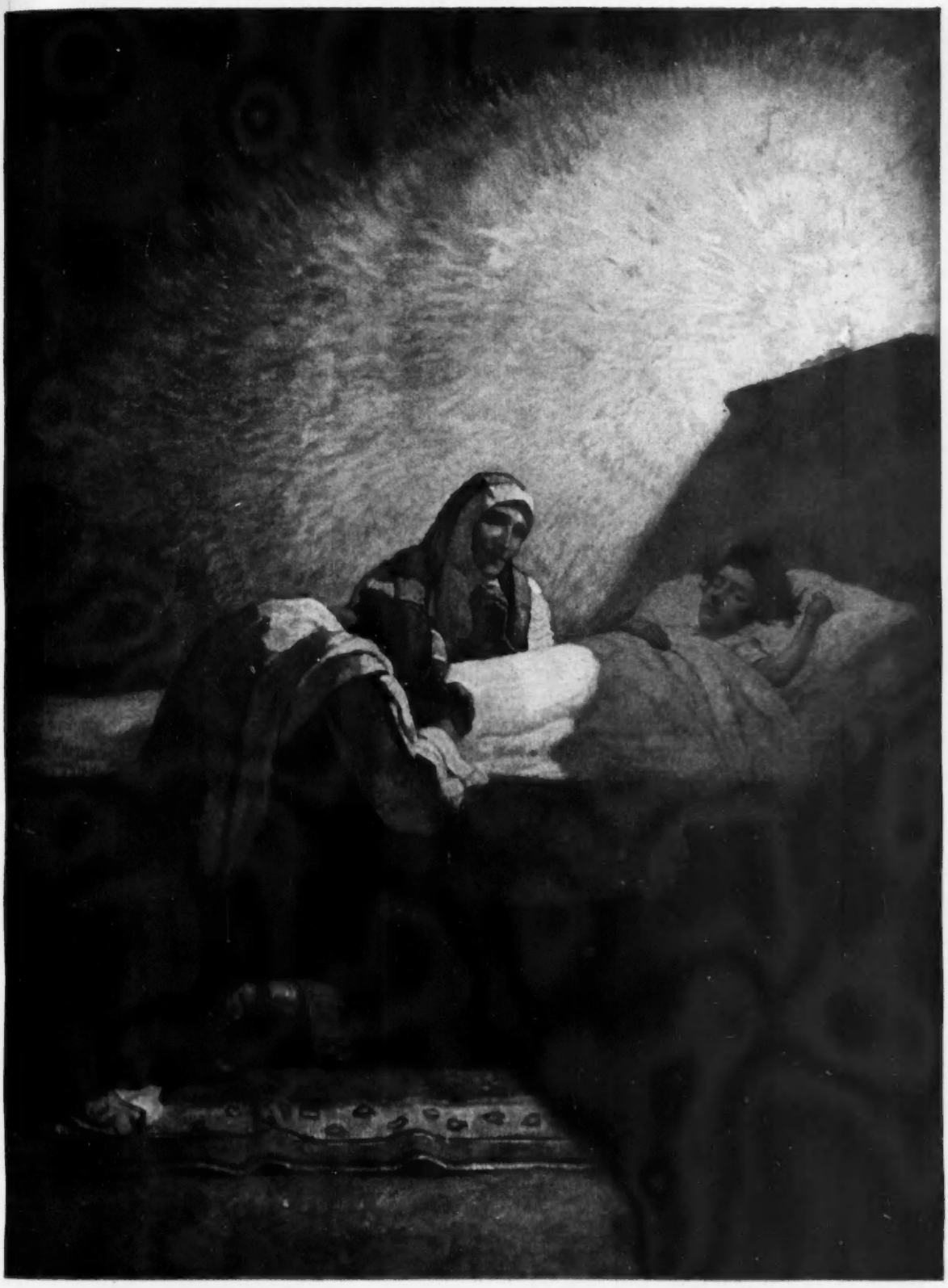
It was late in the afternoon. The news of the cure of the insane man had already been brought to Capernaeum, for there were not only other boats on the lake, but there were many who hurried around by foot. The privacy that Jesus had hoped for in "his own city" was denied. Hard as the day had been, and tired as he undoubtedly was, he made no protest. The appeal of suffering was never unheeded.

"My little daughter lieth at the point of death," said Jairus, and fell down at his feet.

With quiet dignity Jesus started up the path that the crowd had made, and Jairus walked beside him.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry," cried the heart of the father.

Yet they could not hurry. The (*Continued on page 230*)



Painting by
N. C. Wyeth

THAT night a thankful father and mother knelt down beside the bed where their only daughter lay in healthful sleep. A little girl had come back to her parents from the very gates of death. The Galilean stars looked down and smiled their benediction

A gay, informal feeling is the atmosphere of this Colonial bedroom

THE STUDIO BUILDS A COLONIAL BEDROOM ON A MODERATE BUDGET

The Studio's aim is ever and always to be helpful—here is a new service. We will gladly purchase for you the furniture, curtains, and pretty accessories shown in the Colonial bedroom illustrated at the left and on page 55. The budget below shows the very moderate prices of the individual pieces, which will be crated and shipped from a great New York store. Shipping charges collect except within 100 miles of New York City when delivery can be made

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STUDIO OF Helen Koues,

ONE of the great stores of New York asked the Studio to build and furnish a room which could be on exhibition in that store. This we did with pleasure, and above and in color on one of the following pages are pictures of that room—a bedroom in the Colonial feeling. It is of special interest because the pieces are moderate in price and nicely finished reproductions of this period.

In so many places, a room of this type would be delightful—the four walls of a nondescript room in an apartment, or the room of a suburban house of Colonial, English, or French farmhouse type could easily be turned into it. It is furnished, as are all rooms which the Studio builds and decorates, for comfort combined with charm.

The original motive of all decorating is the desire for comfort. The first beds, stools, chests were made to give comfort. Then, to please the eye, they were beautified and put in places that combined utility and comfort with pleasure to the eye.

First, the type of room to create was determined—Colonial. Next, to make the proper background a green latticed wallpaper, a plain brown rug, and gay, informal, yellow organdy curtains were chosen.

Then, since the room was 10x12 with 8'6" ceilings, furniture of a moderate size was selected. This point—scale—is of first importance in giving comfort and beauty to a room. If heavy, large furniture is used in a small room, it not only is in the way, but overpowers the room, and all sense of comfort and beauty is destroyed. Good reproductions of the type of furniture used by our ancestors when America was still a colony of England were chosen. These pieces naturally followed the style then prevalent in England, so that a lowboy and a highboy (what quaint names they are, when we come to think of them!) of the Queen Anne type, a mirror in the fretwork wooden frame showing Chippendale influence, a four-poster bed (with the posts showing the turnings of the late 18th century, but without the canopy top), a wing chair, dressing-table stool, and a table are all used without a sense of overcrowding.

The Budget

Furniture

Maple veneer bed, fluted posts, 3'3"	*$44.75*
Spring-box mattress, $60.00; pillow, $6	*$66.00*
Maple veneer lowboy, 30" high, 46" long	*$54.75*
Solid maple bench, rush seat, 19" high	*$12.75*
Maple veneer mirror, 37¼" high, 21¼" wide	*$15.75*
Solid maple round table, walnut finish	*$64.75*
Maple veneer bedside table, 14" wide	*$18.50*
Small boudoir chair, 31" high, 25½" wide, in variety of flowered cretonnes or in muslin	*$24.75*
Wing chair, 37" high, 25" wide, in a variety of flowered cretonnes or in muslin	*$19.75*
Total	*$321.75*

Accessories

Organdy curtains, all shades, 2¼ yds. long	*$4.95*
Spread of rose and white toile de Jouy piped in green, double size, $12.75; single size	*$11.75*
Bureau scarf, natural linen stitched in green	*$2.00*
Tole lamp with shade in red and gold on bedside table, 16" high, 2 lights	*$18.50*
French print over bed, walnut frame, 14" by 16", assorted prints, country scenes	*$5.95*
Scrap-basket, green tin, assorted prints	*$3.95*

To order, send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. C.

THE ART OF CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE

by The Director

This is the first of a series of articles by the Director of the Studio which deal with the principles of decorating as they are applied each month in the actual building and furnishing of the Studio rooms. These principles might be called the common-sense of decorating: they are the structure on which the comfort, beauty, and charm of a room rest. As the Studio illustrations are the result of these principles, we give you a practical, easily followed plan

Dignity and restfulness mark the atmosphere of this pine-paneled room

FURNISHINGS AND DECORATIONS

Director

IF you are to be your own decorator, one of the first things to realize is that atmosphere in a room, be it what it may, formal or informal, charming or ugly, though somewhat intangible, is the result of certain principles of decoration.

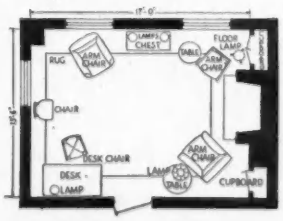
As a foundation, let us consider the following five principles: *Choice of type*, that is, the sort of house or room you would like to have; *Background; Scale; Color; Individuality.*

To begin with type—before you furnish a room or remodel a room, decide in your own mind what type you wish it to be. If you have no definite idea, do not furnish your room until you have studied and determined the type you want.

You may say to yourself, "Oh, I just want a pretty room." This is not enough. You must have an ideal to work toward. A pretty room, like every other sort of room, if it is really attractive, has some motive back of it that has made it so.

To create an atmosphere some knowledge of the types is helpful in determining what you want or do not want. Therefore, if you are not certain, make a careful study of the types you think you might like.

Briefly speaking, in America today the houses, and the rooms in them, fall into Colonial, English Cottage, French, Italian, Spanish, and nondescript. The truly American house is that of Colonial, Georgian, or English type. By adapting these types to ourselves for the past two hundred years, we have made them our own, and we need only look back over our past history, or that of England, to find the inspiration for them. In the houses and interiors inspired by France, Italy, and Spain, there is also much that suits us—the French for almost anywhere, the Spanish and Italian for California and Florida.



Having determined the type that suits not only the house but the environment, the first step toward making the room is to build the background. Background varies in different types of houses. In a Colonial house, for instance, the walls may be paneled, other rooms plastered, gaily papered, or painted white, cream, gray, or a delicate color. Today reproductions of many of the Colonial papers are obtainable. In a cottage type the ceilings are low; in a Colonial manor house they are nine or more feet high.

In an English house we find more variation: plastered walls, paneled walls, paint, and wallpaper again, but instead of light woodwork, dark woodwork is rather a distinctive characteristic, or plaster and woodwork. The ceilings are of moderate height, about nine feet. The windows are grouped and of the casement type.

In a Spanish room the walls are of rougher plaster, (*Continued on page 349*)

A DIGNIFIED PINE-PANELED ROOM

The atmosphere of this room is one of repose and dignity, given as much by the background as by the well-balanced arrangement of the furniture, which is of a suitable size or scale to fit the room. The pine paneling is in the 18th-century English feeling, stained and waxed to give the soft brownish tone of old pine. French and English furniture of the 18th century are happily combined

A COLORFUL SMALL BEDROOM

We Will Buy For You

everything shown in the bedroom below. From the four-poster bed itself with its charming rose and white toile de Jouy spread, to the little jewel box on the low-boy, you can order everything. Perhaps you would like one of the comfortable chairs, the quaint bedside table, or the round table which becomes triangular when the leaves are down. See page 52 for prices of articles

PANELED ROOMS OF THE 18TH CENTURY NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

The title "Father of all corner cupboards" is often applied to this one from the Jaffrey House. It is painted a soft blue-green; the pilasters, with ornamental capitals, are delicately fluted

The transition from the entirely paneled room to that entirely papered was accomplished by using paper on all but the fireplace wall, which was paneled as in the Jaffrey House parlor below

Before wallpaper was introduced, complete paneled rooms like this one from the Orne House were built

EARLY PANELING AND WALLPAPER IN AMERICA

By Anne Webb Karnaghan

THE wall treatment of American interiors from the end of the seventeenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century kept slow pace with the more impressionable furniture of these years. Every recurring wave of style carried across the Atlantic by the early merchants soon found an echo in American-made furniture, but changes in the architecture of rooms came more slowly. This very deliberation in responding to the incoming styles has its advantages for us today, who find the architecture a more reliable guide to the culmination of successive periods in American domestic arts than is the furniture.

The first simple pine-sheathed rooms, dictated by necessity, expediency, and the remembered Tudor style of "Merrie England," soon yielded to the influence of Renaissance Europe, and by the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century there was a fully developed wall treatment based on the decorative use of various orders of classical architecture. The first part of the room to show a change was the fireplace wall. The fireplace was smaller than in earlier houses, the kitchen being relegated to a specialized portion of the house. As a rule it was flanked by pilasters extending from the floor to the cornice, and the remaining wall area was broken up by well-proportioned panels, a cabinet, and a door leading into an adjoining room. The upper part of the room was surrounded by a cornice—in reality, the supporting beams well cased—and around the lower wall was a dado. For almost fifty years this general treatment persisted in American houses, but so versatile and so individual are the details and the arrangements of the elements that each room one discovers possesses a particular and unique charm.

Early in the eighteenth century the sash replaced the casement window, and inside shutters and window-seats were added. The unpaneled parts of the walls and ceiling were plastered until wallpaper came into use. Some rooms were entirely paneled also, but the expense of this treatment made it far less common than is often thought.

Two rooms in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, illustrate the chief variations in wall treatment from 1725 to 1810. One room is entirely paneled on four sides; the second has (*Continued on page 350*)

The Studio's Folios

In addition to the rooms which we have on exhibition every day from nine to five except Saturdays, when the hours are from nine to twelve, the Studio also publishes many folios to help you solve your decorating problems, if you are unable to bring them directly to us.

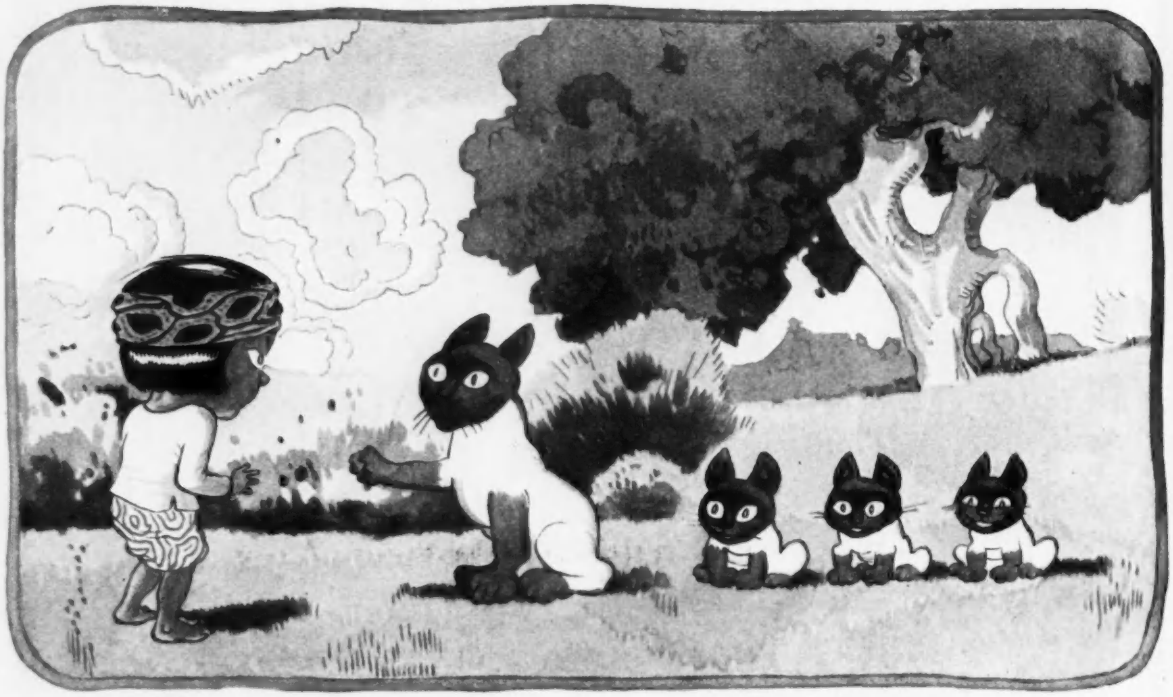
Some folios which will interest and help you at this season are:

Colorful Modern Bathrooms.....25c
How to Make the Most of Nondescript Rooms.....25c
Drapery Fabrics and Fashions for Doors and Windows.....25c
Color in Your Home.....$1.00
Slip-Covers and How to Make Them.....25c
Arranging Comfortable, Charming Living-Rooms.....25c
Bedrooms for Every Member of the Family.....25c
How to Paint Furniture.....25c
Rugs, Hooked, Braided, and Woven.25c
The Ideal Living-Dining Room....25c
Helen Koues on Decorating.....$5.00

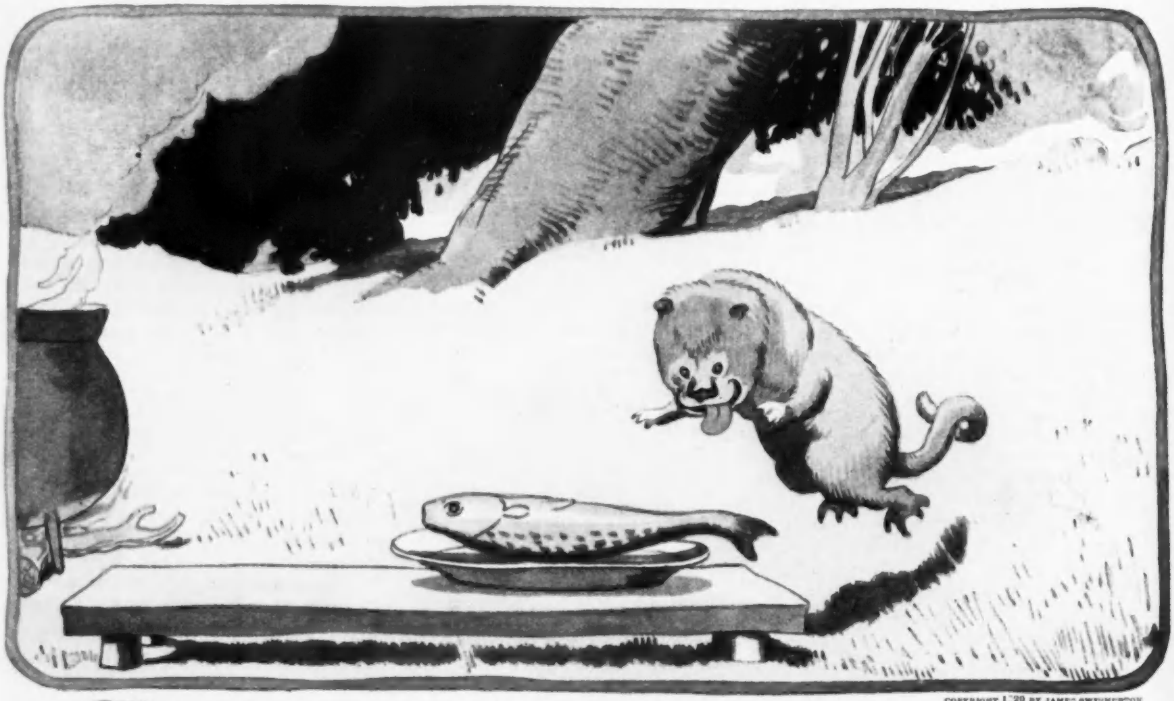
Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

NEAR-TO-NATURE BABIES

By James Swinnerton



SIMPLE Siamese mother cat explains to neighbors *every* day
That her kittens are *not* dirty-faced—they were born that way.



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THE baby otter stayed to dine, saying his feelings would not be hurt
If he *only* had the *fish* course, leaving out soup, salad, and dessert.

Emily Newell Blair

One of the Busiest People we Know—Selects

BOOKS For A TIRED Woman

Never has a boy's inmost soul been laid bare more delicately than in "October's Child," Donald Joseph's newest book

"WHILE you are thinking of books for every one, send me a list of books for a tired woman."

I looked at the signature and my heart thumped. Emily Blakeney, my girlhood ideal! I had not seen her for years, but with that singular prescience of children I had known her, perhaps, far better than the galaxy of young men who surrounded her because they, like me, saw in her dark beauty, the gift of Indian forebears, something that fatally attracted them. I say "fatally" because one by one she had sent them away. How I had watched her, under her jaunty black hat crowned with yellow daffodils, in the choir singing, in that deep, throaty contralto, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"! How I had thrilled when her tall, willowy figure danced the Spanish Castanets at our Kirmess! And how I had glowed with pride and joy when she singled me out for confidences at the children's parties she loved to give! And now she was a successful cateress, a sublimated housekeeper, as it were, in the city of Memphis. "Tired," she said. And no wonder, providing hotels with her "Mrs. Fraser's chicken pies" and "Mrs. Fraser's cakes," making wedding cakes with their intricate decorations of candy sweet peas and roses, serving gala affairs with her chicken salads. She had started with nothing but a hotel owner's faith in her, a knowledge of what constitutes good food, and unlimited energy, and she had worked up to a business envied by all her friends, an incentive and a model for women who need to make a livelihood to turn to account their domestic knowledge.

Luckily my month's reading, of especially delightful books, had furnished me with just the books for a tired woman. So I hastened at once to suggest, first of all, the book which has given me more real pleasure than any book I have read for a long time, "The Rich Young Man" by G. M. Attenborough (Stokes, $2.50). The author, a new one, calls it "A Comedy with Digressions" but it really is a romance, the kind that shows life as it might be lived, not the kind that I hate, which pretends that life is what it is not. And yet it is a comedy, and the digressions are what give it point. These digressions are the remarks of a particularly enchanting girl, the fairy creature of a young man's dreams, the Impossible She a young girl takes to bed with her at night and fancies she will be before the demands for adjustment take hold of her.

Samela Mallassy is an idealist who makes her dreams come true. She believes in the old-fashioned virtue of honesty and interprets it to mean that an individual is dishonest who takes more for his work than it is worth. And believing thus, she falls in love with Royall Melincourt, who has inherited an enormous fortune made out of ships during the War. She has confessed to Royall Melincourt that the man she would prefer above all others to marry is "the rich young man after he had sold all that he had and given it to the poor."

This is primarily their love story. But it is far more than that. Samela sees everything with an original eye and then, in sentences brief and witty, transmits to us their inmost beauty. She talks as no one does but oh, if people only could! Every sentence, therefore, must be savored slowly. The book is rich with comment. The author must have an immense knowledge of psychology and of experience. She must be erudite, deeply read. But what she knows is so deftly passed through her characters that the knowledge comes to us with no earmarks of erudition but as delicious tidbits. Other characters are realized—but it is Samela whose wisdom and beauty dominate the book. Emily, herself the kind of woman about whom legends gather, who in an older day would have been a *grande dame* and a mover of kingdoms, will kindle to this Cinderella of the same kind.

It was my good fortune to follow this with "October's Child" by Donald Joseph (Stokes, $2.50), the story of a young boy in the same romantic tone. We use words so often carelessly that they lose their meaning, and then we come upon some experience, or some book that records an experience, which gives them back to us in all their pristine meaning. "Poignancy" is such a word, and "October's Child" is such a book. Applied to it, all the triviality of our usual application of the word is made plain to us.

Lucius Deering began life in a lovely Southern home surrounded by house darkies, imbibing their superstitions and enjoying their devotion, in close intimacy with an exquisite mother who in her person, her ideals, and her thoughts embodied the ideal womanhood raised by that old tradition, with a shadow cast upon its peace and beauty by the tragic battle of his young uncle—at once the problem and the pride of Lucius' mother—against his dark inheritance. We see it all as Lucius saw it, seen and hardly apprehended; but none the less clearly are revealed to us the beauty, the aspiration of that (*Continued on page 294*)

The

Illustrated By Jules Gotlieb

The ice buckled like a metal plate, and the sled piled on top of the dogs and upset. Gretchen sprang up lightly and helped Angus, who was severely shaken

CHAPTER XIV

LISTENING keenly, Angus heard from time to time a queer knocking and pounding away to the north. It seemed to be coming nearer. Still he did not mention it to Gretchen, and it was nearly noon before she picked it up herself. They had just stopped for one of their short rest periods. She listened a moment, then whirled on Angus.

"Do you hear that?"

"I ha' been hearing it all morning."

"Do you know what it is?"

"I ha' a good idea."

"It's the spring break-up ahead of time."

Angus shook his head. "Not the spring break-up," he corrected. "It couldna come so early. It's just a movement o' the ice, due to the gale. The bay-ice is breaking up, not ahead o' time, but long delayed. Ye ken, ye were counting on this to happen five months ago."

"What difference does it make whether it's behind or ahead of time?" The girl spoke bitterly. "If this ice breaks up while we're on it, we're goners, and you know it."

Quickly he explained what he thought had happened. The gale had driven deep water from distant leads southward and had started the pack-ice into motion. This was being driven against the shoal-water bay-ice, where it was piling up with irresistible force. The big seas and the battering-rams of ice were attacking the outer edge of the barrier, undermining it and shattering it, and at the same time the current that moves eastward along the shore was exerting a strange counter-force, washing out and breaking the ice-anchors that held the floes firmly to the reefs. The ever-increasing pressure of sea and current and berg would soon break up and demolish these smooth fields, and destroy any living creature that moved upon them.

True, the break-up might be only temporary. When the wind changed again, the intense cold might congeal the floes and leave these bays a desolation of impassable ice. But this fact did not affect the travelers' danger. If the water broke through around them, they could not live.

"How far off do you think it is?" Gretchen asked quietly.

"Ten miles, I should say."

"I don't think it's that far. But it may be far enough so that we can get in before the break-up. It's a race for our lives

MISSIONARY

An Unforgettable Drama Of The Far North

By
EDISON MARSHALL

from now on." The girl spoke calmly, hardly raising her voice.

Angus smiled, and helped her get settled in the sled. He sat behind her, and in a moment more the big malemutes were loping across the level, hard-crusted snow. They ran low with a long, flying stride. The long miles sped under them.

As the afternoon advanced, the sound of the break-up came ever nearer. The knocking and pounding grew to a low rumble, the rumble to a subdued roar. By three o'clock it sounded like a distant thunder-storm; by four, it reminded Angus of heavy artillery fire he had heard in France. By five, it was one long, reverberating crash, deafening and terrifying.

The blowing snow-dust concealed the advancing foe, but they could imagine him only too well. So heavy were the inrushing seas that the pack-ice was not only piled up against the edge of the bay-ice, but was forced under it, the huge cakes being pushed down and down by the pressure of their fellows until they touched bottom, filling all the water-space under the ice and driving the water forward to buckle and break the level fields beyond. The wedge of sunken ice, pressed up against the floes, would thrust on and on until the crust would shatter with the roar of a monster gun, and hurl hundred-ton blocks of ice in all directions. As soon as the pressure forced a break, it would commence again. These explosions were occurring every second along the barrier, and besides there were the constant thunderous pounding of the pack-ice, the boomings of the sea, and the hoarse screams, as of a giant's skyrocket, when the level fields cracked and ripped open.

The battle raged ever nearer. The ice-armies were advancing with a speed which neither Gretchen nor Angus had counted on. Yet they had been told many times that anything can happen when ice begins to move. They wished they had not tried to come on, but had turned southward at noon, toward the shore. True, the way would have been twice or three times as long, and the break-up might have cut them off from the outlying isle where the old men had their cabin, but at least they would have saved dear life. With their small supply of food and the dogs to fall back on, they could have fought through, with fair luck, to Nigaluk at the mouth of the Colville River. Why had they followed their own faulty judgment instead of the wise instincts of their dogs? Even now it might be best to turn in toward shore, instead of trying to gain the scant mile that remained between them and safety.

But now the dogs did not want to turn. Perhaps they knew, in the mysterious way of animals, that they were approaching their destination. The isle where the old men lived was not much more than a long reef in the vastness of the frozen sea, storm-swept and still hidden by the billowing clouds of snow-dust, but it was a refuge. All the powers of ice and wave could not shatter the solid rock on which the cabin stood. On the other hand, the mainland lay several miles to the southward, too far to race the break-up. As Gretchen's whip whistled and cracked, the powerful animals gathered themselves for a last effort and ran like greyhounds.

But this was not fast enough. There was a sudden murmur under their feet, and the hard ice began to bulge up around them. It buckled like a metal plate, with a deliberate and assured power terrifying to see. Then there was a ripping, tearing sound repeated three times, so loud in their ears that they were stunned. The dogs yelped and slid on the snow. The sled piled on top of them and upset.

Gretchen sprang up lightly and helped Angus, who was severely shaken, to his feet.

"Old boy," she said kindly, "we didn't quite make it, did we?"

She pointed. Like great black serpents on the snow were three long crevices. There was one behind them, one in front, and one between them and the mainland.

CHAPTER XV

ANGUS did not know the ice as did Gretchen. Therefore he could not accept what she accepted so quietly and bravely—the seeming certainty of defeat. He could not believe that the fight was practically over. The cracks looked only

four or five feet wide. Nor did he anticipate what she thought would happen immediately—the break-up of the floe under their feet in a cataclysm of violence.

Hers was the sensible view. Those great rifts in the ice were only the beginning of a frozen earthquake hard for a *chechaquo* to imagine. The floe would buckle up, shatter, and fall; the bergs would grind, crash, heave, and wallow; and for these travelers it would be the end. But Angus knew no better than to fight on. He righted the sled, then stood up on it to peer about. His face was earnest; his eyes were wide under their frosty brows; he was dusted with snow from head to foot—at once an absurd and an inspiring figure.

"The crack dinna seem so wide farther on," he shouted to Gretchen. "Can ye make the dogs go?"

The girl laughed wildly and cracked her whip. Yes, she could make the dogs go. They flew over to the place Angus had indicated.

Here the crevice was but four feet wide. If it would remain so, they could get across and save the dogs, too. However, the floes were slowly, steadily moving apart. Angus whipped out his knife and began to cut the dogs loose from the sled. At the same time Gretchen was unlashing the supplies, so that they could be thrown across to the floe beyond.

She hardly knew what she was doing. If she had stopped to think, she would have remembered that the old men's cabin had been stocked with abundant supplies, and that these few things on the sled would not be needed. In all probability she was wasting precious seconds. Yet she seemed driven by some deep-seated instinct. The first law of Arctic travel is to stay by the food supply, and this law commanded her still.

When the dogs were free, Angus beckoned them to jump across the fissure, but they hung back, whimpering. When he tried to force them, they cowered down on the ice.

"Jump across and call 'em," he yelled to Gretchen. The girl obeyed, first throwing over her snow-shoes, and then springing across the black gap like a deer. But the dogs would not obey. Still they huddled, whining, close to the sled.

There was no more time to lose. The floes were drifting apart. Half-crazy with excitement, Angus began to pitch across the pokes of supplies. Gretchen screamed at him to hurry—that the floe behind him was breaking up. Indeed, it was rocking and moaning, apparently about to collapse.

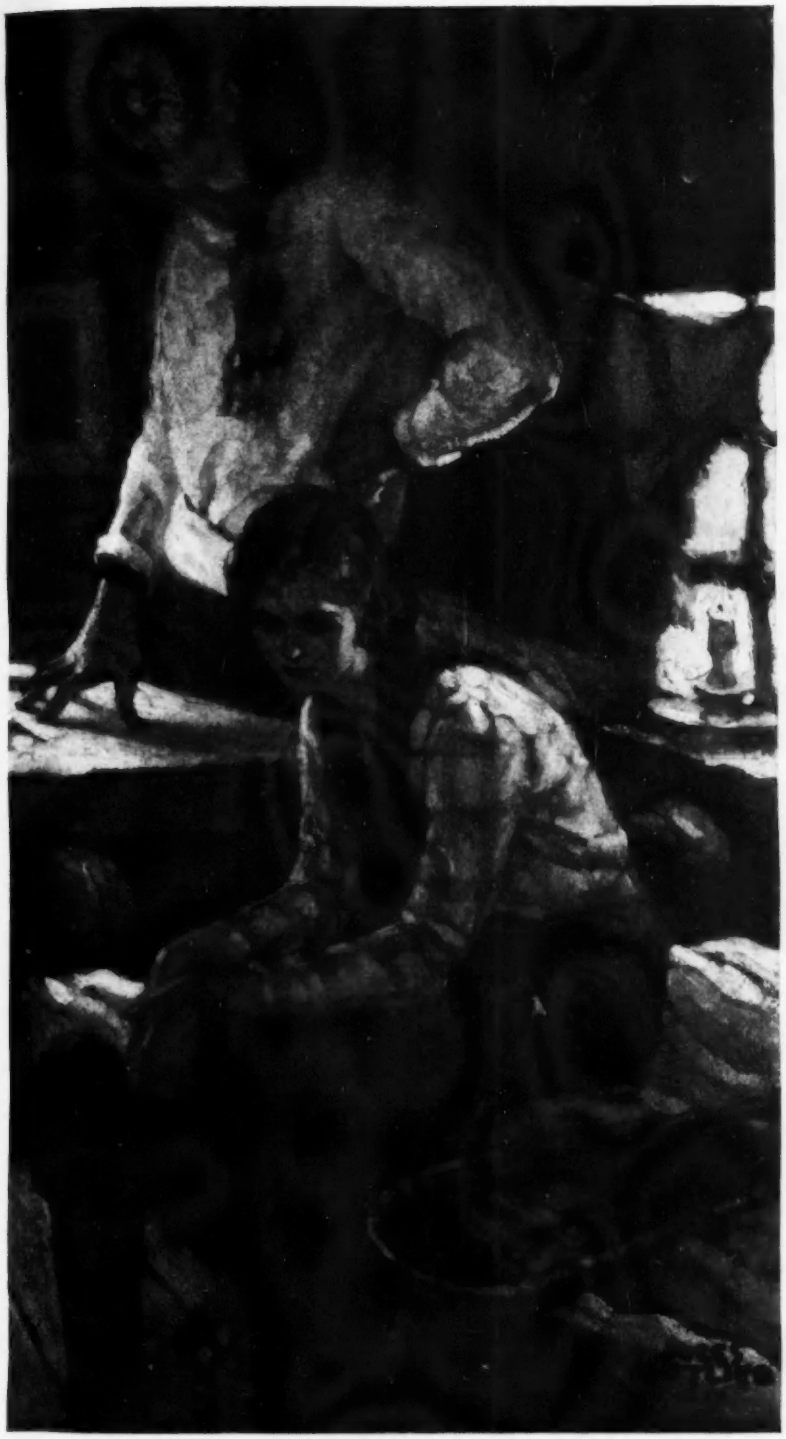
By now he had thrown across the food and some of the robes. Behind him the tough ice was ripping open with a Banshee scream, and the air about him and the sky above him and the floe beneath him were one great deafening roar. It was a nightmare moment. Gretchen and Angus, too, were temporarily insane; if they survived, they would remember the scene only in disconnected flashes—a mouth opened wide and yelling, a dog raising his nose to howl, the black streak of a new crevice zigzagging across the ice. Nature was insane, too. Chaos reigned.

The gap was now seven feet wide. The dogs raced crazily about the floe. "Come, come," Gretchen was yelling. "It's your last chance."

Angus threw over his snow-shoes. Then he drew back, took a running start, leaped strongly, and landed with a yard to spare. If Gretchen and Angus had kept their heads, they might have called the dogs over, too; but now their only thought was to reach land. They picked up such of their articles as they could find in the blowing snow-dust, and started for the island, just now visible. Bewildered by the break-up, the animals did not try to follow.

Although the ice quaked and bulged around them, it held long enough for the

In a voice that never quavered Angus said, "I'll trade you the food for the girl." in Angus's memory Ugruk's face portrayed emotion; an intense, poignant



The only sound in the room was Gretchen's sharp gasp. For the first time sorrow darkened it. "Ugruk no want sell Gretchen," he complained at last

terror-driven pair to reach shore. When they felt the solid ground instead of the reeling floe under their feet, they dropped their bundles and looked into each other's faces. They hardly knew each other. They were haggard and drawn, and their eyes burned.

"We've been through hell together, haven't we?" the girl cried hysterically.

"A hell o' ice and snow," Angus answered solemnly. "I dinna think Gehenna itself could be much worse."

As yet there was no exaltation in his countenance or his voice. This would come when they were warm and safe in the old men's cabin. Now they must put on their show-shoes for the half-mile march that remained.

But when they searched through their scanty supplies, they could find only three shoes. In the excitement of the escape, Gretchen had picked up only one of the pair she had thrown across the crevice.

"It's no matter," Angus told her, when he saw the despair in her face. "The old men will fix you up with an extra shoe. Now, put on mine, and we'll go to the cabin."

Nevertheless the accident depressed him. Probably it would prove of no importance, yet, under certain circumstances easily imagined it might turn out to be the precise difference between life and death. Combining like pigmies to attack a lion, such little disasters can wreck the best-laid plans. But he did not censure her even in his thoughts. He had been out of his head, too; he had failed to throw across Gretchen's rifle. The only weapon saved from the wreck was his own thirty-two caliber pistol.

Under protest she put on Angus's snow-shoes and led the way toward the old men's cabin. To save Angus, she carried the greater part of the supplies. He followed the best he could, breaking through the snow-crust at almost every step. On into the nebulous drift they made their weary way.

Behind them the break-up roared and pounded. Before them lay the white drifts, wan, trackless, and forlorn. Hovering over them, never lifting, never mitigating, was the Great Cold. Twilight was just falling. The two strained their eyes into the murk for the first glimpse of a cabin.

Perhaps they would see a light at the window. Their eyes ached for the sight. Perhaps they would see smoke drifting up from the chimney. Perhaps, best of all, they would hear the old men's voices as they reviled each other. Any sight or any voice, almost, would be better than these empty, silent drifts stretching on and on before them.

Presently they made out a dark shape ahead. It was the old men's cabin of driftwood and turf. But it seemed ominously silent. No dogs clamored at them, nor were there any tracks at the threshold.

Gretchen spoke sharply over her shoulder. "They're not here, Angus."

It was true. There was no smoke in the chimney. The little heap of driftwood in the lean-to and the small hand-sled near by were covered deep with b'own snow. Evidently Bill and Charley had departed days if not weeks before.

The travelers unhooked the door and stepped inside. But only the cold greeted them—the still, dismal cold of a forsaken house. Quickly Angus scratched a match and peered about the room.

Bare walls threw back the gleam. The truth was only too plain: the old men had vacated, apparently for good, and had taken their supplies with them. There were no pokes of oil and pemmican, no strings of dried deer meat, not even skins on the floor or robes on the wooden bunks. The only comfort to be seen was a pile of kindling beside each (*Continued on page 165*)

MOLYNEUX AND WORTH

THE NEW SILHOUETTE LENGTHENS ALL SKIRTS, RAISES THE WAISTLINE TO NORMAL, AND FLARES AT HEM

DESCAT

FASHIONS FROM THE PARIS AUTUMN OPENINGS

Helen Kouer, Director

Silhouette All skirts are lengthened, some for evening almost reaching the floor all around; for daytime extending four and even five inches below the knee; the waistline is raised; the hips fitted or molded, and a flare at some point below the knee. There is a new dressmaker suit, with a flared, fur-trimmed, two-thirds or three-quarter length jacket

Color There are five important autumn colors: black first, green and brown a close second, blue and dark reds next, all smartest when boldly contrasted with another color—black with white or green, brown with green or red or capucine, dark red with white, or gray with blue, evening colors: white, black, red, pink shades, deep blues, new green shades

AGNÈS

Fabric For daytime, lightweight woolens, tweeds in new, lacy weaves, figured jerseys in vivid colorings, dull, crêpey silks; for evening, panne velvet, coarse net, moiré

Hats They frame the face at sides and back, reveal the brow a little, the crown remaining shallow. All are becomingly draped, of felt or velvet, with some satin turbans

Furs The dressmaker touch distinguishes the fur coats, the newest flaring a little at the hem. Broadtail, beaver, astrakhan, caracul, breitschwantz are favorites

Details Flounces, tiers, circular cuts, trains, and panels; bows, berthas, scarfs, jabots, cape wings, and yokes; lingerie touches and all kinds (*Continued on page 349*)

BLANCHOT

JAY-THORPE

WORTH *confirms the smartness of brown in the excellent frock (lower left) of brown-and-white tweed with white crêpe de Chine gilet, from his autumn collection*

LONDON TRADES *sends from the autumn collection this daytime ensemble (below) in a black kasha frock and a long, tailored, dark-gray tweed coat*

FUR *coats adopt dressmaker touches and are handled like fabric—as in the nutria coat (left) after Schiaparelli, with a large cravat tie; from Jay-Thorpe*

WORTH

AUTUMN'S NEW COLORS— FIRST BLACK THEN GREEN, BROWN, BLUE & DARK RED

LONDON TRADES

CLOTHES FOR THE COUNTRY

NORMAN HARTNELL *uses black satin with a tiny white dot for the frock sent from his autumn collection (lower right), which has a tiered and longer skirt*

PATOU'S *suits have all the perfect workmanship of a master tailor, as shown in this typical ensemble (below) with beige tweed skirt and coat, and a silk blouse*

MORE *formal fur coats call for natural gray broadtail with a luxurious collar of silver fox set away from the face as in the coat (right); from Saks-Fifth Avenue*

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

PATOU

NORMAN HARTNELL

JACKETS & COATS
OF
EVERY LENGTH
BUT NEWEST
IS THREE-
QUARTERS

ENSEMBLES FOR TOWN

MOLYNEUX

ADHERES TO THE SILHOUETTE OF LONG, FLOWING LINES WITH TIGHT, FITTED HIPS AND FLOUNCED SKIRT IN THIS DARK RED TULLE EVENING FROCK

LELONG

SPONSORS A CLOSER SILHOUETTE WITH TRAILING LINES THAT TOUCH THE FLOOR IN BACK IN A BEAUTIFUL EVENING GOWN OF WHITE TULLE

FRANKLIN SIMON

GABOR EDER, PHOTOGRAPHER

FELT OR VELVET FOR WINTER HATS

To be smart you may look picturesque this winter, hence the Dutch cap above, by Descat for afternoon, which is of softest velvet turning demurely up in front and flaring at the side and back. Imported by Franklin Simon

Winter brims turn up in front to reveal the brow and frame the face at sides and back, as shown at left, in an Alphonsine model of green felt which extends strikingly low at back of neck. Imported by Franklin Simon

JAY THORPE

FRANKLIN SIMON

BRIMS FLARE AT THE SIDE AND BACK

Great diversity of silhouette marks the imported hats, which are often long at back and sides, an interesting example being shown above, in an Alphonsine model of black felt trimmed in flat velvet bows. From Jay Thorpe

Shallow crowns and uneven brims that turn up sharply in front are characteristics of the winter mode, as illustrated by Agnès in the hat of black felt and rust velours, at the right. Imported by Franklin Simon

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

BONWIT TELLER

AUTUMN SPORTS AND JERSEYS IN

AUTUMN sporting events are numerous and demand a variety of clothes, but tweeds and jerseys remain the foundation of every country wardrobe. These fabrics now appear in a variety of weaves—tweeds are lacy, nubby and colorful; jerseys are lacy or woven in figured designs, often to match tweeds.

Here are clothes for active or spectator sports, or sometimes both. It must be noted that skirts even for sports are distinctly longer, at least three inches below the knee, and that flare is omnipresent where the smart world plays. Coats may be jackets or cardigan, seven-eighth or three-quarter length. Very new are colored knitted-wool dresses accompanied by a short lapin coat in beige or brown. A costume we particularly recommend is the four-piece tweed ensemble on opposite page, in which a woman is prepared for any country occasion.

Characteristic of the season's princess silhouette is the Régny tweed coat at left, fitted above and flaring below. It centers interest in the back and proclaims the importance of the collarless neckline, which may be completed on crisp, cold days by a sable, fisher, or cross-fox neckpiece. From Saks-Fifth Avenue

In one of the new nubby tweeds is the short jacket suit above, in a yellow, brown and gray mixture, with a hand-knit sweater to match. The one-piece flared dress shows a Rodier figured jersey in yellow, black, and green and a softly feminine collar of black chiffon net. Both models from Bonwit Teller

MODELS FROM
BERGDORF GOODMAN

CALL FOR TWEEDS IN NOVELTY WEAVES

Should she wish to play golf, what could be more practical than a slightly flared skirt, cardigan, and tuck-in sweater? To motor, to appear at a hunt meet on a brisk, cold morning, she would complete her costume with a matching coat furred in raccoon, flared from the shoulder, and cuffed in the Paquin manner with the fur swirling around the wrist to end at the elbow.

If you would prefer a little more formality to attend the autumn races or polo games, what would be nicer than the black-and-white tweed ensemble illustrated above, which shows the new three-quarter-length coat collared in white caracul and completed by a white crêpe de Chine blouse? The silk jabot blouse is important this season even for sports and often replaces the sweater, although it is less practical than the latter for active sports. This costume would also be smart for a day's shopping in town.

Appropriate for the autumn races or polo games is the black-and-white tweed ensemble above, which indorses the new three-quarter-length coat and crêpe de Chine blouse. Particularly suited to any country occasion is the four-piece tweed costume—a cardigan suit and coat which flares from the shoulder

Truly sporting in manner is the imported golf suit at right, of a lacy-weave tweed, extremely light in weight, in a beige, red, and yellow mixture. The red of the tweed is repeated in the sweater and binding of the cardigan, and noteworthy is the belted cardigan line; the skirt has an inverted plait

LET OUR SHOPPING
FROM THE SHOPS

HOW TO ORDER

All you have to do to buy these new and smart clothes for autumn is to send check or money-order to our Shopping Service, and they will be speeded on their way to you from the shops on Fifth Avenue. Just give your size (it is wise to give bust and hip measurements, too) and the color you desire, and we shall gladly fill your order promptly. Send check to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

The Woman of fifty

Designed especially for the woman with the fuller figure, this smart, new one-piece frock of Canton crêpe (below, center figure) has a wrap-over skirt, cut circular in front and closing on the side, with a bow, making the hip-line adjustable. There is a detachable Georgette facing at the V neck, outlined by a scalloped band of tucking. A frock for early autumn, for bridge, teas, or shopping, in black, navy, or chocolate-brown; half sizes, 38½ to 48½; only $16.75

In the smart, new covert cloth, the one-piece coat dress (below) buttons on the side with three bone buttons, has narrow, turned-back collar and notched lapels, and a detachable vest of harmonizing crêpe which may be crossed to any point desired, high or low. At the sides, in front, are inserted plaits, partly stitched down beneath a pocket, and the suède belt has a metal buckle. In brown with beige vest, navy with gray, or Oxford with gray; 16 to 18, 38 to 46; $19.75

The Woman at Home

This three-piece knitted wool suit (above) has a slip-over, long-sleeved sweater to tuck in or wear outside the skirt, the skirt with a yoke effect and two box-plaits in front. In Oxford-gray, navy, brown, or wine-red, with the sweater a lighter shade to harmonize; 34 to 40; price is only $16.75

In transparent velvet, this charming frock (right) has the new line of tight hips, two flounces in the skirt, and a soft jabot of the velvet, with a crystal pin. The hip band is tucked all around, the picoted flounces shirred on; comes in black, and new autumn shades of brown, green, or wine; 14 to 20; $29.50

SERVICE BUY FOR YOU ON FIFTH AVENUE

THESE NEW CLOTHES

We have looked over all the new clothes in the very best shops in New York City, and from them have chosen these charming and reasonably priced models. There are eight different ones—two party frocks, one of velvet, the other with a lace collar, and a dress with a white frilly collar, two autumn street frocks, one of tweed with a piqué bow, the other buttoned like a coat, and two smart cardigan suits. For your children's things turn to page 186

The Younger Woman or Girl

With all the charm of the new feminine mode, this two-piece frock (below), with frilly collar, will suit the younger woman or girl. It is made of flat crêpe, and the blouse opens and ties in a surplice line; the skirt is on a white silkaleen bodice and has three groups of plaits in the front, the back plain. The wide collar and cuffs have scalloped, picoted, plaited edging. In black with white collar and cuffs, or brown or green or wine with beige; 16 to 44; only $16.75

In wool jersey, the three-piece cardigan suit (below, center figure) has a skirt with new circular godets and a front plait. The jersey blouse has long sleeves and there is an appliqué in triangular design, contrasting binding, and a leather belt with novelty metal buckle. It may be had with a brown coat and skirt with beige blouse trimmed with brown, orange, and tan or a bright navy-blue coat and skirt with natural and red trimming; 14 to 18; 38 to 42; $19.75

The Woman in Business

Just as smart as it can be is this one-piece dress of thin, tweed-like wool, called "transparent tweed," with a tiny white fleck in it; it has a detachable vest of white silk piqué, which ends in a bow loop, and there are plaits at each side; in brown, Oxford, green, red, or blue; 14 to 42; the price is $29.50

With a charming lace collar and jabot, this one-piece frock of Canton silk crêpe, shows the new flare with four plaited godets slightly longer, inverted tucks at each side of the hips, and a bow of the material at one side; in black, Independence-blue, new brown, or claret-red; 14 to 42; $16.50

AUTUMN'S NEW FABRICS WITH

WHY not buy fabrics with a national trade-mark, which carry the manufacturer's guaranty? Here are woolens, silks, and some of the newer fabrics. Forstmann's flared ensemble above combines a dull-finished coating called Roya with a dress of wool Orion crêpe, which also lines the coat. The Forstmann sample in the circle is one of the new tweeds; next comes a Botany lacy woolen called Botalace, which makes

A NATIONAL TRADE-MARK

the dress of the sports ensemble in the center, the coat being of Serena tweed. The Silk Beau Monde is a Television print, while Belding's silk suggests a woolen in its black and white plaid design, and fashions the dress at left of the opposite page. The Ram's Head woolen is a camel's-hair cloth; and Viyella, a plaid flannel. Fancy knitted weaves are smart, as proved by Sag-No-Mor and (*Continued on page 350*)

A graceful and becoming evening gown of satin or moiré is shown at the right. It has the new low décolletage and is made from pattern L-10, 34 to 42, 50c. A velvet, fur-trimmed evening coat, lined with satin, is illustrated in the center. It is designed to go with the frock, or indeed with any dress with a dipping hemline; pattern L-11, sizes 34 to 42, 60 cents

For bridge partie a dress like the one at the left is indispensable. It is of flat crêpe with plaited frills; pattern L-12, 34 to 42, 60c. Two necklines are offered. The blouse at the left, pattern L-14, 34 to 42, is 40c. The problem of what to wear under a low evening dress is solved by the backless slip at the bottom of the page; pattern L-15, sizes 34 to 42, 25 cents

WINTER MODES IN PATTERNS

By Caroline Gray

HOW TO ORDER

To order any of these attractive and easily-made patterns send the correct amount to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service. And don't forget "The Baby's Own Booklet," 15c, full of baby clothes, furniture, patterns, and ideas. Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

THERE is a new and fascinating spirit in fashions this season. The evening mode is particularly charming, as well as highly important, with its formality and extreme femininity; and it is so generally becoming that it is a pleasure to plan smart new frocks and flattering wraps suitable for the many formal parties of the winter. The clothes for afternoon wear have also adopted feminine frills and furbelows, and the skirts are uneven in length and slightly longer.

Among the fabrics most in vogue for evening are satin and velvet, some taffeta, and soft moiré. Tulle and lace, both black and beige, will be as smart as ever. For afternoon panne velvet is new, and the flat crêpes are still very good.

The patterns given for this month for a smart new wrap, a charming evening gown and the necessary low-back slip to wear with it, and a softly feminine afternoon dress embody the new features of the mode and are easy to make successfully at home.

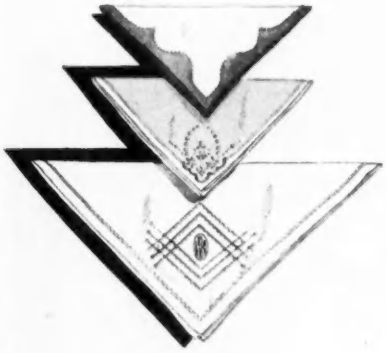
The evening gown above is delightful in satin or moiré. It has the deep décolletage, fitted hip-yoke, peplum, and long, full skirt so smart this season. The blouse, peplum, and skirt are gathered to the hip-yoke, and the success of the dress depends on the perfect fit of this yoke. If it is too loose, your dress will slip and the bloused effect be lost; if it is too tight, particularly around the lower edge, it will be unbecoming. If you do not want to use the peplum, it may be omitted without spoiling the appearance of the dress.

While the dress is charming in one color, a striking effect can be gained by facing the skirt and *(Continued on page 340)*

A hand-quilted bed-jacket of georgette and satin is shown at the left. It is reversible because of the beautiful handling of the Italian quilting. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-14-3801, 25c, carries complete designs and directions for making

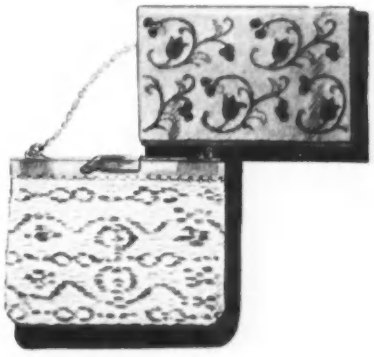
NEEDLEWORK THAT GIVES A SMART TOUCH

By Anne Orr



How to Order

For all Printed Pamphlets and Hot-Iron Patterns send to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping. For *cutting patterns* send to Pattern Service, and for materials offered send to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.



L-17

L-16

Patchwork hems and hemstitching decorate the handkerchiefs above. The top one is in Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1401, 25c, carrying designs and directions for 2 each of 6 different hems; the next from Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-14-9403, 25c, carrying 100 designs. The design on the man's handkerchief is from Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-14-1301, 25c, which carries 17 others; the initial is from Hot-Iron Pattern No. 85-8102, 25c, carrying 30 different alphabets

Crewel work on dress from Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-14-1201, 25c; cutting pattern L-16, 4 to 10 yrs., 25c. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1402, 25c, carries 2 yds. each of narrow and wide quilting borders on coat and cap; cutting pattern, *L-17, 1 to 3 yrs., 25c. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1403, 25c, carries smocking on dress;* cutting pattern *L-18, 4 to 10 yrs., 25c.*

L-18

Crewel work in soft tones of brown makes the envelope purse. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-14-1201, 25c, carries designs for this and for crewel work on child's dress. Wool for envelope purse, 84c; total with pattern, $1.09. Tapestry wools were used for the mounted bag. Printed Pamphlet No. A-1400 carries directions and will be sent for a 2c stamp. Wools in shades of brown and tan, $1.50; amber mounting, $4; material to work on 30c; total with the pattern $5.82

AROUND

By George Weston

Illustrated
By
W. G. Ratterman

CHAPTER XL

THE *Empress of the East* was plowing her watery furrow down the coast of China.

Behind her lay the troubled times which her cruisers had experienced at Shanghai. Somewhere south, in the darkness ahead, lay the more peaceful port of Hong Kong—"the Gibraltar of the Far East," to quote the lyrical handbook of Mr. Albans, "a Golconda for the energetic business man, a refuge for the oppressed from China, a hospitable paradise for the rolling-stones of the earth . . ."

It was nine o'clock of the second evening out from Shanghai. In the dining-room below, an amateur entertainment was being held, including a free-for-all debate, "My Impressions of Shanghai." In the smoking-room above, a new bridge tournament was being launched, engineered by Mrs. Basserville, the chief hostess, and heralded on the ship's numerous bulletin boards as "The Asiatics *versus* The Occidentals."

Ceilia, however, attracted by neither the entertainment below nor the tournament above, was sitting in the semi-darkness on the front of B deck. They sometimes sat there in the evening, when the wind was not too strong. On this particular night, though, Celia was alone. Later, at the conclusion of the entertainment in the dining-room, a dance was to be given on B deck, but meanwhile Celia sat in solitude and silence—with her thoughts—and the stars—

The stars had never seemed brighter; and the foremast, gently rolling, might have been a schoolmaster's pointer indicating them one by one.

There was the blue splendor of Arcturus, one of the most dazzling diamonds of the sky. And there was the ruddy eye of Betelgeuse, angry, perhaps, at a conflict which would never be completed. Dipping slightly, the pointer moved to the immortal twins, but couldn't quite reach Sirius as he sprang after Orion. Later, Mr. MacMurray had told her, when they crossed the Equator, a new display of jewels would be found upon the velvet of night, the blazing glories of the Southern Cross, the Centaur, the Crow, and finally the dazzling outline of the ship Argo cruising eternally through the seas of heaven.

"I wonder if they can see them from Penang," mused Celia.

As you have probably guessed, the name Penang had often echoed in her mind since leaving Shanghai. True to his promise, Dr. Wu had sent Mr. Buhl a letter of introduction to the editor of the *Penang Sing Po*—a sealed letter with a number of Chinese characters in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. But it wasn't altogether Dr. Wu's letter which had aroused Celia's imagination, nor the conversation with Mr. Dabney at Shanghai. The cause went deeper than that—deep into those mysterious regions of the mind where premonitions are born and astrology is still respected—those regions from which prophets have drawn their power—a power which has probably had as much effect upon mankind as all the orderly workings of the human mind put together.

"Only nineteen days and we shall be there," thought Celia, her eyes half closed, soothed by the music of the breeze in the rigging. "Less than three weeks now, and—"

She was interrupted by Mr. Graham.

"I thought I'd find you here," he said, drawing a chair to her side. "Inured as I am to

Bud came forward with a green
if you like it," he said. Thinking per-
—or less if he wished to bargain—"I

the WORLD

A Good Name is Not Only Better Than Riches—But May Possibly Entitle You to the Same

necklace. "I want to give you this, haps he could buy it for half a dollar love it," said Celia. It was real jade!

amateur entertainments. I still find myself vulnerable to the 'Rhapsody in Blue' on a ship's piano, accompanied by a clarinet which was picked before it was ripe. You are far more sensible, listening to a Rhapsody in Starlight . . . Does my chatter annoy you?"

"No, no," said Celia quickly—afraid that she had been sitting too quietly since his appearance. "I'm awfully glad you came to talk to me."

"Really?" he asked, turning to see her face better in the darkness. "Then I'm going to tell you something. It's been on my mind a long time—almost as far back as the days of Deuteronomy—and I think I'd feel better if I told you, somewhat on the same principle that a child always feels better when he confesses that he has been at the jam."

Under the lightness of his words Celia caught a tremor, an inflection, which drew her eyes to his. It may have been due to the starlight, but she thought he looked unusually pale—pale and cold, as though he weren't far from the border-line of chills.

"Are you warm enough?" she asked.

"Warm enough?" he echoed. "I could grow Shakespearian! But on the other hand, please do not think that I am merely feverish when I tell you how much—how much I love you. There! The word's out, and if it annoys you, I am truly sorry that I can not catch it and put it back into its cage again. But I wanted you to know for a number of reasons. First, for the immemorial reason. And secondly, because, if I were a girl, I think I would always like a man to tell me what I have just told you, if he really felt that way. And then, for good measure, I thought it better to tell you now because, if I waited until your search was successful, you might be too unattainable a prize. While, once more on the other hand, if I were to wait until your search had failed, you might conceivably wonder if I were merely telling you out of pity. So I thought I'd let you have the news just as you are now—and of course you can do with the information whatever you wish."

"Just as you are now—" His words, his gentle manner, his rambling attempt to dissemble an emotion so deep that she had never seen a face so pale, nor eyes so haunting—all these things touched Celia deeply, but more with pity than responding love. She lay back in her chair looking up at the stars and the gently rolling masthead. The music of the breeze in the rigging had fallen to a whisper.

"What shall I say? What shall I tell him?" she wondered.

He leaned over and took her hand, and for a few moments she let her fingers stay within his before quietly drawing her hand away.

"I—I'm really proud," she said, "that you've told me, but—I think it would be better if we went on—as before—"

Suddenly the electric lights flashed on over the deck, and the players of the orchestra

Celia felt her heart beat faster, but knew that it wasn't only the
She nodded. The dancing had started, and the wireless chief

appeared and began setting up their music racks not far from the chairs where Celia and Mr. Graham were sitting.

" 'Music—Lights!—and so the end of the Song,' " he quoted with an unconscious sigh. "You'll think it over, though—what I've told you with such amateur ineptitude?"

"Some day—perhaps," she smiled. "But you were right in one thing: I—I like you for telling me—and I'll give you the first dance to prove it to you, if you wish."

Mr. Buhl appeared then from the tournament upstairs, having in a moment of weakness fallen for Miss Works' importunities to become a member of the Asiatic League.

"Oh, that woman! That woman!" he despaired, throwing up both hands when he caught sight of Celia and Mr. Graham.

"What woman?" asked Celia innocently.

Mr. Buhl, chivalrously avoiding one trap, fell head first into another. "Oh, any woman!"

Fortunately, perhaps, Miss Dana's young ladies appeared upon the scene at that moment, Bud and Perry close behind them.

"You missed it!" Betty earnestly piped to Celia. "You ought to have heard Flaming Mamie sing 'Pale Hands I Loved—'

'I would have rather felt you
'round my throat
Crrrrushing out life than
bidding me farewell.'

And just as she was crrrrushing out life, somebody in the back of the room shouted, 'Pip! Pip!' and everybody nearly died!"

"Tt-tt!" exclaimed Miss Works, appearing from the tournament with Professor Schaffner. "Oh, Betty Sigsbee! Betty Sigsbee! If Miss Dana could only have heard you then!"

The orchestra suddenly broke into action with "The Moon In All Its Splendor"—and Celia floated off with Mr. Graham. The next two to follow were Professor Schaffner and Miss Works.

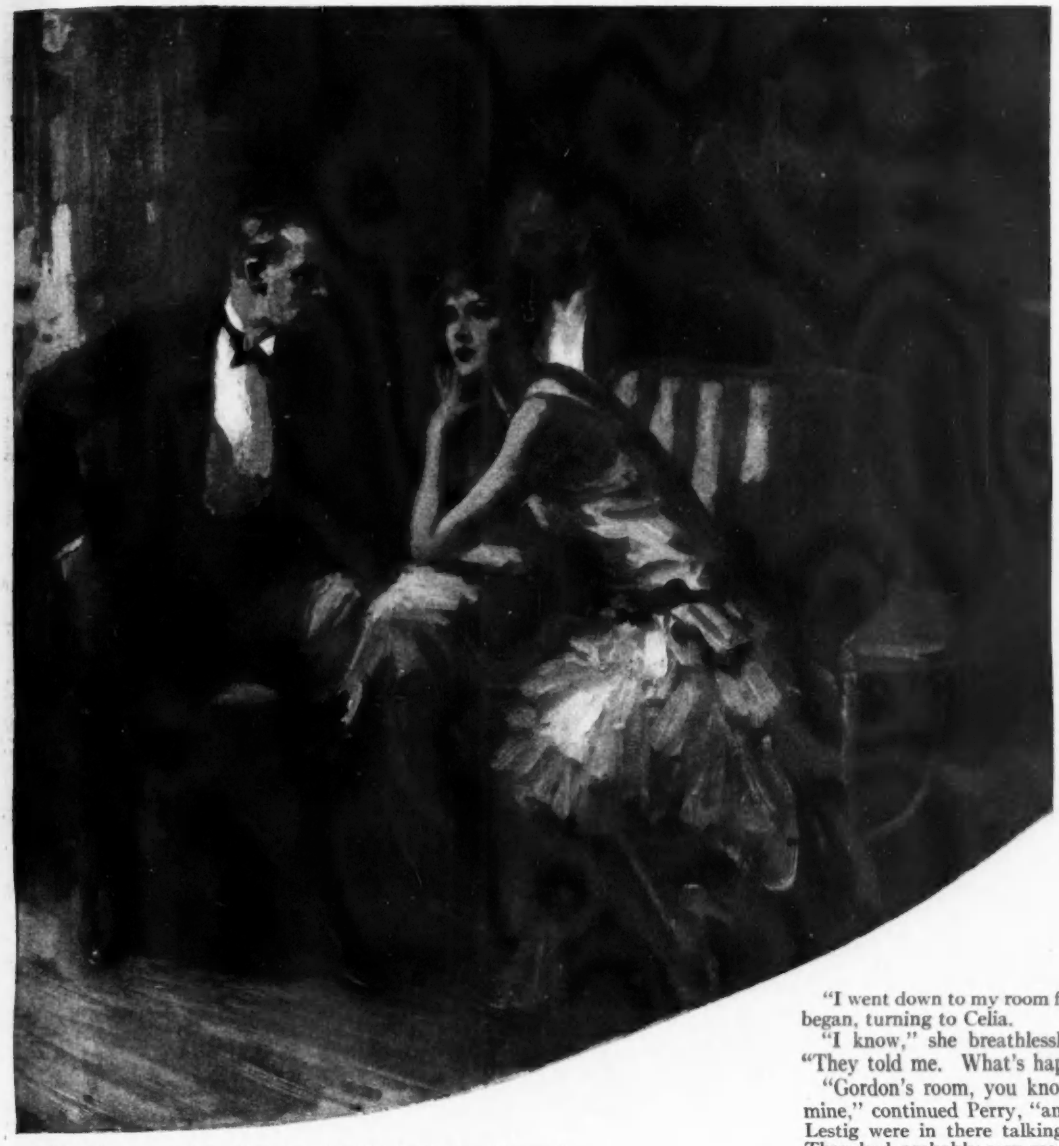
"Oh, Winnegar Works! Winnegar Works!" sighed the irrepressible Betty, "if Miss Dana could only see you now!"

Drawn by the music, the deck became crowded with dancers and spectators. Mr. Albans appeared, for instance, but contented himself with falling in conversation with Mr. Buhl. Mr. Templeton, from the wireless office, had the second dance with Celia. Then Mr. MacMurray, the first officer, made his appearance and bowed to Natalie. And a shock-headed young man from Texas came along from somewhere—a shock-headed youth named "Little Jim," who worshiped Betty from afar.

Along toward the fifth or sixth dance, it happened that Perry, Mr. Graham, Mr. Albans, and Mr. Buhl were left in the chairs; and seizing the opportunity, Mr. Buhl first told the others what he had learned in Shanghai about Celia's father, and then read them the cable which had been relayed from Yokohama—the cable which contained the report on Senator Lestig and Mr. Gordon, to say nothing of its few concluding words about Major Helme.

"Didn't I tell you?" earnestly whispered Mr. Albans, the lines around his eyes never more shrewdly wrinkled. "I hadn't talked with Major Helme two minutes before I guessed that he was a stormy petrel of the oil industry!"

"Is there oil in Penang?" asked Perry.



starlight that caused it. "Feel excited?" Mr. Buhl whispered. now interrupted them. "May I—" he bowed, smiling, to Celia;

"I've heard rumors of it," said Mr. Albans. "This is the first time we've ever stopped there, but I'm sure I've heard rumors of oil."

"We'll find out about that as soon as we get there," said Mr. Buhl. "This is the question, though, that's been worrying me: Is there any way in which Major Helme and his friends could stop Celia and myself from landing in Penang? What could they do?"

Mr. Albans hesitated. "Of course, there's always the possibility of some form of personal violence," he replied almost beneath his breath, "but I hate to think of that."

"I don't know," said Mr. Buhl reflectively. "But I do know this: Major Helme and his two precious friends didn't come on this cruise merely for the sea voyage."

They watched the dancers a few moments. Celia had Mr. Templeton for a partner again; Bud was gracefully drifting around with Natalie; Professor Schaffner was still with Miss Works.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Dorcaster, suddenly appearing behind Mr. Buhl's chair. "I like this! Four eligible bachelors and not one dancing!"

"Madam!" said Mr. Albans, rising and bowing low. "May I have the honor?"

"Oh, girls!" Miss Dorcaster's manner seemed to say as she hurried him out to the floor. "Wait till you see what I've got!"

Turning to Perry and Mr. Buhl, Mr. Graham said, "Do either of you know how far it is from Singapore to Penang?"

"I have a map downstairs, showing steamship lanes and distances," said Perry. "I'll fetch it."

He was a long time gone. In fact, before he returned, Mr. Albans was back in his chair again by the side of Mr. Buhl, and Celia had joined the group.

Perry was plainly excited as he pulled up his chair so that he could speak to the others without being overheard.

"I went down to my room for a map," he began, turning to Celia.

"I know," she breathlessly whispered. "They told me. What's happened?"

"Gordon's room, you know, is next to mine," continued Perry, "and Helme and Lestig were in there talking things over. They had probably seen me dancing, and, bless these rubber heels of mine, they evidently didn't hear me."

He paused for breath. "Helme was growling away," he went on then. "Evidently something hadn't suited him, and the others had all they could do to keep him quiet."

"Did you hear anything?" eagerly asked Mr. Buhl.

"Not much. They were too careful. But I heard one word—heard it so plainly that I could swear I was not mistaken."

Invisible fingers seemed to pass through Celia's hair, causing her to thrill as she half divined, half guessed the word which Perry had overheard.

"And that word?" breathed Mr. Buhl.

Perry looked cautiously around him, and then leaned forward.

"Penang!" he whispered then.

CHAPTER XLI

THEY had left Shanghai on Wednesday. On Saturday morning the *Empress* docked at Hong Kong—or rather at Kowloon on the other side of the Bay. From Kowloon (*Continued on page 113*)

Good Housekeeping Institute

Katharine A. Fisher
Director

Photographs By H. I. Williams

After-dinner coffee served before an open fire creates an atmosphere of informality

Coffee

Clear, Sparkling, Fragrant

By B Lawson Miller

Of the Institute Staff

A CHEERY fire . . . congenial guests . . . and fragrant coffee. How closely associated in thought these are, and how much a part of true hospitality! Fortunate the hostess who welcomes the coffee service with secret triumph, secure in the knowledge that her coffee is perfect. Many a meal has been saved from the commonplace by the excellence of its coffee. For those who are familiar with the psychology of dining know that the first and last courses are the ones which make the deepest impressions.

Good coffee should be the rule rather than the exception, and by observing certain precautions it is possible to attain the same degree of perfection every time. Of primary importance is the coffee itself, for without good coffee to begin with one can not hope to secure a pleasing beverage. While it used to be the custom to let the grocer blend our coffee, we now rely upon the superior knowledge of the expert coffee blender and buy by brand name. The particular brand and blend to be chosen depend upon individual taste.

Coffee! which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with half-closed eyes.

—*Pope*

Flavor and aroma of coffee are tied up in some way with certain gases that are produced in the roasting process. Just how is not known, but it has been proved that the less chance there is for these gases to escape from the coffee, the longer it will retain its aroma and freedom from staleness. For this reason experiments are being conducted to determine the best methods of packaging coffee to prevent loss of gases. Reports indicate that the vacuum-pack has definite advantages over some other methods. Coffee that has been packed in this way immediately after roasting retains all its flavor and aroma until opened. When you buy coffee that is packaged in some other form, it is advisable to purchase from a dealer who has a rapid enough turn-over to insure a fresh product. Distributors of reliable brands check up on turn-over in order to keep fresh coffee on the shelves of the dealer.

If you buy coffee by bulk, remember that coffee in the bean retains its flavor longer than in the ground form. For this reason, if you wish to secure and conserve the maximum amount of flavor and aroma, grind the coffee beans just before making

the coffee. If you do not have a coffee mill, buy in small quantities and let the grocer grind it. The fineness of the grind influences the flavor of the coffee. In general, a fine grind yields a richer flavor than a coarse grind; but it also loses its flavor more rapidly. The grind should be adapted to the method of preparing the coffee.

The amount of coffee to be purchased at one time depends on the habits of the family. In general, it is advisable to buy in quantities that can be used within a week after the package is opened. Actual experiments made on the keeping of coffee show a steady loss of both freshness and aroma after the coffee is exposed to the air. Aroma is the first quality to go; staleness develops later. Coffee should be emptied into an air-tight container immediately after it is opened. It is sometimes advisable to divide the coffee into two containers so that the entire quantity of coffee is not exposed to the air each time the container is opened. Remember that even a high-grade coffee can not produce a pleasing beverage unless it is properly stored and brewed.

And now for the making of the coffee. Measure carefully, the water as well as the coffee. The exact proportion depends upon the kind of coffee used and the individual taste. At the Institute we use two level tablespoonfuls of ground coffee to one standard measuring cupful of water. Since about two-thirds of a measuring cup is a serving of coffee, four cupfuls of water make sufficient coffee for six people. For this amount we use eight tablespoonfuls of ground coffee.

Individual preference usually determines the method of making coffee in the home. In blind tests conducted at the Institute, filtered or drip coffee was voted the favorite.

There are many devices on the market for making coffee by the drip method. Although they differ somewhat in construction and in the material of which they are made, the principal of filtration is basically the same. Boiling water is poured over the ground coffee and allowed to drip through some porous substance, thus extracting the flavor and aroma from the coffee as it goes through. The water is in contact with the coffee only a short time, and the resulting product is clear and sparkling and entirely free from sediment. A distinct advantage of this method is that even one cupful of coffee can be made just as satisfactorily as a larger amount.

The points to bear in mind when making coffee by this method are: Heat the coffeepot; use finely ground coffee (drip grind); use sufficient coffee to secure the desired strength—do not depend upon a second dripping; use freshly boiling water. As soon as the coffee has dripped completely through, remove coffee grounds and cover pot. Serve immediately. *Drip only once.* If for some reason it is necessary to keep the coffee hot, place the pot on an asbestos mat over a very low flame or put it in a pan of hot water. Never let the coffee boil.

For percolated coffee use the same proportion of coffee (two level tablespoonfuls to one cupful of water), but use a coarser grind (steel cut). If too fine a grind is used the coffee is likely to be cloudy. In making percolated coffee at the Institute we start with hot water. Due to the difference in action of the various percolators, it is impossible to give the exact time for percolation. From five to ten minutes should be sufficient, beginning to count time when the liquid which comes through the tube shows discoloration. Remove the basket as soon as percolation is completed, as the grounds absorb flavor and aroma.

In some pots, percolation may cease and the liquid in the pot begin to boil. This may be due to one of two reasons: too much heat or an attempt to make too small a quantity of coffee. The weight of the coffee in the basket keeps the tube in such a position that the water is forced up through the tube and over the coffee. If insufficient coffee is used, the tube is not kept firm and the water in the bottom of the pot begins to boil instead of going up through the tube. It is important, therefore, to use a percolator appropriate for the amount of coffee to be made. Grounds in the coffee are usually due to putting too much coffee in the basket. To avoid this difficulty allow room for the coffee to expand without going over the sides of the basket. The size of a percolator is designated by the manufacturer in terms of servings. For instance, a six-cup percolator serves six people. Remember, however, that when making coffee, this means four measuring cupfuls and that only eight tablespoonfuls of coffee should be put in the basket.

The following recipe—the result of trying numerous ways of making so-called "boiled coffee"—produces a clear coffee of excellent flavor. To make four servings, mix four tablespoonfuls of medium-ground coffee (steel cut) with two tablespoonfuls of beaten egg. Add one-fourth cupful of cold water, stir, and add one and three-fourths cupfuls boiling water. Put over the fire and bring to boil. As it begins to boil up, stir down to keep it from boiling over. As soon as it actually boils, remove from fire and allow to settle from three to five minutes. Pour at once from grounds; serve immediately. The egg helps to produce a clear coffee; crushed egg-shells may also be used for this purpose.

After-dinner coffee, black coffee, and *café noir* today are synonymous. It is made by using twice the amount of coffee, or one-half the quantity of water, necessary for coffee of standard strength. Coffee served this way is given its most severe test, for there is nothing to mask the taste. Correct service calls for the use of after-dinner coffee cups and the omission of both cream and sugar. However, since many people do not enjoy coffee without sugar, some hostesses prefer to offer sugar.

Coffee made with cream facilitates serving a large number of people. The following recipe makes twenty-five servings. For fifty, double the quantities; and for one hundred, double again. Put two cupfuls of medium-ground coffee in a cheesecloth bag, tying loosely to allow for the coffee to expand as it becomes moistened; add three quarts of cold water and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Bring gradually to the boiling point, remove from fire, let stand ten minutes, remove coffee bag. Add one quart of milk; reheat, taking care not to boil; then add one-half pint of heavy cream and serve immediately. Only sugar need be passed.

Regardless of the method used in making coffee, it is essential to use the grounds but once. Coffee once used has had all the flavor and aroma drawn from it and contains nothing of further use for making coffee. The addition of a pinch of salt to the ground coffee before making is considered by some helpful in bringing out the flavor in coffee. To have coffee at its best, serve it as soon as it is made.

To conserve the flavor and aroma of coffee, store in an air-tight container. For uniform results measure accurately both the water and the coffee

If you would (*Continued on page 292*)

Folding Our Linens

By Eva Wilson

Of the Institute Staff

Photographs by H. J. Williams

Runners, doilies, and centerpieces may be kept uncreased by being rolled over pasteboard mailing tubes attractively covered with paper or cretonne

NOT many years ago, while touring in northern New York, we were attracted by the quaint charm of a wayside inn. We decided to stop for dinner and were happy to find our anticipations realized as we passed from room to room and saw some unusual touches in the furnishings or decorations. When we went into the dining-room we were interested in what appeared to be white sailboats placed at regular intervals on each of the snowy tablecloths. Close inspection revealed these boats as napkins, spotlessly clean and beautifully folded!

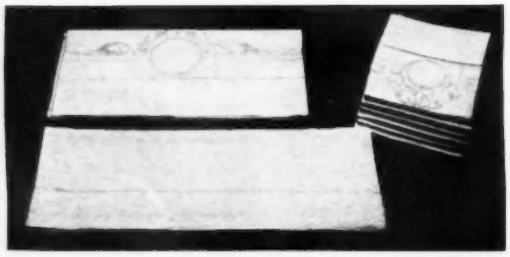
Possibly some of you remember hotels, inns, or restaurants where the table linen was creased and folded in designs and figures according to the taste or fancy of the manager or as a distinguishing mark of that particular establishment.

In the days of more ornate table setting than is now the custom, hostesses vied with each other in the elaborate or intricate folding of their linens. As echoes of the past have been coming to us recently in the form of questions concerning the most correct methods of folding linens, this article will describe some of the ways of folding table linen, bed linen, and towels that are in accord with the modern idea of simplicity in home management.

Convenience and appearance may be considered as two principal reasons why we fold our household linens. Whether we are placing our freshly laundered bedding on the shelves of our linen closet or our table linen in the drawers of the buffet, it is of special advantage to have like articles folded uniformly so that differences in size may be readily observed and each piece stored in its rightful place. Selection of the articles desired is then a matter of seconds rather than minutes. Convenience in the use of linen depends perhaps more than we realize upon the way it has been folded. Table napkins, for example, should be so folded that they may be opened and placed in the correct position for use with as little inconvenience and with as little notice as possible. Also, linens should be folded in such a manner that they will present an attractive appearance when placed ready for use by guests or by the members of the family.

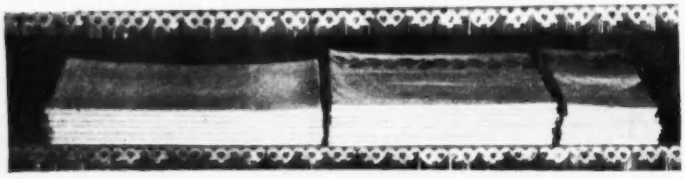
At one of the most widely known linen houses in this country, we were told that the present tendency among its customers is to purchase sheets in two sizes only, ninety by one hundred and eight inches for the double bed, and seventy-two by one hundred and eight inches for the single or three-quarters bed. When sheets in both of these sizes are folded uniformly in fourths, lengthwise, then in as many crosswise folds as necessary for convenient placing in the linen closet, the difference in the widths of the sheets is seen at a glance. This makes selection of the linen for the different sized beds a simple matter. It also adds greatly to the neat and attractive appearance of the closet.

When sheets are embroidered with a distinct center mark, as a monogram near the wide hem, they may be folded first in thirds, lengthwise, then crosswise as convenience demands. If the folding in fourths is desired, turn one selvage back three-quarters of the width of the sheet and the other selvage to meet it one-quarter of the width; then fold the sheet in half, lengthwise, and the monogram will be in the center although the sheet is folded to one-fourth its width. The crosswise folds then follow as in the other methods. Whatever the size of the sheets may be, a uniform method of folding them all is desirable.



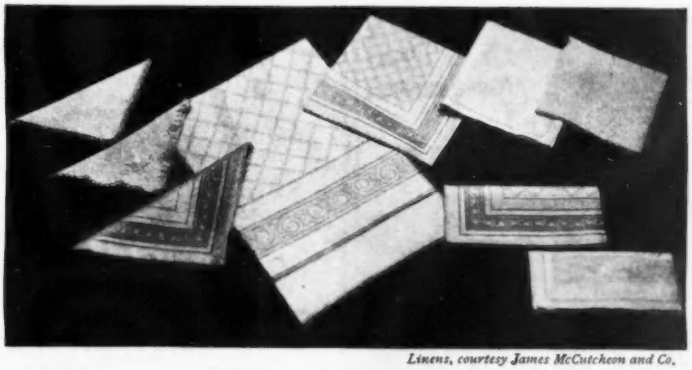
Embroidered sheets as well as the plain and hemstitched ones may be folded in fourths

Both plain and embroidered pillow-slips are commonly folded in thirds, lengthwise, then twice crosswise with the center of the slip on top. Linens should be placed on the shelves with the folds toward the outside so that the desired number of articles may be taken without disarranging the others in the pile. This is a convenience, too, when making an inventory of the linen supply.



If all sheets, whatever their size, are folded uniformly, the linen shelves will present a neat, attractive appearance, and the linen for the different beds can be selected readily

Linen towels and bath towels look better when hung on the towel bars and are more conveniently handled if they have been folded in thirds lengthwise, then once or twice crosswise according to the length of the towels. It is then necessary only to



Linens, courtesy James McCutcheon and Co.

Breakfast, luncheon, or tea napkins are folded correctly if any one of the methods shown above is chosen

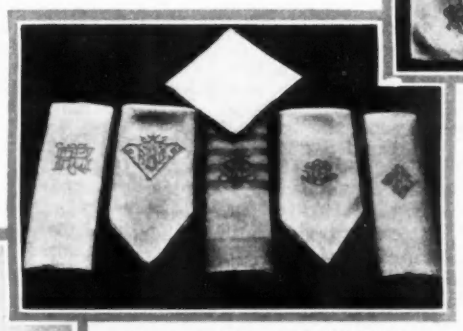
unfold one or both crosswise folds when placing a towel on the bar. When towels are folded first crosswise, then in thirds lengthwise, then crosswise again, the bath towels will be too thick to pass over the bar easily, and the linen towels, unless unusually long, will not appear so well when hung for use. This usually means that the towels must be opened and refolded before they are placed in position for use.

At the present time, the most popular method of folding the large dinner napkins appears to be in thirds—first lengthwise then crosswise, so the result is a square or nearly so. They are then conveniently stored until needed for use. The final folding is done when the napkins are placed on the dining table, and this fold is not pressed. This is governed chiefly by the position of the monogram in the case of napkins so marked. The long, narrow fold made by turning in the edges of the napkin is in good taste, or when the monogram is in the corner, three of the corners of the napkin may be turned in to form a shield shape. Napkins from twenty-two to twenty-seven inches or even larger may be folded in the conventional way—twice lengthwise, then twice crosswise. This is always acceptable and may be used with napkins marked in the corner. If too large to place conveniently on the table, the napkin may be folded in shield shape or as a six-sided figure, by turning in two opposite corners starting from the square fold.

All towels should be so folded that they can be hung on the bars easily without refolding

Breakfast and luncheon napkins may be folded just once each way, in squares, or they may be made oblong or triangular in shape. The smaller tea napkins have usually square or triangular folds, though they may be oblong if you prefer.

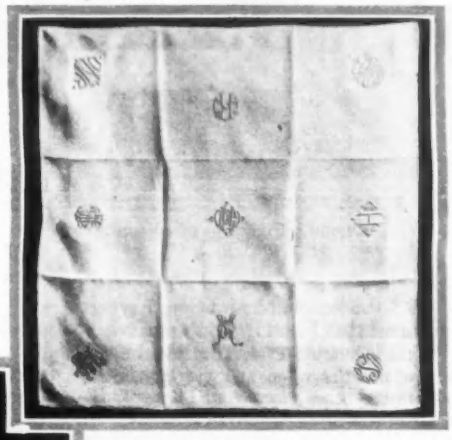
A tablecloth should, of course, present as smooth and uncreased a surface as possible, but for convenience in handling and storing some folds are necessary. An attractive appearance is secured by having three perfectly straight longitudinal creases on the right side of the cloth. To obtain these, fold the cloth in half, right side out, and iron in a straight center crease. Then open the cloth and bring each selvage to the center crease on the wrong side, and iron in the two creases thus formed—making three in all.



Large napkins may be folded in thirds, then in oblong, or shield shapes when placed on the table

Another pleasing effect is produced by bringing each selvage to the center crease on the *right* side of the cloth in fan folds. The cloth will be wrong side out when finally folded, but when spread on the table will have a center crease on the right side and two creases on the wrong side. A tablecloth for every-day use is usually folded with selvages together and then in half again, thus making two creases on the right and one on the wrong side. Whatever way the cloth has been creased, it is then lightly laid or pressed in crosswise folds until it is a size convenient for storing. Some prefer to roll the cloth rather than to make these last folds.

Small doilies are best left flat and may be kept smooth by placing them between flat pieces of cardboard covered with cretonne. If necessary to fold larger doilies or centerpieces, just as few creases as possible should be made. To avoid creasing runners and doilies of various shapes, they may be rolled on cardboard tubes covered with paper or cloth. Pasteboard mailing tubes three inches in diameter make excellent rolls for this purpose. As these tubes are thirty inches long, practically all the pieces one wishes to keep uncreased can be rolled over them. They can be cut in shorter lengths, of course, if desired. These tubes may be bought at most stationery stores.



The monogram may be placed in the corner, the center, or on the side of the napkin

The straight, evenly matched edges, square corners, and accurate folds of our choice linens enhance their beauty and add to our pleasure and satisfaction in their possession. Since plain, simple ways of folding are always in good taste, it is not difficult to have attractive linens when the laundering is done at home. But now that so many home managers are sending their laundry, especially their sheets and table linen, to the power laundry, they are dependent upon its service for the appearance of their household linen. Clean linen, of course, is of first importance; but the home manager also expects uniformly folded linen with all edges even and all corners square. That laundry which delivers her linen well folded according to the principles of convenience and appearance is the one she will select and recommend to her friends.

Although linen may be well folded, it often is so loosely packaged that it is delivered badly creased, and the care it received at the laundry is discounted. The good power laundries give much attention to folding and to packaging their goods smoothly and tightly in firm containers so that they may be delivered in good condition. Such a laundry service will appeal particularly to the housekeeper who takes pride in her linen supply.

That Last

Before Serving A Meal

Photographs by H. I. Williams

A good refrigerator of adequate capacity plays a necessary part in preparing meals in advance

"IT'S the last half-hour before serving a meal that I find hardest to manage in all my housekeeping," said a bride of a few months when she visited the Institute the other day. And young housekeepers find that it is even more difficult when guests are being entertained, especially if one has no maid, for no hostess wishes to appear hot or flurried when the meal is ready to serve or to have the uncomfortable feeling that both the hot and the cold foods may be lukewarm.

With most work that involves the getting of a number of different things ready at a stated time, practise does much in making the work go smoothly; but in the beginning, good management in planning the work ahead plays the leading part. After we have had much practise in driving a car, our driving becomes more or less automatic and we are able to control the car with greater ease and less concentration on such things as the changing of the speed, the shifting of gears, and manipulation of brakes. Similarly, after we have had considerable practise in the kitchen, we do much of the work somewhat automatically and with greater speed and skill, making any planning beforehand a simpler problem. Until we have had sufficient practise, however, we would do well to concentrate on this business of planning the various steps in the making of a meal before actually beginning to prepare it.

What are some of the things to be considered in planning for meal making? The menu usually comes first. Many beginners have found that it pays to plan their menus two or three days in advance, in order to be able to give the necessary time and thought to the choosing of meals that will be easy to manage. Needless to say, the meals should be simple, and it is wise, particularly when entertaining, to select only those dishes that have already been tried out successfully and to avoid having two dishes that need considerable attention just before serving the meal. It is not easy, for example, to manage the broiling of a steak and the making of fluffy mashed potatoes for the same meal until one has had some practise in cookery. Baked or scalloped potatoes would be a better choice at first. When an omelet is chosen, it is easier to have no other dish that needs last-minute attention. When deciding on each menu, then, keep before you a clear picture of just what will have to be done that last half-hour.

Since broiling requires rather close attention during the last half-hour, it will be found convenient to broil more than one dish at a time for the meal being prepared. Mixed grills are therefore a good choice for beginners, since chops, steak, or fish with vegetables or fruit suitable for broiling may form the main course of any luncheon or dinner. Oven meals, too, are simple to manage, especially if the oven has a heat regulator, for they need little or no attention during cooking.

Next come the supplies. In ordering these, take time to sit down and make up your market list, with your menus before you, so that a last-minute telephone call or a trip to the store will not have to be made. It is advisable also to check up once or twice a week on your staple supplies to avoid finding, during that last half-hour, that the paprika can is empty or that there is not enough powdered sugar.

And now as to the meals for the day. You will find, until you have had some practise in meal making, that planning your order of work in getting a meal may be as great a help as a market list. Take the time, then, to make a list of the things to be done and decide when to do them. Most dishes for lunch or dinner can be prepared to cook or serve when the morning work is being done. This is a great help in making the last half-hour go smoothly.

A good refrigerator of adequate capacity plays a necessary part in getting this work done easily. Casserole dishes ready to cook, salad materials, fruit cocktails, cold desserts ready to serve—all may be stored in the refrigerator early in the day. Even cream soups may be prepared, cooled, put in the refrigerator, and simply reheated during the last half-hour. A supply of salad dressing sufficient for several days may be made at one time and put in the refrigerator. The dry ingredients for muffins and biscuits, such as the flour, the shortening, and the baking-powder, may be measured and mixed in a bowl and stored in the refrigerator ready for the final mixing. Butter cubes or balls may be prepared and set to chill. If a refrigerating unit is being used, it is well to see if the freezing pans are full of water to insure a good supply of ice-cubes.

The table may always be set well ahead of time. A list of necessary linen, dishes, and cutlery is helpful as a reminder, especially if guests are coming, for there is the extra china and silver and glass to get out, some of which may need a little polishing. Is the necessary linen laundered? Are the salts and peppers and the sugar bowls filled? There are also the dishes for relishes, nuts, etc., to be taken out and filled ready for the table. Even the cream may be turned into the pitcher and set in the refrigerator, and the bread may be sliced and wrapped in waxed or moisture-proof paper. The flowers, of course, may be arranged early, and the pitcher of drinking water set to chill or ready for the ice.

The serving of hot foods hot is not always easy. Serving dishes should be put in the warming oven or, if there is no warming oven, in the oven of the range still warm after being used. If the oven has not been used, it may be heated to about 300° F., the heat turned off, and the dishes put in. If an oven meal is cooking and there is no warming shelf or closet, the serving dishes may be placed in a large pan of very hot water with two towels ready to wipe them quickly as they are taken out of the water. Heat-proof glass and china dishes are a great convenience in serving hot foods hot, and as they are both baking and serving dishes, they save dishwashing as well. Covered vegetable dishes, some having compartments, now come in heat-proof glass and are convenient because there is no danger of overheating them. Casserole dishes are easy to serve and greatly simplify the last half-hour.

A service-wagon is a help in serving an informal meal, for if there is only one hot course, the entire meal may be placed on the wagon and served from it. This wagon also provides a place in the kitchen for setting dishes ready to go to the table. In

Half-Hour

By Katharine A. Fisher,
Director
And Dorothy B. Marsh
Of the Institute Staff

Oven meals are simple to manage, for they need little or no attention during cooking

too many kitchens these dishes are set on the work table, crowding it for any use just before the meal is ready. And in cooking, always wash up as you go, to avoid the fatiguing effect of working on crowded spaces and of having disorder in the kitchen. To keep the sink clear for the soiled dishes after a meal, leave on the range the last pots and pans used. Fill them with water to make them easier to wash.

We have given three examples of meals easy to serve. For the first of the two oven meals, make the following *preparations early in the day:* Arrange 1 slice of ham ½ inch thick and about 1¼ pounds in weight in a baking dish. Spread it with 1 teaspoonful prepared mustard, sprinkle with 1 teaspoonful sugar, and set in the refrigerator ready to bake at mealtime. Likewise cook 1 cupful of broken macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, then drain. To 2 cupfuls of canned tomatoes add 1 teaspoonful finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine, 1 teaspoonful sugar, and a speck of pepper. Cook 10 minutes. Then arrange alternate layers of the macaroni and tomatoes in a buttered baking dish, placing macaroni on top. Cover and set in the refrigerator until ready to reheat before mealtime. Likewise clean and cook ½ peck of spinach until tender. Season with 1 teaspoonful salt, a speck of pepper, and 3 tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine. Pack while hot into buttered custard cups or individual molds, cover, then set in the refrigerator. Wash the lettuce and chill in lettuce bag or covered dish. Make French Dressing and chill in tightly covered jar. Make the Orange Cream as follows: Melt 3 tablespoonfuls butter in the top of a double-boiler. Add 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, the grated rind of one orange, 1 cup orange juice, ⅛ teaspoonful salt, and ½ cupful sugar mixed with 4 tablespoonfuls cornstarch. Stir well and cook 25 minutes. Turn into a bowl, cool, and put in refrigerator.

About three-quarters of an hour before mealtime turn on the oven and heat to 375° F. Add 1 cupful of milk to the ham and put it and the macaroni dish in the oven to bake for 30 minutes. Now unmold the spinach on lettuce, arranged on individual plates, and garnish with French Dressing. Fold 1 cupful of cream whipped into the orange mixture and arrange in individual serving dishes. Put both into refrigerator until ready to take to table. Quantities given serve six.

In the second oven meal make the following *preparations early in the day:* Prepare a meat loaf by the standard recipe and form into an oblong mound in the center of a large baking-pan. Put in the refrigerator. Also peel 8 small potatoes and 2 pounds of onions, covering each with cold water. Prepare lettuce and wash 1 small bunch of celery and put both in the refrigerator. Open 1 can of grapefruit, drain it, and chill the grapefruit sections.

About an hour and a quarter before mealtime turn on the oven and heat to 400° F. Drain the potatoes, wipe dry, dip in melted fat, and sprinkle lightly with flour and salt. Arrange around the meat loaf. Drain the onions, arrange in a covered casserole with 1 cupful boiling water. Bake the meat loaf and the onions in a 400° F. oven for 1 hour or until the potatoes and onions are tender. Sprinkle bakers' rolls lightly with water, set in a baking-pan, and heat 10 minutes in the same oven. Complete the salad, combining the grapefruit and celery and arranging on individual plates. Chill until served. Quantities given serve six.

For the Mixed Grill Meal make the following *preparations early in the day:* Shape 1½ pounds of sausage meat into flat round cakes and chill. Also cook 6 sweet potatoes until tender. Drain, cool, and put in refrigerator. Prepare 9 small whole tomatoes by removing the stem end. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and chill. Wash and chill the lettuce. Prepare French Dressing. Make Peach Gelatine as follows: Peel and press 6 peaches through a sieve. Add ½ cupful of powdered sugar and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Meanwhile soak 2 teaspoonfuls of gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water for 5 minutes. Add ¼ cupful of boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add to fruit mixture, and let stand until slightly stiffened. Then fold in 1 cupful of cream beaten stiff. Pour into sherbet glasses, then chill.

About twenty minutes before mealtime arrange the sausage cakes, sweet potatoes sliced lengthwise in halves, spread with melted fat and sprinkled with salt, and the whole tomatoes on the rack of the broiler oven. Broil not too close to the heat for 15 minutes, turning the cakes and potatoes. Prepare the salad in a salad bowl to be used at the table. Chill until served. Quantities listed serve six.

A conveniently planned and well-arranged kitchen comes first as an aid in making that last half-hour go smoothly. The time to make the kitchen convenient is when planning the new house, for it is difficult to rearrange an inconvenient kitchen satisfactorily after it is built.

In November we shall discuss on these pages convenient kitchens.

MEALS EASY TO MANAGE

Oven Meals

Baked Sliced Ham
Baked Macaroni with Tomato
Spinach Salad
Orange Cream

Meat Loaf Baked with Potatoes
Baked Onions
Heated Rolls
Grapefruit and Celery Salad
Crackers Cheese

Mixed Grill Meal

Grilled Sausage Cakes
Grilled Sweet Potatoes
Grilled Whole Tomatoes
Lettuce Salad French Dressing
Peach Gelatine

PAPER For Many Purposes

PAPER plays such an unusually versatile part in our every-day household life that an assembly of some of these uses will be interesting. Let us first consider the many uses of the paper towel. Manufacturers provide attractive cabinet containers, such as we have illustrated, for the kitchen and bathroom. These holders are easily installed and provide an ever-present supply of towels, which are so constantly needed in the kitchen and in the bathroom, too, as a convenient supplement to the linen and cotton towels. Think of the convenience of being able to reach for a paper towel the many times an absorbent material is required to dry hands or wipe up wet surfaces. The uses of paper towels are innumerable. Some use them in the kitchen to clean up the broiler pan preliminary to washing it; they blot up food spilled on the floor; they clean up an untidy sink with dispatch—every woman can contribute some unique use for the paper towel.

Those who have not yet used paper-bag linings for garbage pails can not appreciate the ease with which the garbage receptacle can be kept clean and sanitary and easy to handle. The most satisfactory of these bags are moisture proof.

Paper cups are at times a boon when serving unexpected guests or a large party. They are attractively decorated and may be used with correctness at any informal summer function. A picnic is not complete without its quota of gaily colored paper cups.

Plaited paper containers for cakes are savers of time in baking and present the small cake in an attractive manner. They do away with greasing and washing of cake pans. These small containers are often used for individual servings of nuts and bonbons.

Waxed paper needs no introduction as it has been in use for years. The most common applications in home use are the protection of cut melons, grapefruit, etc., in the refrigerator, and the wrapping of foods to prevent either absorption of moisture or drying out. Waxed paper may be purchased in sheets or rolls. Probably the most convenient package is the roll in a container to which is attached a cutter.

Parchment paper is in common use where a tough, pliable paper is required. Vegetables, fish, and chops can be cooked in parchment paper, and the washing of the utensils is simplified. Parchment may be obtained in sheets of convenient size for cooking and also in rolls of varying widths and color, so that it is possible to use this paper for shelf linings. A unique use of parchment paper is the dishcloth which may be used and dried again and again before it is discarded. Such a dishcloth is non-absorbent and therefore remains clean and sanitary.

Transparent, moisture-proof paper has long been in innumerable uses commercially. One buys candy, nuts, cookies, cakes, stockings, lingerie, and all manner of products wrapped in this versatile paper. Manufacturers recognizing the home market have brought out this moisture-proof paper in sheets and rolls, making it available to every woman who is fastidious about her sandwich and cake wrappings. Sandwiches made hours before their serving will be kept fresh and dainty if so wrapped. They may even be wrapped individually and served in this fashion for a sandwich-toasting party. This paper comes in colors, also, and is therefore quite adaptable to holiday wrappings.

One of the latest developments in the use of paper in the household is the paper sanitary milk container. It has been in use only a short time, but it has interesting features as a sanitary container.

Decorated paper cups with tight-fitting paper covers are convenient containers for jellies or jams. They may be used also when one is packing salads, cut fruit, custards, or other semi-liquid foods for the school lunch basket or to tempt the appetite of an invalid friend.

Paper plates are usually associated with picnics, but for the light meal at home on hot days, they are an aid to the busy housekeeper in lightening the dish-washing task. A table covered with one of the attractive tablecloths in paper or finished fabric and set with paper cups, paper plates of different sizes, and even paper forks and spoons gives an appearance of freshness and coolness in warm weather and assures the housekeeper of little work in clearing up. The napkins used might have colored designs to match the tablecloth.

IS YOUR KITCHEN CONVENIENT?

ARE you building a new house, and so planning a new kitchen, or are you remodeling an old one? If so, you will find much help in our new bulletin, "Convenient Kitchens." Send 25c in stamps, money-order, or check to the Bulletin Service, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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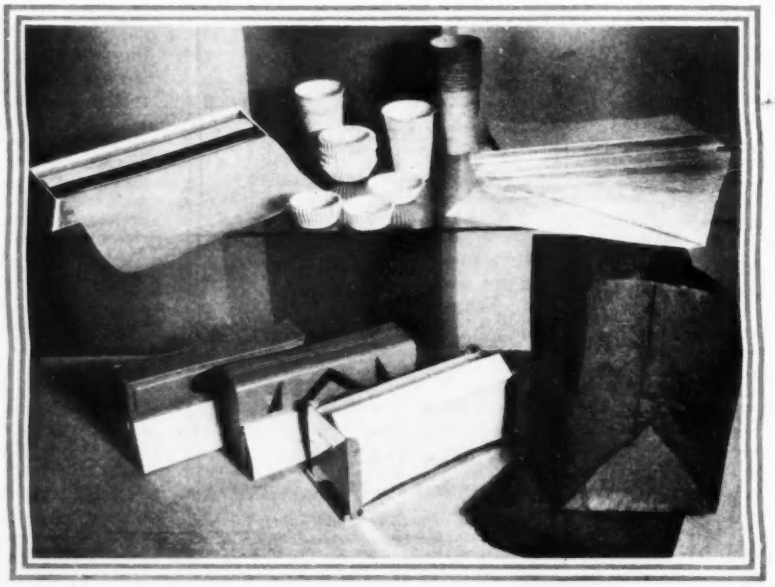
Paper of many kinds and for many purposes is in daily use in the up-to-date household



For The HALLOWE'EN FEAST

By

Lois Ann Stevens

Of the Institute Staff

Photograph by H. I. Williams

"ALL-HALLOW Day" was originally the occasion of the harvest festival as celebrated by the ancient Druids. This festival centered around the yearly ceremony of extinguishing and replenishing the altar fire in each little village as a protection against evil spirits. Each family in the village was given a spark from the newly kindled altar fire, which they used to kindle a new fire on their own hearthstones to be kept burning as a protection for the coming year. When the Druids adopted the Christian faith the festival was abandoned, but the country folk believed that on All-hallow Eve the fairies and elves came out to dance in enchanted moonlight spaces and that on this night witches, goblins, and bad spirits congregated in ruined castles or deserted abbeys to plot against mankind. As late as the seventeenth century farmers would tramp over their acres on Hallowe'en brandishing lighted torches and chanting a weird doggerel to frighten away the goblins for the coming twelvemonth.

As these old superstitions were gradually dispelled, Hallowe'en celebrations developed into merry parties at which all sorts of pranks and mysterious games were played, and much fortune-telling was included. Witches and goblins, black cats and other manifestations of evil came to be used as a decorative background.

Delicious and different types of refreshment are now as much a part of the Hallowe'en festivities as are the decorations and entertainment and have really grown out of the fascinating traditions of the ancient All-hallow Eve feast. Here are a few menus and recipes for salads, sandwiches, and desserts that are appropriate for Hallowe'en parties.

For *Brown Bread Sandwiches*, cream one-half pound of any soft yellow cheese, or add enough cream to grated American cheese to produce a consistency that will spread easily, and add one-fourth cupful of chopped chives. Spread between slices of buttered brown bread. This will make ten to twelve sandwiches.

For *Hallowe'en Salad*, scrape three medium-sized carrots and cut in one-eighth-inch strips about one inch long; marinate for one-half hour in French dressing which has been slightly sweetened. Meanwhile dice three medium-sized tart apples and pour just enough lemon juice over to keep the apples from turning dark; drain off excess lemon juice. Wash one cupful of seedless raisins, dry, and add with the apples to the carrots. Mix well, drain, and serve on lettuce. Serves eight.

To make *Jack o' Lantern Cookies*, use any chocolate or ginger cooky and cut in round shapes two and one-half or three inches in diameter. When baked and cooled, ice with orange icing. Make a face on the iced cooky with drops of melted chocolate for the eyes and nose and a streak of chocolate for the mouth.

Black Cat Sandwiches are made by using a cooky cutter shaped in the form of a cat. Spread thin slices of buttered graham bread with a filling made as follows: Cook six frankfurters, chill, remove skins, and put through the food-chopper. Add one-fourth cupful of chopped, stuffed olives and enough tomato catsup to moisten well. This recipe makes twelve sandwiches.

For *Goblin Salad*, arrange a leaf of lettuce on each plate and place half a canned peach round side up in the center of the leaf. Use whole cloves to make eyes and nose and a pimiento strip to make the mouth. With a pastry tube make a frill of cream cheese around the goblin's face.

For *Hoodoo Puddings*, make spice cupcakes. When cool cut off tops, scoop out centers, and fill with the following: Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-fourth cupful cold water five minutes. To the beaten yolks of three eggs add one cupful sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful salt. Add one cupful of strong coffee and the gelatine and cook in the top of a double-boiler, stirring constantly, until the mixture coats the spoon. Remove and cool. Whip one cupful of heavy cream and fold into cooled custard with one-half cupful of chopped pecans. Fill cup-cakes, replace tops, and frost with coffee frosting.

Witches' Brew is a Hallowe'en name for hot chocolate or any hot beverage.

FOR HALLOWE'EN PARTIES

Brown Bread Sandwiches with Cheese and Chives
Hallowe'en Salad
Orange Ice Jack o' Lantern Cookies
Cider

Black Cat Sandwiches Goblin Salad
Hoodoo Puddings Witches' Brew

Welsh Rarebit on Whole Wheat Toast
Ginger Ale Salad
Individual Pumpkin Pie
Coffee

Photographs by H. I. Williams

A polishing mop attachment to the vacuum cleaner keeps a floor free from dust and grit

Reviewing the Care of FLOORS

By

Helen Whitson Kendall
And
Curtis C. Wyrtzen
Of the Institute Staff

THE oak floors in the living-room at Good Housekeeping Institute have just had a new coat of wax. After a year of use, these floors had lost some of their original luster even though they had been regularly cleaned and polished. Because of the large amount of dust in this section of the city and the constant tread of many feet over these floors, the wax surface had become soiled. So before a fresh coat of wax was applied, we cleaned the entire floor with liquid wax, as described later. Now the floor is immaculately clean and has a satiny gloss which gives the room that well-kept appearance which every housekeeper likes to see.

After years of close study of floors and their care, the Institute feels that the secret of beautiful floors lies not only in their original finish, but in their care from day to day and in the use of the proper equipment for keeping them in condition. The cleaning supply cabinet in the home with a variety of floor finishes should include a polishing machine, a supply of liquid and paste wax, wet and dry mops, and a push broom for removing dust and surface litter from bare floors. The vacuum cleaner plays a large part, too, in removing dust from bare floors before they are cleaned with the dustless mop.

Wood floors are usually finished with wax, varnish, paint, or shellac. All of these finishes should be kept as free as possible from dust and grit with the help of the push broom, the vacuum cleaner, and the dustless mop. There are three most important points in keeping wood floors in good condition: first, the wax must be allowed plenty of time to dry before it is polished; second, the wax finish must be *polished hard*, so that it will not scratch; and third, the wax finish must be renewed when it starts to wear down. The chief mistake in using wax is to put on too much. Bear in mind that a hard finish is what you want—not a thick layer of wax. If the floor shows foot marks and smears when walked upon, it is an indication that too much wax has been applied, and in all probability some of it will have to be removed before it will harden properly. If a floor is cared for regularly, the more laborious and more thorough rewaxing of the floors will be postponed. In localities where there is much dust and soot, floors will become grimy and dull in spite of the most meticulous care. If such is the case, more than a fresh coating of wax is necessary, for a layer of soiled wax must first be removed.

Benzine or turpentine is effective for doing this, but *they are highly inflammable* and must be used with care. Dispose of the soiled cleaning cloths immediately. A plentiful supply of liquid wax will accomplish the same purpose, but it must be flowed on generously and the wood rubbed well with *clean* cloths. Just as soon as the cloth becomes black, it must be changed for a clean one if the job is to be successful. If a large polishing machine is at hand, stiff bristle brushes can be used for scrubbing with great success. When the floor is clean, a new coating of wax should be applied, allowed to dry, and polished. Many do not allow the wax to dry long enough, consequently the task of polishing is a difficult one. At least twenty minutes should be allowed and longer is preferable.

Varnished and painted floors need only a dustless mop for removing dirt and dust. They should be kept as free as possible from grit which tends to scratch the surface. They will wear down, of course, where the tread is greatest, but added attention to such parts will help to maintain their good appearance. In refinishing these surfaces, the finish must be applied over the entire floor, whereas the wax finish may be applied at the worn spots only.

In the general care of floors, prevention is worth much more than cure. A finished floor should not be scrubbed. The less water used on a wood floor, the better. If something is spilled upon the floor, clean it up *as quickly as possible*. If

A NEW BULLETIN ON FLOORS

Space does not permit us in this summary of floor care to go into details on the finishing and refinishing of floors. We therefore offer you a new bulletin giving information on the finishing, refinishing, and care of various types of floors. Send 15c in stamps, money-order, or check to the Bulletin Service, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y., for a copy of this new bulletin entitled, "Keeping the Floor in Good Condition"

grease is spilled and has had time to be absorbed by the wood, or if acid from radio batteries makes an ugly spot on the floor, we must not expect to rectify the damage completely. Waxed floors can be patched if the spot is not too deep, but in many cases a complete refinishing of the floor is the only solution. This is why the regular daily care of floors is so important.

The treatment and care of linoleum after it is laid depend to a great extent upon the facilities you have. If you have an electric polishing machine, it is comparatively easy to keep the floor waxed and polished. It is well to remember, though, that to keep soil and dirt from grinding into the wax, a waxed floor should be kept as free from dust as possible by frequent brushing with a push broom and dusting with a dry dustless mop that has no oil on it, since the oil tends to soften the wax. In kitchens where there is heavy traffic from children's feet and tracking in of moisture and grit, we realize that floors must occasionally be mopped with soap and water even though they have a protective finish. In such cases a self-wringing mop is almost indispensable. *Use as little water as possible*, by twisting the mop lightly before using it on the floor, and use a light suds, which should be changed frequently. Dry the floor well with the tightly wrung mop. When the floor is thoroughly dry, apply a *very thin fresh coating of wax*. When the wax is dry, polish until hard Occasionally a fresh coating of wax will be needed even when the floors have not been mopped with water. As with a wood floor, the chief mistake in using wax is to put on too much.

The dealer who laid your linoleum will probably advise you as to a good brand of wax to use. If he does not, and you have any doubts as to what to use, you can write directly to the manufacturer of your linoleum for this information, or the Institute will be glad to supply you with the necessary information upon request.

If the new linoleum which you purchase has been lacquered, and you are not well equipped for polishing waxed floors, you can relacquer when the lacquer applied at the factory has begun to wear off. It is well to realize, however, that the floor would probably need some relacquering—at least in the places where it gets the most wear—about every six weeks or so, and for this reason many women prefer to protect the lacquer coating with wax as previously described.

The natural smooth finish on printed floor coverings makes them easy to care for. Where traffic is light, they can be kept clean by sweeping with a push broom and an occasional mopping. If you wish to make the printed pattern last as long as possible, protect it with either lacquer or varnish.

As with other types of floors, the secret in keeping linoleum floors beautiful is in the care from day to day. Wipe up any moisture or spilled food at once, so that it does not go beneath the protective coating, and keep the floor free from dust.

Since linoleum is so resilient as a floor covering, furniture legs should be protected with flat rests so that they will not cut into it and leave ugly marks or discolorations.

The new finishes recently developed in linoleums as purchased have done much to lighten the work in the care of linoleum floors from the time they are first laid. These finishes resist stain and soil, and if designs and colors are carefully chosen, the care of the floor is much simpler. In using the beautifully embossed patterns, we find that special attention must be given to the cleaning of the groove between the squares that make up the patterns.

Floors can not be kept in good condition unless the proper equipment is at hand

This floor has just been cleaned thoroughly and given a fresh coating of wax

The most familiar composition floors are cement, cork tile, rubber tile, terrazzo, and unglazed tile. If the cement floor is new and has had no treatment whatsoever, it should be thoroughly scrubbed with an oil soap, which can be obtained at many house-furnishing departments. When the floor is thoroughly dry, some sort of filler should be applied according to the directions accompanying it. Usually two or three coats are necessary. These cement fillers can be used in colors as well as in the natural shade, but most of the colored fillers are only moderately effective, due to fading of color. After the filler has been applied and cared for, the floor may be waxed and polished in exactly the same manner as other waxed floors, although little wax should be used.

In caring for unglazed tile, clean hot water should be used, changed often to avoid staining the tile with soiled water. An oil soap appears to give better results in the washing up, and the water should be taken up frequently with a squeegee or an absorbent mop. When the floor is dry, it may be waxed. For unglazed tile, paste wax makes an excellent sealing product. If the floor is thoroughly polished and buffed, it will take on a pleasing luster and will be easily cared for. A small quantity of liquid wax may be used, of course, in the later upkeep of the floor.

Terrazzo floors are usually laid and given their initial treatment by floor-finishing experts. The after care of such a floor is merely brushing up with a soft hair push broom and mopping up with clear water or light suds when necessary.

Rubber tile flooring which has just been laid should not be washed for several days, so that the cement in which it is laid will have adequate time to dry. Use a minimum amount of lukewarm water—not hot—and use very little soap. In using hard water, a little water softener as well as soap can be used. Usually the manufacturer will recommend the best cleaner to use.

Cork tile either with or without a finish may be treated with wax and polished hard so that dust will not grind into the cork. When washing is necessary, use a little lukewarm water and soap and dry well.

There are various composition floors which can be laid readily or troweled over an old floor. Most of these floors consist chiefly of wood ground to a pulp and mixed in a paste form. Such floors can usually be waxed to give protection and should be given the same care as wood floors.

The Story of a Man who Needed

Entirely

By Jay

Illustrated By R. F. James

"I'll love playing this," said Jacinth. Casually she added that rehearsals would begin in another week. "A week," repeated Tony past a stillness in his throat

THERE were, apparently, so many reasons why Anthony Clavering's marriage should fail to be a success that all his friends, and particularly his relatives, hastened duly to record objections.

"You'll play second fiddle all your life, Old Son." That was Bartley McClain, his best friend, speaking in sober warning.

"Theatrical people never take marriage seriously." That was his Aunt Agatha, whose heir he would one day be, bluntly voicing her acid disapproval.

There were the countless others who couldn't in the least see what the famous Jacinth Clive saw in him, and did not hesitate to say so, and even his mother, making her gentle wish for his happiness with a wistfulness which betrayed her,

"I want you to be happy, my son!"

Meaning that the chances were against him. Meaning that she feared for him, although she greatly admired Jacinth. Meaning that because she loved him, she was uneasy.

Taken all in all, there was really cause for uneasiness, Tony frankly admitted to himself. Why, out of all those who had wanted her, should Jacinth have chosen *him?* In the ordinary run of things he did well enough, perhaps, one of these tall, athletic, moderately well-to-do New Yorkers, inconspicuous because of their numbers, but he was in no way extraordinary and certainly not wonderful enough for Jacinth, who in her twenties was already famous, and had her own theater just off Broadway, and held her public securely in the hollow of her small hand.

Altogether Jacinth's choice of himself seemed so little justified that he found himself unable to believe in the reality of it.

Even their marriage was subtly unreal, with superlatively lovely bridesmaids chosen from Jacinth's company, and the best of the New York theatrical world crowding into the church pews along with his own more somber, more conservative element.

Himself driving away in the new roadster then, with Jacinth beside him, his ring upon her finger, bridal lilies at her slender waist, costumed in orchid chiffon with purple coat, hat, and shoes far more appropriate for tea at the Ritz than a motor trip, and managing thereby to add to that haunting impression of unreality.

"But, darling, you needn't be reckless with your frocks," he protested later that evening, when Jacinth discarded her costly outfit into a convenient wastebasket because it was rain-spotted. "You'd be lovely to me in anything. And that flimsy stuff for motoring—"

"But the public *expects* me to be extravagant," informed Jacinth gaily. "My extravagance is a byword on Broadway—or perhaps I mean buy-word?"

After which she laid the fragrant caress of her cheek against his cheek and told him smilingly not to worry.

"I've plenty of frocks, Tony. A fresh one for every day in the year if I want it. And, oh, it's heavenly to have *enough* of everything!"

Which spoke so plainly of the Jacinth who hadn't always had enough of things that he could protest no further, although he really knew little about the Jacinth who hadn't always had things.

As blue of eye, as white of skin, as satiny black of hair she must have been then as she was now, only wanting things terribly instead of having them. And in the end, perhaps because of that wanting, having them.

The honeymoon, as the days slipped by, was also slightly unreal. Too smooth, too perfect, no occasional clash of wills to strike a deeper note. It was almost, thought Tony without meaning in the least to be bitter, as though Jacinth were playing a new rôle, and playing it superbly, with just the right amount of emotion and just the right touch of sentiment.

Later, the honeymoon over and themselves returned to the city, he found that the fairy-tale quality of their life together was to persist.

As the lights of New York loomed up ahead of them, Jacinth murmured casually that she had a surprise for him.

The bungalow was the surprise.

It stood on top of a great hotel, with roses blooming in earth which had been barren a scant three months before. It had a huge living-room. A huge dining-room where they would entertain. A small dining-room where they would eat when they were alone. Bedrooms. Dressing-rooms. Onyx, black, and gold bathrooms which seemed so bizarre to Tony that Jacinth laughed at his expression.

"The public *expects* me to be bizarre!" she explained.

Just One Thing to Make Him

HAPPY

Gelzer

"But you knew I'd have to go back to the theater, Tony! You wouldn't want me to give it up?"

There was also a special room for each, to be held inviolably private.

"To be *ourselves* in," explained Jacinth, hurting Tony without being in the least aware of it, because Tony had no self he needed to conceal from Jacinth.

It was all perfect, and Tony said so sturdily, concealing the fact that his own preference was for simpler living.

Because, after all, it *was* perfect: the bungalow itself, with its elegance of furnishing, its view of unimpeded heavens, its air which was purer than that breathed by ordinary mortals; the servants, whose quiet ministering to their comfort was that something higher than competent service which was adoration of Jacinth herself.

And after dinner had been served in the tiny dining-room, and they sat together among the roses which had been caused to bloom at Jacinth's decree, Tony was humbly of the opinion that God was good to him, and hoped for a long succession of such evenings.

Even if he wasn't wonderful enough for Jacinth, he loved her. Apparently, though he couldn't understand why, she loved him. And the living of a fairy-tale could be a delightful business.

HE SHOULD, however, have known that it couldn't last, because, after all, roses do not bloom in New York's October breezes, and there was inevitably the public to be considered.

One night, soon after their return, Jacinth looked up shining-eyed from a manuscript she had been reading on the huge French sofa which stood in the living-room. Everything in that room was so large that abruptly Tony was aware that only a room planned for the frequent assembling of throngs of people would have attained such heroic proportions.

"I'll *love* playing this!" said Jacinth with eagerness out strong in her lovely voice. "It's the sort of thing I do best, Tony—light comedy with a touch of wistful sentiment."

Casually she added that rehearsals would begin in another week.

"A—*week?*" repeated Tony past a tightness in his throat, and at something in his stricken stillness Jacinth pulled him down beside her.

"But you *knew* I'd have to go back to the theater, Tony!"

There was, it seemed, the matter of a contract, and the theater people had been unbelievably decent about letting her stay away so long.

"I should have to go back," stated Jacinth seriously. "But you wouldn't want me to give it up, Tony?"

Thinking it out, he saw that he didn't want her to give it up. That Jacinth's work had somehow made her Jacinth, and it was Jacinth he loved. But what he really wanted was for her to continue to be Jacinth and to pull herself free of the public, and that, it seemed, was impossible.

The world came between them then. Or, rather, it was Jacinth's world which came between them. Stage managers, producers, a slim boy author with a sensitive face to be dealt with, all the confusing demands of a play going into production to be met.

"Be *nice* to him," begged Jacinth about the boy author. "He's written a lovely thing, but the chances are he will never write another."

That, she explained, was because success would spoil him. Success was a quicksand which dragged people down before they suspected it.

Watching the deepening arrogance of the boy author, Tony saw that she was right. When it came time for the author to write another play, he would have only arrogance to put into it, and the public would not care for arrogance.

But there was Jacinth herself. Success had not spoiled Jacinth!

That was because she knew the truth, explained Jacinth. The public was not really interested in her. The public was interested in the legendary character she had created for them.

"That's why (*Continued on page 261*)

The METALS IN Our FOODS

What Are They? Do We Need Them?

By

Dr. Walter H. Eddy

Director in Charge of Food Tests of the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

WHEN is a metal an adulterant? When is it needed in the diet? There is no chapter in the always changing science of nutrition more interesting than that which investigators are writing today on the rôle of metals in the diet.

Human interest in food has always centered on taste and quantity. It was therefore natural that calories, which are the scientist's yardstick for quantity, early challenged the interest of the students of nutrition. The discovery of vitamins, however, developed a new viewpoint about diet, namely, that substances present in almost immeasurably small amounts might have quite as potent an influence on health as visibly abundant helpings of vegetables and meats. This viewpoint has stimulated research into the nature and the amounts of vitamins we need in the daily menu and it has prepared us for revelations about other dietary factors whose importance is not indicated by the quantity consumed.

Only about 1-50,000th of the cooked spinach we eat is iron; a whole cupful of spinach contains less than 1-4000th of an ounce of iron. Yet spinach is one of the best food sources known today of the iron which makes the red coloring matter of blood. Whole wheat contains even less iron than does spinach. Yet, combined in suitable proportions with milk to supply other needed dietary factors, it has been shown to carry rats through many generations with no sign of anemia. Its tiny quantity of iron is of real importance. We were somewhat prepared for the idea that iron is a dietary essential, that even though the daily requirement is small it is important, for the knowledge that blood owes some of its powers to iron is fairly general. Today, however, our preconceived ideas about other metals are receiving some rude shocks. Who would have dreamed a few years ago that copper would be classed as an essential element of diet in any amount? Most of us would have classed it with lead and arsenic, something poisonous and to be avoided in any quantity.

The true scientist is by nature a skeptic. A statement may be true but he wants proofs, and if he isn't satisfied with the proofs offered he is pretty sure to test them out. Almost everybody accepted the idea that milk is a perfect food—didn't babies thrive on milk alone? Abderhalden in Germany doubted this. He fed laboratory animals on milk alone for a considerable period of time and found that they died of anemia. He did more than this. He not only pointed out that milk contains very little iron (one part of iron in half a million parts of milk); but he also showed that it did no good to supplement it with metallic iron compounds, even though the combinations rated far richer in total iron than did whole wheat or spinach. His experiments in 1900 led to a distrust of inorganic or metallic iron and a faith in vegetable or animal "organic" iron. Tonic venders began to boast that their beverages contained this mysterious "organic" iron.

But the "organic" iron fetish failed to satisfy. People occasionally were cured of anemias by simply adding inorganic iron to the diet. Others failed to get results by this method but found liver, spinach, and whole wheat good allies of the doctor in his fight against this disease. Those of you who read the article that appeared in this magazine under the title of "Must We All Eat Liver?" know that when this problem was attacked by a group of University of Wisconsin investigators the answer was a revelation. The reason why spinach, liver, and whole wheat provided red blood while milk and iron-oxide mixtures didn't was that the foods named contained copper. The human body apparently can not use iron unless it has copper or some other metal to help in the process. To use a homely analogy, rings made of pure gold are too soft to wear well: alloyed with copper they last for years. I do not know that blood iron is an iron-copper alloy, but at least—if we can believe the experiments now being reported—its manufacture seems to involve the use of copper or some other metal or metals.

In May, 1929, at the meeting of the American Chemical Society at Columbus, Ohio, several such reports were made. They came from groups widely separated geographically and working independently of one another. A group from Kansas, for example, reported that if calves are confined to a milk diet exclusively, they develop anemia in a few months. Addition of iron compounds alone to the milk delays but does not prevent anemia. If a few milligrams of copper or manganese are added to the iron and milk, the anemia is promptly cured or, if the addition is begun early enough, never appears. When these tests were repeated with white rats, manganese was found to supplement iron about as well as copper did.

Another group at the same meeting reported that by adding a milligram of iron per day to an exclusive milk diet they could restore bloods to normal hemoglobin count in about six weeks; but if the milk were supplemented by copper and iron, or nickel and iron, or germanium and iron, recovery was much more rapid, being complete in two to three weeks. Aluminum, zinc, magnesium, and cobalt, on the contrary, failed to show iron utilization effect. Perhaps some of you never heard of germanium or manganese, and certainly no one ever thought of buying these metals for food! We should probably have hastily rejected the foodstuffs if our grocer had even hinted at the presence of these metals in it.

You will understand now my interest in a recent report from Wisconsin University on the assay of copper in some 160 common foodstuffs. Specifically, some copper was found in every one of these foods. The amount was very small: 44 parts per million in the richest source, calves' liver, and one part per billion in celery, the poorest source. Special technique was necessary to demonstrate even these tiny amounts.

These new facts about metals upset preconceived ideas; they also arouse curiosity about other metals. The Kansans proved that aluminum doesn't help us use iron—but are we sure it hasn't some use in the body? In Iowa two investigators found that rats on an exclusive milk diet not only developed anemia but also failed to reproduce normally. The addition of the ashes of burned soy beans to the milk had a very beneficial effect on this condition. Vitamins are destroyed by burning, so the action of the ash couldn't be laid to these factors. What is there in soy-bean ash that produced the effect? Analysis of the ash threw some light on the problem. It was found to contain, among other things, aluminum. A new series of tests was devised in which aluminum salts alone and in combination with other constituents of the ash were added to milk. The experimenters believe that evidence was obtained proving aluminum in small amounts to be one of the agents responsible for bettering reproduction. This effect was enhanced by combination with other minerals, notably silicon and fluorine. While some people are worrying about cooking foods in aluminum dishes for fear of swallowing dissolved aluminum, these Iowans suggest that we need some aluminum in our diet!

Cobalt is a metal little known outside the chemical (*Continued on page 343*)

(*Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 106*)

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

The Problem of the Thirties

By Ruth Murrin

MOST women don't mind a few gray hairs or a wrinkle or two—these come inevitably with the years, and to many faces they add an unexpected charm—but every woman hates a coarse skin. A coarse skin is not inevitable; always it indicates neglect either in the treatment of the skin itself or in general hygiene. Coarse pores are not the curse of any special age. Many young skins are unbelievably coarsened at twenty. But the average woman does not notice any special change in the fine texture of her skin until she reaches thirty. Then, standing in a sunny window with a mirror in her hand, she becomes aware of the sieve-like appearance we call "coarse pores." Now, I think it is too bad that the thirties, which ought to be the sweetest years in a woman's life, should be spoiled by a mere external flaw like poor skin texture—especially when this is not necessary. A little foresight and care will keep young skins fresh and fine, and those of us on the sober side of thirty who have slipped into happy-go-lucky ways that have left unlovely traces on our complexions can still do something to bring back the silky fineness we all desire.

There are three main causes for a coarse skin: health disorders, improper cleansing, and exposure to harsh weather. Whether you wish to prevent or to improve a coarsening texture, these are the three things to avoid.

Constipation, digestive troubles, undernourishment, and nervousness resulting from excessive worry or fatigue are common health difficulties which one immediately associates with a coarse skin. If your complexion is beginning to look oily and coarse and you suspect one of these conditions as the underlying cause, go to a physician for diagnosis and treatment. Don't try to treat yourself; you may do the very thing that will aggravate the trouble. When, under expert direction, you give the body the foods it craves, wake up a lazy circulation, and correct sluggish elimination, you will probably discover that the world isn't half bad, and the worry and weariness which were helping to ruin your complexion will give place to poise and peace of mind. A physical and mental change for the better will most certainly show in a fresher, more delicate skin.

But even the healthiest souls sometimes have unbecomingly coarse-pored skins because of inadequate cleansing. Most women will indignantly deny that they have dirty faces, but few of them have ever really thought in a common-sense way about what cleansing the face involves. Cleansing means getting down into the little valleys in the skin, floating out the dirt, and then removing both the dirt and the agent of removal *completely*. If your present method does not do this for you, it is not a perfect way of cleansing your skin.

Dress from Jay-Thorpe *Photograph by Lejaren à Hiller*

WOULD you like to know the names of all the preparations which will help you deal with the problem of coarse pores? If you would, send for "The Powder-Puff," Ruth Murrin's monthly bulletin on complexion problems. Send a stamped, addressed envelope—a long one, please.

Don't forget that if you want a complete booklet on how to be beautiful, you should send for "A Primer of Personal Loveliness," price 25c. Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City.

Next in importance to cleansing is the daily treatment to soothe or stimulate the skin, and the use of suitable powders and powder foundations to protect the delicate tissues from the sun and wind.

Whether your skin needs to be soothed and softened or whipped up to greater activity depends on whether it is dry or oily. A dry skin peels, flakes, and chaps noticeably. The normal skin keeps a nice balance, sheds the dead cells imperceptibly, and while properly lubricated, does not exude oil in excess. In the oily skin, the pores are relaxed and the oil ducts much too active.

As a general rule, a dry skin which has been allowed to become coarse, owes the loss of its beautiful texture to weathering. This skin needs the gentlest and at the same time the most thorough cleansing. It needs overnight creams, and in the daytime lotions and fine, pure powders to protect it from cold and wind. The most difficult problem is to apply special preparations to refine the pores which will not be too harsh and drying for this sensitive skin. Practically all astringents and pore creams are drying, and if these preparations are used, they should be alternated with oily tissue creams or with facial oils. Recently a well-known beauty specialist brought out a lotion which acts partly as a cleanser and partly as an agent to refine the pores of dry skins. This may solve the problem for many women.

Those with oily skins have a much easier time. They may use skin tonics, astringents, and pore creams rather freely, and if these preparations tend to be drying, so much the better.

So far I have told you what we know about preventing coarse pores and about refining the skin texture when it has been allowed to coarsen. Now let me say a word about camouflage. Cover it up. Learn the best powder foundation for your special type of skin. Find out, by experimenting, just which grade and shade of powder makes your face look its best. Learn how to apply your make-up in the most charming way, and repair it often enough so that nobody will guess you are struggling with the problem of the thirties—coarse pores.

Luncheons, Picnics, Bridge Parties and Teas will be less work if you use Crinkle Cups.

Dainty cakes may be baked hours, even days ahead and none of their flavor will be lost.

Crinkle Cups retain the moisture and keep cakes fresh.

You don't have to "watch the oven." Crinkle Cups eliminate the tendency to burn on the bottom.

The cakes are perfectly shaped.

And no greasy pans to wash.

You can buy Crinkle Cups at all 5c and 10c stores and chain stores generally.

But we are offering a special family package of 1000 cups graduated in 9 sizes from a large Cup Cake size—to a very small size. Fill in the coupon below.

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Send $1 and the name of your department store and we will mail you, postpaid, this special introductory package together with a recipe book of suggested uses.

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Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send me special family package consisting of 9 sizes of Crinkle Cups, 1,000 in all.

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The A B C of Investments

By Ruth Boyle

IN THE past, although women through inheritance have owned a large share of the stocks and bonds held in this country, they have relied on the advice of lawyers and bankers in the choice of new securities and have not attempted to learn much about the workings of finance. Recently, however, women have begun to show a real desire to know at least as much about investments as the average man does. Girls are studying economics, accounting, and statistics in college, and older women are trying to learn more about the subject through books and club lectures. The following letter is an interesting example:

"This time I am coming to you with a new question, which may not be in your line, but you may be able to direct me to some one who could help me. In our town there is a club of fifteen members who have always spent their time on the more worth-while subjects for their year's study. They are all women who have reached mature years, so that they have no need of programs concerning the raising of children and family budgets.

"For the coming year they have decided they would like to study such subjects as you have been dealing with in your articles for some time past.

"Can you furnish me with a list of subjects that might be of interest to these women who really want to learn the A B C of finance? And can you give me the names of a few books that would not be too technical that might be used as a foundation for their study?"

Probably the best way for an individual or a club to get a broad view of corporation finance from the investor's point of view is to take a university home study course. Columbia University offers a course in "Investments" which is designed especially for persons who have had little acquaintance with the intricacies of stocks and bonds. No doubt many universities have similar courses. If one or more members of a club are serious enough to do the work required by each assignment before the next is forthcoming, the program of the club could be built around the carefully planned topics suggested for study in the course.

If this is impracticable, the club should obtain from the State Library a list of the books and other material on the subject which the library will loan on request. The Extension Division of the State University will also furnish a bibliography of books. These the Public Library probably will be glad to buy for the benefit of the club and for other people who want help in answering their financial questions.

The principal danger in attempting to learn by unguided reading is that one may happen on a book written by a crank, somebody exploiting a "system" for coming out on the right side of the market, or some one carried away by a theory that looks all right on the surface but proves to be thin ice when a skeptic puts the weight of knowledge and experience on it. To avoid such unscientific books, it is a good idea to choose the textbooks given to college students taking primary courses in finance. Such a book is "Investments" by David Jordan (Prentice Hall, $3.00). The author presides over a class in New York University to which young people, working in Wall Street, flock to get a bird's-eye view of the immense activity in which each of them plays a tiny part. It is a small book, simply written and not too detailed, which clears up fogs that surround such subjects as the characteristics of stocks and bonds and the differences between them, the tests of a good investment, the sources of financial information, and the essential factors that enter into the choice of several broad classes of securities.

If one member of the club is already somewhat familiar with the cold language of finance, she might read appropriate chapters in Lawrence Chamberlain's and George W. Edwards' "Principles of Bond Investment" (Henry Holt, $7.50), a study of various types of bonds which an informed student would find very helpful but which the amateur might give up as too technical. Another stimulating book for an ambitious reader is R. E. Badger's "Investment Principles and Practices" (Prentice Hall, $6.00). Like Professor Jordan's book, it covers the general field of investments, but it is longer and more detailed.

A club's study of investments would be worth while if the members learned nothing more than what balance sheets and income statements stand for. It is a common saying among bankers that a balance sheet represents opinion and an income statement represents facts. The balance sheet tells what value the directors have placed upon the plant and other property, and it may credit a very substantial figure to that intangible asset known as "good will" or to patents which may or may not be valuable. It is the corporation's attempt to answer the question, "How much are you worth?" The income statement, on the other hand, is their answer to, "How much working capital have you and how much is the business earning?" The usual methods of answering such questions and the tests for the accuracy of the answers can be found in either S. Gilman's "Analyzing Financial Statements" (Ronald Press, $3.50) or H. G. Guthmann's "The Analysis of Financial Statements" (Prentice Hall, $5.00). While wise reading will help the student to understand a balance sheet, a lecture, illustrated by practical examples, by a local bank president, would be an easier way to take the awe out of those rows of figures dressed up with strings of imposing ciphers which have impelled so many of us to buy dubious securities.

For clubs and individuals who want a course of reading on financial subjects, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *has prepared a program of topics and a bibliography of books and articles, which will be sent on receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope*

A New Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

MR. ARTIST, PLEASE DRAW THIS KIND OF PICTURE
TO ILLUSTRATE THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Draw the kind of woman who takes great pride in her home, from cellar to attic — for this is a Fels-Naptha advertisement.

She may have a little house. She may have a big house. But whichever it is, she runs it sensibly and capably. Her work goes along like clock-work — she plans things to save herself as much as possible. That's why she uses Fels-Naptha.

(Since you are an artist, you may not know much about household things, so we'll explain. Fels-Naptha is the soap that gives extra help. It's more than soap alone. It's good golden soap combined with plenty of naptha. Naptha is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener dry cleaners use. Naturally, the soap and naptha, working together, result in extra help. This extra help makes Fels-Naptha get clothes clean clear through with-out hard rubbing. So — picture the sort of woman who appreciates a real bargain in washing value.)

Of course we can't tell you just how she'll look, the color of her hair and eyes,—but she will be bright, trim and attractive. You know — the sort of woman who reasons things out for herself. They're quickest to take advantage of the extra help that Fels-Naptha can give.

As to what you have the woman doing, that's up to you. Of course Fels-Naptha's main job is helping with the weekly wash, so you might show her doing that. If you do, you can have her at either tub or washing machine, for Fels-Naptha works well in both of them. She might be hanging out the clothes, and if she is, put a lot of breeze and sun-shine into the picture — something to show the airy freshness of clothes that are home-washed with Fels-Naptha.

Another idea might be to have her smelling a bar of Fels-Naptha, for that's the test thousands of women have made to prove to themselves that this soap holds plenty of naptha. (You can smell the clean naptha odor in every bar.) Or then again, you can show her doing household cleaning, for Fels-Naptha is welcome extra help for that, too.

FELS & COMPANY
Philadelphia.

How's this?
I like your last suggestion best because it saves my wife's doing it.
J. W.

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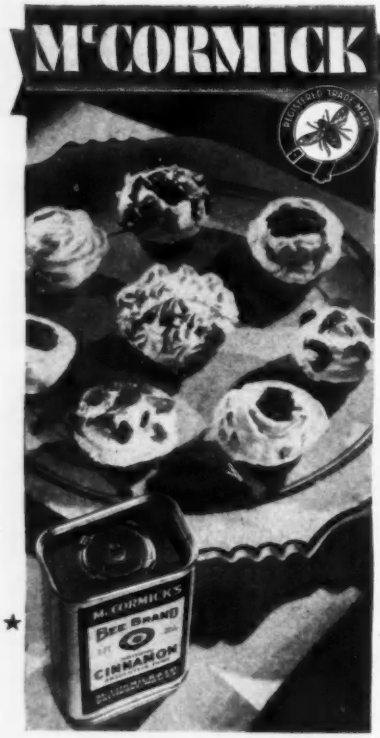


We Challenge the Cinnamon on your shelf!

HAVE you ever tasted real cinnamon with the tip of your tongue? You would never believe there could be such a marvelous difference. But like thousands of others, you will instantly be convinced this simple way.

Send for a sample of Bee Brand Cinnamon—free. Taste it. How velvety smooth—pungent and rich with the rarest flavor of cinnamon you have ever known. A new sensation in taste! You know you have discovered a brand new way to give delicious zest and variety to your menus.

We will send you our own recipes for these delicious cinnamon tea cakes and for spiced waffles, cinnamon rolls, toast and old fashioned pumpkin pies.

All the choice Bee Brand spices offer you the same unexcelled superiority you find in Bee Brand Cinnamon. They are the selected pure spices alone — full strength — pungent — delicious. Address Home Economics Department, McCormick & Company, McCormick Block, Baltimore, Md.

Bee Brand Package Spices are the largest selling in the world.

"Bee Brand" standard of quality the Whole World Over

DISCOVERED TRADE MARK

Bee Brand SPICES

HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies

Conducted by

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.

EYES

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

How often have you looked at a newborn baby's eyes and noticed that they do not focus straight? That one eye will go this way and the other that? You wonder if the baby will be cross-eyed. Usually all that this means is that the muscles controlling the movement of the eyes are weak; they need exercise to function properly—exercise, not strain. So practically from birth you plan to avoid unusual strain for the baby's eyes.

One way to do this is not to force them to focus beyond their power, to keep objects far enough away from the eyes. The old way of tying toys to dangle from the top of a baby carriage was wrong, because not only were they too near, but they were in constant motion and therefore doubly fatiguing for the eye to watch.

Of course, sometimes there is a real cross-eye, and then these babies should be under the supervision of an oculist. Occasionally there is only the appearance of squint, due to the shape of the bony eye socket. This shape of the bone may change as the child grows older.

The hygiene of the eye of the infant includes washing it out *only* when there is some reason for it, such as redness or inflammation. Usually early in the morning or before the daily bath the lid is gently closed, and a bit of cotton moistened in boiled water used to cleanse the corners of the eye and along the lid margin. Wipe toward the nose and use fresh cotton for each eye. If there is any tendency for the lids to become glued together in the mornings, apply a small amount of vaseline to the lids before sleeping, when the eyes are closed. If the secretion continues, ask your doctor what to use. Then he may advise an appropriate eyewash. It is usual for the doctor immediately after the baby's birth to instill into each eye a drop of a solution which protects against special infections incurred during birth or soon after.

The baby's eye must gradually become accustomed to light. All during childhood long exposure to the direct rays of the sun or to glare are supposed to be hard on eyes. You will find, however, that this tolerance is different for individual children, some eyes being very susceptible to light and others not at all. Nature has given us green or gray shades to rest eyes, and with a little planning we can take advantage of them.

A foreign body in a baby's eye will show itself by a sudden watering and redness and a tendency for that eye to avoid light. This will be before the child is old enough to put a finger to the eye. While rubbing an eye seems to be almost instinctive if there is any irritation, a child or adult should be taught not to do it. Rubbing only more deeply imbeds a foreign body or spreads an infection. Teach a child to close the eye, protecting it with the palm of the hand held cup-shaped, and come to you for help. The more the eye waters naturally, the more easily a foreign body will be washed out. Redness on the under surface of the lids or on the white of the eyes is the usual reaction either to something in the eye or to an inflammation.

As infancy is outgrown, look for signs of eyestrain. These may be a tilt of the head to one side, even a type of "wry neck," or pictures or print held too closely, frowning, a strained look, and sometimes wide pupils. Often the signs of eyestrain are "referred" aches and pains—stomach ache especially, queer as that may seem. Always have a careful examination made of the eyes of every child who "doubles up with a tummy ache" after school. It may be hunger or constipation, or it *might* be eyes, and you can save much strain by finding this out early. Headaches and pain at the back of the neck are adult signs of a wrong use or overwork of eyes. Temper tantrums and irritability in children may have had as a basis the overwrought nerve tension from unrecognized near-sightedness or astigmatism. Repeated styes may indicate the same thing and point toward the need of correction of eyestrain.

On the other hand, blinking, "batting the eyes," or sudden lifting of the eyebrows with a grimace are habits not usually originating from anything wrong with the eyes themselves, but from a psychological basis.

We are urging the careful examination of the eyes of all children *before* they start to school. Doctors with proper appliances can do this without depending upon the vision test card of either letters or figures, so, if necessary, eyes can be examined at any age.

"I don't want my little girl to *have* to wear glasses," we often hear from mothers during a health examination.

The only way we can help is to detect errors of vision and eye muscle weakness early in life. Then use wisely directed eye muscle exercises, prisms as needed; have the child wear glasses when necessary and take them off as the condition improves. If little tots must wear glasses for a time, never let them hear you say that they look "queer" or "horrible."

Reading when first awake, before the eye has grown accustomed to the light change, reading by poor artificial light or poor light at any time, having a light come from over the right shoulder instead of the left, using glazed paper, etc., are all points to guard against.

It pays to be careful *for* children, before they are old enough to learn for themselves, because eyes are a precious possession, and good eyesight is always an asset.

Josephine H. Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

MISS HELEN CHOATE

THE CHARMING GRANDDAUGHTER OF AMERICA'S DISTINGUISHED AMBASSADOR, THE LATE JOSEPH H. CHOATE

IS POET · MUSICIAN SPORTSWOMAN SOCIETY FAVORITE

Miss Helen Choate, brilliant young favorite in New York society, inherits the distinction and charm of her famous grandfather, who was so long our Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

Since she was a girl at boarding-school her poems have been appearing in the leading magazines. They reveal true talent. This gifted young favorite is also an accomplished pianist.

YOUNG as she is, Miss Helen Choate is one of the most brilliant personalities in New York society. She belongs to a family so distinguished that her name admits her to the most exclusive circles of America and Europe. And she herself is so gifted, so delightful that she is a favorite everywhere.

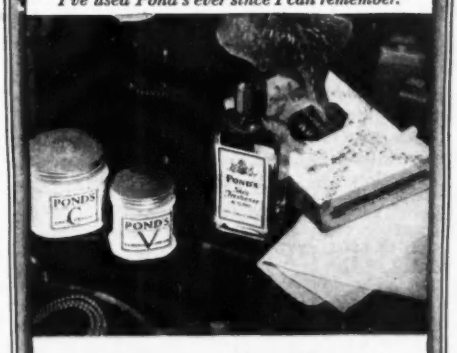
This vivacious girl can sparkle through a dinner party and dance till dawn, yet turn out fresh and crisp for her morning ride in Central Park, or for a round of golf at her country home at Mt. Kisco. She is an accomplished pianist, and speaks French and German admirably.

Miss Choate is slim and tall, with a cool nonchalant grace. Her shining red-gold curls, bright brown eyes and clear fresh coloring make her a vivid figure. She has that precious gift, a beautiful skin, and takes great care to keep it satin-smooth and fine of texture.

She believes whole-heartedly in Pond's Creams, saying, "I've used them ever since I can remember. They are tried and true—I like them best of all. Sometimes I experiment with others, but I always come back to Pond's. Pond's Cold Cream cleanses divinely! And the silky Tissues for removing cold cream make old methods seem as extinct as the Dodo."

Pond's new Skin Freshener has equally won Miss Choate's approval. "It does away with that oily, shiny look," is her comment, "and makes your skin feel fresh as a morning breeze. And use Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream before you powder. You'll look cool and nonchalant no matter how long you dance or ride or golf."

She is very striking, slim and tall, with shining red-gold curls, big brown eyes and finely modeled features. Her skin is exquisite, fresh and clear, and she takes care to keep it always satin-smooth and fine. She says: "I've used Pond's ever since I can remember."



Pond's four preparations—famous Two Creams, new Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener for the exquisite care of the skin.

For unfailing results use Pond's as follows:

DURING THE DAY—first, for complete cleansing apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward and outward strokes. The fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—so much softer, more absorbent.

Repeat these two steps.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes for all four preparations. Try them!

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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Choice tender chicken ready for a dozen different dishes

Perhaps somewhere there's an Enchanted City where menus solve themselves, where it is never necessary to query, "What shall we have to eat?" and where the most gorgeously tempting dishes are made the easiest possible way. Perhaps . . . but in the meantime, a can or two of R & R Boned Chicken* on the shelf is the nearest one can hope to come. Each tempting tin, packed with luscious pieces of prime chicken cooked in shining nickel kettles, opens the door to marvelous chicken dishes in infinite variety. Every tid-bit of chicken is useable. Try this suggestion for Chicken au Gratin:

CHICKEN AU GRATIN

1 large tin R & R Boned Chicken
2 cupfuls Cooked Macaroni
1½ cupfuls rich Milk or Cream
1 cupful grated Cheese
Pepper and Salt to taste

Cut the boned chicken and cooked macaroni into small pieces. Butter a baking dish (or individual dishes), put in a layer of macaroni, then a layer of chicken and cover with the milk. Sprinkle over this some of the cheese and seasoning. Continue in layers until all the ingredients are used, having the cheese quite thick on the top. Place the dish in a hot oven at 400° F. for 15 minutes to brown. Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Your grocer keeps R & R Boned Chicken right on hand. He seems to know he'll always have lots of calls for it.

** Every chicken is inspected and certified by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economy.*

R & R

Richardson & Robbins

Established since 1855 in Dover, Del.

THE OCTOBER FORUM

Discusses

Some Seasonable Problems

Institute Notes

The first chilly days of October remind us that the time has come for us to put away the summer furnishings and get things in order for winter. Summer draperies and slip-covers can be washed and packed away unironed. If all the hangings for each room are wrapped together and each package of curtains is labeled on the outside as to contents, the problem of putting up the summer draperies next spring will be simplified. The winter curtains which were put away clean in the spring can now be ironed if necessary and put up. Porch and garden furniture can also be stored away. Protect each piece from dust by covering well with paper or heavy, unbleached-muslin covers. The summer rugs may be cleaned, rolled in heavy paper, and put away. When the rugs are being changed is an excellent time to rewax and polish the floors. Our review of floor care on page 92 of this issue contains much helpful information. When the awnings and screens are taken down, brush them clean with a stiff brush. Wrap the awnings separately in heavy paper, indicate on labels the windows which they fit, and store them in a dry place. Check over the screens carefully for necessary repairs, and if the wire mesh is not of copper, go over the netting with a thin coat of oil to prevent rusting. If the screens have no identifying marks as to the windows they fit, mark them before storing. Remember to open the fireplace damper before lighting the first fire.

Further Notes on Folding

There are a few suggestions with regard to folding that lack of space prevented us from including in the article, "Folding Our Linens," on page 86 of this issue. For this reason we are giving these additional hints here:

The folding of household linens is made easier if the freshly washed pieces are hung straight and even on the line and are folded or laid flat when dried. They should be sprinkled evenly, hems and edges straightened, large pieces folded and all rolled tightly, wrapped in clean cloths, and left for two or three hours before ironing. The beautiful appearance of these well-ironed and carefully folded linens repays one for the time spent in the work. Those who have tried to launder the small napkins that are finished with fringe will welcome the following suggestion: After the napkins are washed, shake them, taking hold of two corners at a time. After you have gone around the napkins in this way, hang them straight on the line. When dry, sprinkle and roll as described above. When ready to iron, repeat the shaking process. Then iron the napkins but not the fringe and shake again before folding. If this method is followed, the fringe will be soft and silky. Runners and doilies may be kept smooth by rolling them on pasteboard mailing tubes three inches in diameter. These tubes cost about ten cents each at most stationery stores. They are thirty inches long and may be cut in convenient lengths. When covered with paper or cretonne, they make attractive fittings for the linen closet.

The Autumn Fireplace

A fire laid in the grate, ready to be lighted whenever the warmth or cheer of the open fireplace is desired, is the practise followed in many homes. The fireplace can be made especially attractive during the fall months if one is able to gather material for it. Arrange a few dry leaves in the bottom of the grate and place over them pine-cones and small pieces of dry wood, then the heavier wood, and over all a few branches of bright-colored autumn leaves with a sprig or two of bayberry or bittersweet tucked in here and there. A fireplace such as this is a joy to look at. Then, with the logs in the wood basket close at hand, everything is ready for a glowing fire to dispel the chill of the cool autumn days.

Reader Discoveries

Centering Gelatin Molds

When unmolding a gelatin salad or dessert, I sometimes failed, even with the utmost care, to get the mold in the center of the serving dish. One day I happened upon the following trick, which proved successful. I first pour cold water on the dish and then shake off as much of it as possible. Then if the mold fails to fall where I want it, it is an easy matter to slide it into position.

Mrs. G. F., Camp Gatun, Canal Zone

A Timer for Waffles

It has always been difficult for me to time accurately the few minutes necessary to cook a waffle in an electric waffle-iron without the use of a timepiece. And watching a minute-hand was not only tiresome but disastrous to our table conversation. I have found an egg timer an unusually convenient solution to this annoying problem. The running sand is easy to watch, and, best of all, there are no more undercooked or even burned waffles. Each and every one is perfectly cooked—a rich, even, golden-brown color.

Mrs. I. C. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor's Note: *The exact time for cooking waffles varies somewhat with the different waffle-irons and with the voltage on which they are used. In many cases the suggestion offered here would be found just right; while in others, it would be found to serve as only an approximate timer.*

Two Egg Beaters—A Convenience

Two egg beaters are better than one, especially when beating egg whites and yolks separately for omelets or lemon pies. The saving in time and annoyance by having two clean, dry beaters handy makes the second beater a worth-while investment. Incidentally, it need not be the same size as the first. I have been frequently surprised to see housekeepers who take pride in having many little conveniences struggle along with one large beater for everything.

Mrs. G. C. L., Hartford, Conn.

A Hint When Packing

If you wish your dress to be as free from wrinkles at the end of a trip as when you first pack it, wrap it carefully around a piece of corrugated paper a little smaller than the suitcase. Pin the frills, flares, plaits, sleeves, etc., to keep them in place. Those who travel frequently may desire a more lasting convenience. A piece of cardboard padded and covered with chintz is both attractive and durable.

Mrs. W. F. B. McGregor, Ia.

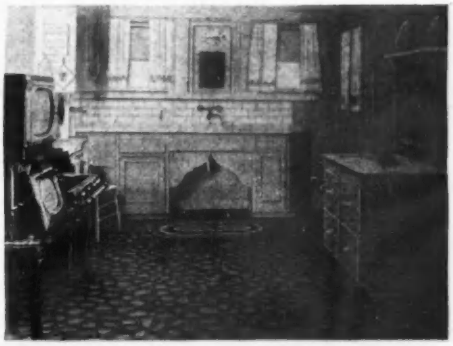
Note

The Institute can not return discoveries and recipes unless return postage is enclosed.

You'll linger much longer in kitchens like these...

Even the floors urge you to stay and enjoy the day's working hours

Left — *One smart New York apartment boasts this clever kitchen and dinette. Boasts, too, a smart Armstrong Floor, Design No. 70.*



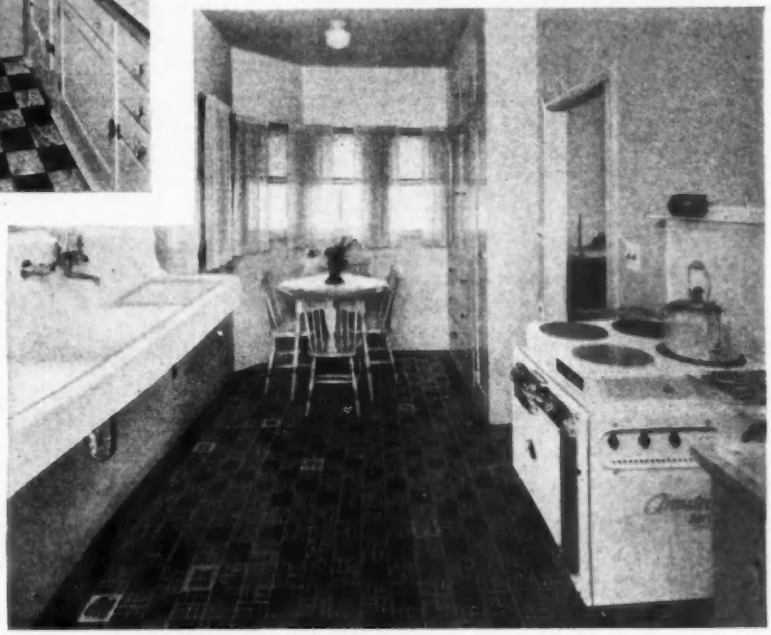
Right — *Colorful kitchen in a California home. Floor is a new effect in Armstrong's Moulded Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 5017.*

THE camera tells the story. Of course it's easy to get things done; of course time just flies—when kitchens are so shiny and bright! But what every good housekeeper wants to know is the recipe for capturing good cheer for her own particular workshop.

Again the camera reveals the secret. It's simple. It's certain. Just give the floors a chance. They can't be scrubbed into submission. But they can be magically transformed by one quick visit to a local department, furniture, or linoleum store.

There you will see the latest designs in Armstrong's Linoleum—just the colors, just the patterns, to suit your fond fancy. Some day, soon after your visit, linoleum layers will arrive right after breakfast dishes have been put away. Quickly they cover the old boards with builders' lining felt to cushion each footstep, to add warmth and quietness. Trimly they cut and fit the linoleum, custom-tailor it to every nook and cranny. Perhaps even by lunch time, your new floor, resplendent in all its lustrous beauty, will be in place. And *for keeps*, for it is firmly cemented, even sealed at the seams and edges with a waterproofing compound.

Just a word about another factor, one that actually lightens your housework. The surface of Armstrong's Linoleum is now made spot-proof, stain-proof, by the new Accolac Process. Even spilled grease wipes right up. Just a light washing cleans. Occasionally renew the surface with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer—a quick, easy task, too. In living-room, dining-room, or bedroom, wax your linoleum floor. But do not lacquer over wax.



Out in Oakland, California, is this modern kitchen. Here, too, an Armstrong Floor helps lighten housework, brighten working hours. Embossed Inlaid No. 6007; each color goes through to burlap back.

There's a whole lot more to this modern story of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for kitchens—for every room in the house. Won't you please let our expert decorator, Hazel Dell Brown, tell it to you? Her latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration," will be sent you upon request. Just enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 922 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum FLOORS
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

Compton's
Pictured Encyclopedia

Are your children leaders in school or struggling to keep up

In these days children need more help than they ever had. And they are getting less. The world is going too fast. The school rooms are too crowded. The teachers too busy.

If your children are getting good marks in school and showing leadership under these conditions, then they are all the more exceptional and you should help them more. But if they are having an unhappy struggle in their classes, then you should get busy immediately, without delay.

There is a way to help them now, at last, a way which three hundred and fifty thousand mothers and fifty thousand teachers have already discovered. There is, at last, a complete set of reference works in encyclopedic form, of their very own, written and pictured in terms of their own understanding that they can turn to now on every question that bothers them. It is called

COMPTON'S
Pictured Encyclopedia for Children

It is the only thing of its kind in the world. And it is simply doing wonders for children in this busy age. Here in Compton's, for the first time in the past six thousand years, is the knowledge of the world, written and pictured in terms that children can understand, and yet kept in accurate encyclopedic form so that they can get at it. And they love it. They fairly eat it up. And you see the difference in their school work almost over night.

Free Sample Section

Mail this coupon and our Educational Advisor will send you full information and free Pictured Sample Section right out of Compton's so that you can see for yourself how wonderful it is going to be in your home. She will also send you free our "Questionario Game" which measures the general knowledge of any child at any age. And she will tell you how you can now have these entire ten volumes for your children in your home on a first payment of as little as $3.50 down. Here is the coupon. Mail it now.

Compton's
Pictured Encyclopedia

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1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me at once, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

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City.....State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

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DR. WILEY'S
Question-Box

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Cod Liver Oil Not The Only Source of Vitamins

Will cod liver oil increase my weight if taken persistently and regularly? I have been taking a teaspoonful after each meal for a week; also two raw eggs daily. Yesterday I weighed a pound extra, and today I weighed a pound less—my old weight.

Mrs. C. A. P., Texas.

You have not continued your present dietary long enough to get any definite results. There is very little nourishment from the small amount of cod liver oil you use. Any virtue you find is probably due to its richness in vitamins. If you have a well-balanced diet, you do not need cod liver oil. It is only when the diet is restricted as to vitamins that cod liver oil is useful. My own view is that using cod liver oil to increase weight, in the small quantity which you mention, is simply wasting it. A generous diet of fruits and vegetables, whole-ground, unbolted cereals, and at least a pint of milk a day, together with an ounce or two of good fresh meat and an abundance of lettuce and other leaf vegetables, will increase your weight without the aid of cod liver oil.

HISTORY *of a* CRIME
Against the
PURE FOOD LAW

INSIDE **history of the fight to pass the Pure Food Law and the amazing story of the perversion of this statute, intended to protect the consumer, so that instead it protects the adulterator and misbrander of foods.**

Pages 400 plus Price $2.00

Distributed by the author

HARVEY W. WILEY

2345 Ashmead Place Washington, D. C.

Not so Efficient as Real Beer

Is near-beer as fat-making as real beer? In such a product as near-beer would there be any iron or vitamins? My question refers to the commercial products which conform to the law.

Mrs. J. P. F., N. Y.

I assume that genuine near-beer is made of sprouted barley and without any fermentation. In this way it conforms to the legal definition of having less than one-half percent of alcohol. It therefore still contains a large quantity of malt sugar, and the vitamins and minerals that are naturally present in malt. When near-beer is made in this way, it has as much vitamins and mineral matter as real beer, and a far larger content of sugar, which is one of the fattening materials in beer. If, on the other hand, near-beer is made by fermenting the mash of barley and then the alcohol is driven off by distillation until only a half percent is left, the greater part of the fattening principle has been eliminated. The vitamins and minerals of the original product would be left, but little fattening power would remain.

Not a Good Time To Wean The Baby

My baby is six weeks old and weighs 11½ lbs. He is very strong, but I should like to wean him from the breast by the fourth month, and do so gradually by giving him an additional feeding from now on from the bottle. What would you advise?

Mrs. C. S. B., Ill.

I advise strongly against your weaning your baby from the breast at the time you suggest, namely, when he is four months old. There is no artificial food for a baby that equals in value his mother's milk. You should keep your baby at the breast until he is at least nine months of age, and probably longer. It is only by reason of failure of mother's milk for some cause or other, or through her illness, that one is justified in putting the baby on the bottle, or any other kind of artificial food. It is a threat to the life of a baby, when he has to be weaned during hot weather.

An Unfortunate Prejudice

I have a boy three years old who takes very little milk. I make junket and cornstarch and custard puddings for him, but he seldom eats them, and I feel sure that with all my efforts he rarely gets a pint of milk a day, nor has he for about a year. He appears to be in good health, although he is only average in weight, about 31 pounds.

Mrs. S. J. B., Wis.

I do not know of any substitute for milk that is as valuable as milk itself. Sometimes children who refuse to drink sweet milk will drink buttermilk or milk artificially soured. Sometimes they will drink sweet milk after it has been boiled. An excellent idea is in preparing his cereals to cook them with milk instead of water. If you boil the milk, give him tomato juice to compensate for any injured vitamins in his diet. It takes patience, psychology, and no scolding to deal with children who refuse to drink the amount of milk they should have.

A Harmless Condiment

Please inform me as to whether apricots preserved with sugar in sealed glass jars with the pits left in the fruit are poisonous. We tasted some of the apricots soon after canning, and they had a decided almond taste. We have been afraid to use any since.

Mrs. G. A. W., Colo.

The pits of apricots, like the pits of peaches, have a considerable content of benzaldehyde, which is the element which gives to almonds their distinct flavor. Benzaldehyde, in the small quantities in which it exists in apricot pits, is wholly innocuous. You need not hesitate to use the canned fruit. Another name for benzaldehyde is oil of bitter almonds. Some varieties of bitter almonds have so large a quantity of benzaldehyde that they become almost poisonous substances when eaten.

Sunshine Good For Milch Cows

I have a dairy herd of about 150 head of cows and am milking 80 head at the present time. People throughout the north, who spend their winters here, without exception remark about the wonderful quality of our milk. I never could explain why our milk should be superior to that produced in the north. You will be interested in knowing that no case of tuberculosis has ever been found among my cows. I graduated from Purdue University in 1911 and have been interested in dairying ever since that time. I am enclosing a little booklet showing my house and dairy herd.

Mr. W. E. S., Fla.

A dairy cow that lives in a country where she is not confined by the vicissitudes of the weather to a stall has an immense advantage over her sister who has to be kept under cover seven or eight months during the year. It is well known that tuberculosis is a house disease. The way to cure tuberculosis is to send the victim outdoors and keep him out through all kinds of weather. The milk, therefore, from cows that run at large all the year round is likely to be more wholesome, and freer from dangerous disease, than when obtained from dairies where the cows are kept in the stable for a great part of the year. Milk from such herds is better for infants as a protection against rickets than is ordinary milk.

WHITE LOVELINESS FOR YOUR HANDS

YOUR PRETTIEST THINGS ARE SAFE—FOR IT LEAVES NO STICKINESS

It will be a joy to you to see how dazzlingly white and smooth this healing preparation will keep your arms and hands. Use it whenever your skin becomes the least bit rough or red, and see how instantly effective it is. Your daintiest belongings will take no harm from Jergens Lotion, for it leaves not a trace of stickiness — your skin absorbs it instantly.

IT MAKES an almost instant difference in the texture of your skin—this wonderfully healing preparation.

Roughness, redness, harshness, disappear after a few applications. That slight coarsening and darkening of your skin—the inevitable result of exposure to summer sun and wind—yields quickly to regular use. Your neck, your arms and hands, gain a perfect whiteness, a beautiful smoothness and softness, when you care for them day by day with Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion owes its remarkable healing power to two famous ingredients long known to medicine for their beneficial action on the skin. They are combined here with other healing elements, forming a deliciously soothing, fragrant liquid—easy to apply, leaving no stickiness.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what a wonderful improvement it will make. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Free · a new trial bottle · a beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3219 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

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JERGENS LOTION

Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

In using advertisements see page 6

SMART AND MODERN AS YOUTH
Beauty extraordinary! —essence of modern smartness! Such are the new Zion Lace Curtains, created by famous stylists. See them at leading stores; or send $8.50 and name of your store for one pair of design No. 05642 illustrated.
FOR MODERN WINDOWS
ZION
Lace Curtains & Nets
Mills owned and operated by Marshall Field & Company, Wholesale
Chicago
New York
SEND for booklet of "Modern Windows," write name and address in margin below and send with 10c to Marshall Field & Co., Wholesale, P.O. Box 800, Chicago.

The Seven Ages of MANNERS

No. 4. The Etiquette of a Wedding

By Mathilde Van Rensselaer

ALTHOUGH the modern girl is straightforward and independent in her choice of a husband, she is usually governed unconsciously by her family's attitude. And while many conventions have gone by the board, the old-fashioned custom of "asking for a girl's hand" is still adhered to by people of breeding and consequence, and every prospective bridegroom must make this request of a young girl's father.

When a young man has been accepted, his mother calls immediately upon the mother of his fiancée, who is then invited to meet the other members of his family.

When the engagement is to be announced, the news is written or told to those interested, and a notice is sent to the newspapers. All notes of congratulation should be acknowledged.

The hour selected for the wedding is a matter of personal preference and of locality. In the East the fashionable hours are noon and from three-thirty to four-thirty in the afternoon. In the South and West, evening weddings are considered smart.

The invitations should be sent out about three weeks in advance. Unless it is to be a very quiet wedding, invitations to the church are sent to all friends and business acquaintances; invitations to the reception as well are sent to the family and intimate friends. Announcements are mailed, on the wedding day, to all the people in the above categories who have not been invited to the church or reception. An invitation to the house must be formally answered; one to the church requires no reply.

The function given at the house is a breakfast up to two o'clock, and a reception thereafter. When a breakfast is to be given, a hearty repast is served, as it takes the place of luncheon. For a reception the same arrangements are made as for a formal afternoon tea, and wedding cake in small white boxes is placed on a table in the hall.

For a house wedding a bower of plants and flowers is arranged in a suitable place, with additional cut flowers and plants attractively arranged about the house.

When the wedding takes place in a church which is architecturally lovely, potted palms in the chancel and a few lovely flowers on the altar are all that is necessary. If the church is not architecturally beautiful, a profusion of plants and flowers will make it so.

As a rule a bouquet of flowers, or simply a bow of white satin ribbon, is attached to the last of the pews reserved for the families of the bride and groom, and aids the ushers in seating the guests.

Occasionally, at a church wedding, there is choral singing by a choir, but an organ is all that is necessary. The conventional music is the wedding march from "Lohengrin" for the procession to the altar, and the Mendelssohn march for the recessional. Any other dignified and solemn music may be used, however. For a house wedding an orchestra is usually provided.

When the ushers meet at the church shortly before the ceremony, the sexton hands them typewritten lists prepared by the bride's family, showing for whom and in what pews seats have been reserved; but to every woman, whether her name is on the list or not, an usher offers his arm to show her to a seat. The bride's family and intimate friends sit in the first pews on the left; the groom's family sit opposite on the right. As a rule the organ plays softly during the arrival of the guests.

When the bride has arrived, and just before the wedding march, the bride's mother goes up the aisle on the arm of an usher, and after that no more guests are seated. The organ then plays the opening bars of the wedding march. From the foot of the aisle the ushers start two by two, followed by the bridesmaids, the maid of honor, and the bride on her father's right arm. The ushers divide on reaching the chancel and stand in front of the choir stalls; the bridesmaids divide and stand in front of the ushers; the maid of honor goes to the altar rail on the left, and the best man on the right.

As the procession starts, the groom and the best man come from the vestry and stand at the chancel steps on the right of the altar. When the bride reaches the chancel steps, she stops, and her father steps to one side as the groom joins her on the right. After performing his part of the ceremony the bride's father joins his wife in the first pew on the left.

After the ceremony the bride comes down the aisle on her husband's right arm, followed by the maid of honor with the best man, the bridesmaids, and the ushers.

At the reception the parents of the bride and groom stand just inside the drawing-room door while the bride and groom are at the other end of the room with the bride's attendants.

The bride's family pays for the wedding and reception expenses except the following: the groom always pays for the bride's bouquet, and usually for the other flowers carried by the bridal party and for those worn by the bride's mother and his mother. He naturally pays for the ring and usually gives the bride a wedding present besides. He also pays for the ties, gloves, and the boutonnières worn by his ushers. And he gives the clergyman a fee in proportion to his means.

The Bride's Book

This illustrated folio will help you with your trousseau, your linen and silver, and with the many problems of what to get and do which are sure to arise at this time.
Send 25c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

Let Our Folios Help You Entertain

The Folios listed below will enable you to give amusing parties:
A Hallowe'en Party With a Gruesome Tale—new, thrilling, exciting! 10c
Pirate and Captive Party 10c
Games Leaflet 10c
Rules In Rhyme Bridge Party .10c
Wedding Anniversary Verses ..10c
Mascots and Mottoes Birthday Parties 10c
Bright Bowknot Booklet 25c
Send correct amount to Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

Around the World

(*Continued from page 83*)

the ferries ran every ten minutes to Mr. Albans' paradise for rolling-stones; and as you can guess, it didn't take the *Empress's* wanderers long to roll aboard this ferry, impatient to reach the picturesque Gibraltar which loomed across the water.

"Do you want to make a bet?" Celia asked Mr. Buhl as they drew near to the landing stage. "Because if you do, I'll bet you that we won't find any answers to our advertisement here."

"No," he thoughtfully replied. "I don't expect that we shall. But we'll go to the newspaper offices just the same. We didn't get an answer, you remember, in Shanghai—but we certainly didn't come away empty-handed."

He had mailed the advertisement to two newspapers—the Hong-Kong *Daily Press* which was a morning paper, and the *Telegraph* which was published in the evening.

THE *Daily Press* turned out to be a commercial journal, chiefly of interest to shippers and merchants, and rather dignified, perhaps, from the fact that it had been established in 1847. But the *Telegraph* had a wider, more popular appeal—and on the first day when Mr. Buhl's advertisement had appeared in the classified columns, the editor had followed the general custom of making it the text for a news story on the front page.

"Awfully sorry that we have no answers for you," he told Mr. Buhl. "I asked the people downstairs to let me know if anything turned up. But so far—nothing. I even sent a reporter to the registry office to look up the old records, but that was a blank, as well. A rather conclusive blank, I'm afraid, for they're very strict here with their records."

"You don't remember Mr. Van Heusen?" asked Mr. Buhl. "Or whether he figured in the Hong-Kong news about twenty-five years ago?"

"As for remembering him, no. I've only been here, you see, about twenty years. Came out for twelve months, but the beastly country gets you, as I think you Americans say. But I've an old reporter—slightly jaundiced in appearance, and often used as court interpreter—who's been on the staff off and on since 1871—the year the paper started. I'll call him if you like, but please don't make the slightest suggestion that you ever heard of such a thing as mixed parentage. He's rather touchy on the subject."

Whereupon, opening the door of his sanctum, the editor put his head outside and called, "Oh, Mr. Horricks! Can I see you for a moment, please?"

Through the open door Celia caught sight of an industrious little man writing at a desk, a derby hat on one side of his head, the stem of a short, straight pipe in the corner of his mouth. As he arose and approached, she could see, too, that he was wearing a rusty morning coat and striped trousers, and that his shoes were crowned with a pair of weather-beaten spats.

"Mr. Horricks," said the editor, "this is Mr. Buhl and Miss Van Heusen. You may remember the advertisement."

"Jolly well," said Mr. Horricks. "Sorry I couldn't claim the reward myself. What I could do with two hundred pounds would make a stunning story."

He was, Celia told herself, very ancient, and the editor had not exaggerated when he had said that Mr. Horricks was inclined to be jaundiced in appearance. Indeed, after her smile of greeting, she didn't look at him too closely for fear that he might guess that she was trying to verify her first impression that his eyes had that significant slant which is seldom associated with morning coats and spats.

"Mr. Buhl suggests that Mr. Van Heusen may have been in Hong-Kong about twenty-five years ago," said the editor, "and that just possibly his visit may be remembered."

"Rather vague, that, you know," said Mr. Horricks thoughtfully.

"But I can be more definite," said Celia, opening her pocketbook. "He was in Hong-Kong on January 12, 1908. The date is on this postcard which he mailed from here."

"Pardon," said Mr. Horricks, holding out his hand, "but may I—please—?"

She showed him the postcard, and he scribbled the date on a memorandum pad.

"A starting point, if nothing more," he said. "I'll look up the back files for that week—especially the 'Marriages,' I assure you! The hotel registers, too, may give us a hint of something, especially if he left a forwarding address. A ripping good help, you know, that picture postcard. When does your ship sail, Mr. Buhl—do you mind if I ask?"

"We sail Tuesday, at eight in the morning."

"I'll see you before then, no doubt—and I hope with something good to report. Meanwhile, if you care to entertain a suggestion—?"

"It would be most welcome," said Mr. Buhl, echoing the other's courtesy.

"You are very kind, sir. Then whatever you do, don't fail to drive around our island. I'll get you a car, if you wish. These beastly chauffeurs—they need some one who knows the legal rates, you know."

They went downstairs together, and it wasn't long before Mr. Horricks, still chatting politely, hailed a passing car with his walking stick.

"What is your charge for driving these two Americans around the island?" he asked.

"Twen-tee dollar. Ver' good ride," said the Chinese chauffeur.

Mr. Horricks almost leaped at him—evidently with an attack of the native vernacular—and when the storm had passed, he smilingly opened the door of the car.

"It will be five dollars," he said, "or a pound, if you happen to have English money." And, as the others were getting in, "I suppose you'll visit London on your way home?—Ah, I envy you that. My father's people came from there, you know—a jolly good family and well known in the City. But I—ah, well—you see, I'm one of the black sheep of the family—and distant stony pastures have always been my lot."

For nearly a minute Celia rode in silence, touched more deeply than she knew by the anomalous little figure who had bowed so gallantly as their car had pulled away from the curb. Yes, and unless her search was successful, she and Mr. Horricks might have much in common—black sheep of the family, surrounded by those who would always be quick to give strangers a hint of the relationship. Celia thought of Mrs. Blanchard and the girls—thought of Mrs. Basserville and her friends—and then again she thought of Mr. Horricks and the distant stony pastures which had always been his lot.

CHAPTER XLII

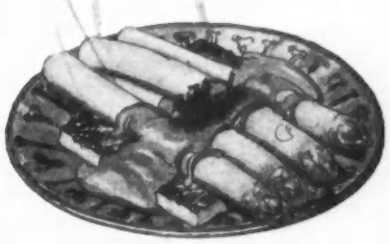
EACH evening the cruisers returned to the ship, and each morning they hastened to the ferry—eager to get back to the fairy-like city across the Bay. Sternly throwing off her blues, Celia started upon her sightseeing as though upon a pilgrimage. Her father once had walked along these streets, and now she was following in his footsteps. What started as a pilgrimage, though, soon turned into a pleasure, and it wasn't long before Celia found herself completely captured by the beauty of Hong-Kong.

The drive around the island so strongly recommended by Mr. Horricks had been almost enough in itself for this. The towering hills, the deep ravines, the ever-present sea. One of these hills, in the path of the city's growth, was being removed by Chinese ants—an endless procession carrying twin baskets of

Does the family cheer when dinner comes on?

"THE best little cook in the world!" Welcome words!—and you'll hear them every day if you'll just keep putting new variety and flavor into the meals you serve.

California Canned Asparagus will help you. Its freshness, its delicacy, put an appetizing touch of distinction into any menu. And canned asparagus is always ready to use in dozens of delightful dishes. Serve it often—it is sure to please the family.

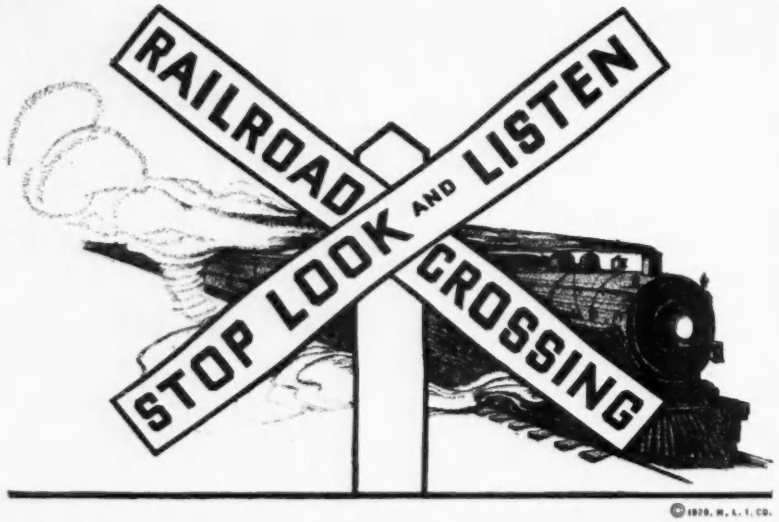


Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce—Turn California Canned Asparagus and liquid into shallow pan. Heat over low fire until thoroughly hot. Drain. Arrange asparagus on buttered toast. For Sauce:—melt 2 tablespoons butter in double boiler, add ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons flour. Stir to a smooth paste. Add gradually 1¼ cups milk. Cook until thickened. Add ¾ cup grated American cheese, heating until cheese is melted. For free recipe book, address Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 359, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA CANNED

Asparagus

In using advertisements see page 6



THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country; more than 93% of them are unprotected.

With millions of new automobiles on the roads each year, accidents at grade crossings are increasing at an alarming rate, for the reason that most of the States have no organized program for protecting motor traffic which must cross railroad tracks.

New York, under wise leadership, has shown how to solve the problem. Before the Empire State adopted her present plan, but 10 crossings a year, on an average, were done away with. This year, the first in which the railroads, the State and communities have co-operated—the railroads paying 50% of the cost, the State 49% and communities 1%—85 death-traps are marked for immediate removal. Next year New York hopes to eliminate 150 more of its worst danger spots.

Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

There is danger at every grade crossing. Get rid of them. Copy of New York's progressive program will be mailed free on request. Address, Department 109-G.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Around the World

earth on poles—moving the mountain, shovelful by shovelful, into the adjoining valley.

"Talk about Chinese patience," thought Celia, looking at the tremendous slice of mountain, nearly a mile long, which had already been shifted. "And here I begin to pout because I can't have my own way in everything—just as soon as I want to have it!"

Bud had her the next day, and they rolled around the city together in rickshaws. The streets which were parallel with the Bay were level enough, but the side-streets which went up the mountainside were so steep that the roads were built in the form of steps; and if you didn't want to walk up for fear that you might become dizzy and roll down into the sea, at nearly every corner you would find a sedan chair waiting for your convenience, and either two or four coolies to carry you above, depending upon the weight of the passenger and the angle and length of the proposed ascent.

"Looks as though the man in the moon might live in that top house," said Bud, looking up one of these stairways.

Celia liked that.

Later they went shopping, and she bought a wooden image which vaguely resembled Mr. Coolidge, except that he was wearing a wooden robe and showing all his teeth—the merchant wanted ten dollars for it, but finally took two. She also bought a teakwood jewel-case for a dollar and simply wouldn't look at a black silk shawl with Chinese fairy-stories embroidered in colors.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Take it away! I don't even want to see it! I have no more to spend!"

Bud, who had been mysteriously engaged in the other end of the shop, now came forward with a green-colored necklace. "I want to give you this, if you like it," he said.

"What a beautiful mottled green!" she said, and thinking that perhaps he could buy it for half a dollar, or for less if he wished to bargain, she draped it around her neck and went to the nearest mirror.

"I love it," she said.

"Vely fine piece leal jade," said the salesman, rubbing his hands and bowing. "Some say b'long Emp'less Tsi-An."

"Jade?" echoed Celia, looking at the price-tag; and although it made her sigh to do this, the necklace came off and was returned to the salesman.

"Bud!" she gently chided him.

"That's nothing," said Bud in a low voice which she had never heard him use before. "I'd buy you the whole island—if I only had money enough."

"All right," she smiled. "Then I'll tell you what to do. You can buy me a necklace on two conditions. It must be a real pearl necklace, and you mustn't pay more than twenty-five cents for it."

So when she returned to the ship that evening, she was wearing one of those necklaces which are best described as "pearl"—and Bud had a carved teakwood cigarette case which had also cost a quarter, including a fire-eating dragon on the lid.

THE next night, which was their last before sailing, the cruisers dined on the *Empress*. After dinner, Celia and the others went on deck to watch the swarm of bumboats in which whole Chinese families were trying to sell canaries to the crew.

The scene was both shrill and shrewd. Each prospective purchaser had his head through a porthole. On the boats below, a merchant would hook a caged songster to the end of a bamboo pole and lift the bird to within a few feet of the prospective customer's ear—not too far away, or the customer might not hear it—and not too close or, withdrawing his head and reaching out his arm, the customer might unhook the cage from the pole and ingeniously disappear into the ship without paying for his purchase. Celia was watching this over the

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

And still he apologized!

In the last hour of the year 1928, a country doctor's motor pushed through a snowdrift at a farmhouse near Leland, Michigan—fifteen hours behind time.

"Terribly sorry to be so late," he said, as he prepared to treat the boy ill with influenza, "I've had a pretty busy day."

And here is what he called "a pretty busy day":

He had been on the road since six o'clock that morning. He had called on thirty-one patients down with influenza, scattered over the county. He had stopped twice at the home of a nineteen-months-old boy critically ill with pneumonia.

A baby born; a foot thawed out

He had brought one baby into the world in the early morning, on a kitchen table, with grandpa holding the lamp and grandma giving the chloroform, and a woman across the road offering large-handed assistance. A few hours later he had performed a Caesarian operation on a 42-year-old woman with her first baby. He had called on three youngsters with whooping cough. He had thawed out one frosted foot. And he had two more calls to make after treating the little boy in the farmhouse!

Still he apologized for being late!

The story of this country doctor's day can be paralleled a thousand times a year.

His powerful ally

Fortunately nowadays when a physician is summoned he has a powerful ally in modern *dependable* medicinal preparations.

At the laboratories of Parke, Davis & Company a vast organization is constantly engaged in making, in testing, and in safeguarding the purity and potency of the medicines required by physicians in their daily practice.

And doctors have long been familiar with the reputation for tireless research and uncompromising quality which for more than 60 years have made the name of this house a synonym for dependability in medicines.

Parke-Davis quality in ★Milk of Magnesia

Every Parke-Davis product, whatever its nature or purpose, conforms to the same high standard of excellence. You will find that Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia, for example, is exceptionally pure and keeps remarkably well. That is why you can always depend upon its uniformity and medicinal activity. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

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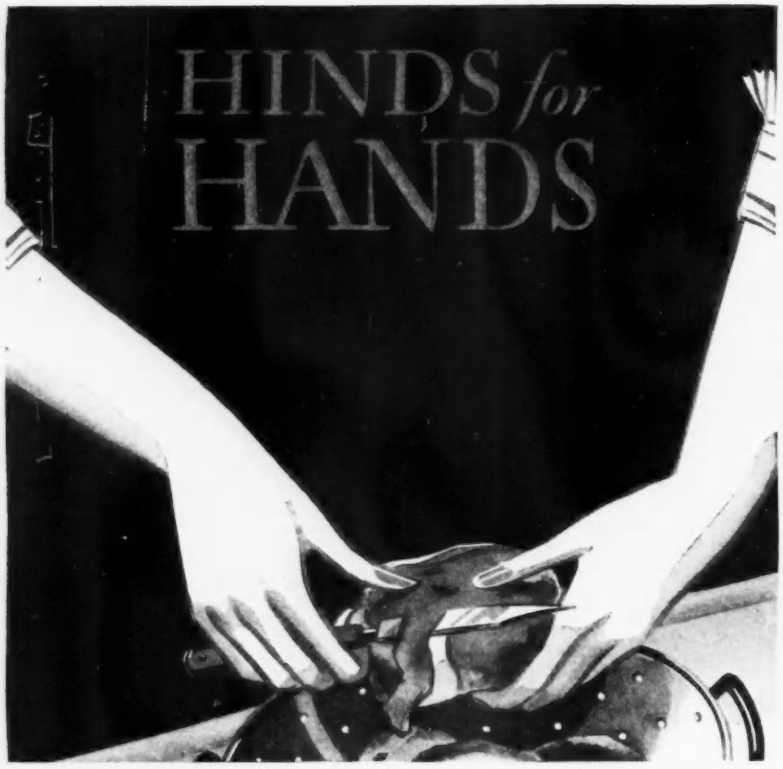


How old are *your* hands?

PEELING vegetables, dusting, cleaning, preparing three meals a day—all necessary duties, yes—but hard on the hands. They dry out the natural oils, make your hands harsh and years older. Yet, you *can* use your hands busily the whole day through and still keep them white and smooth—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.

Use it often—that's the secret. And to do that keep it handy in several places—on the kitchen sink—in the bathroom—on your dressing table. Then, after the morning dust up, or when you've been peeling vegetables, or rinsing out dish towels, or doing any one of a hundred other household duties, reach for your Hinds Cream. It will smooth away the roughness and dryness. Relieve the chapping that comes from having your hands in water many times a day. Keep your hands as nice as you'd like to have them—soft and young. (Hinds Cream is a fine base for powder, too.

Start using Hinds Cream today. Or, if you prefer, we'll be glad to send you a sample bottle to try. Just fill in the coupon and mail.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 7 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 6 p. m., Central Standard time.

Copyright 1929, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors
Department 219, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, the protecting cream for the skin.
(Print name and address)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

This coupon not good after October, 1930
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8
(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

Around the World

rail when she heard a voice, "Ah, there you are!"—and turned to see Mr. Horricks smiling and bowing.

He was in a black dinner jacket and white linen trousers—the informal evening costume of the East—and was smoking a cigarette in a holder at least six inches long. Over his forearm hung a smart bamboo cane, a silk handkerchief was tucked in his sleeve, and buckled on his wrist was a watch which he immediately consulted as though to make sure that he hadn't called too soon.

"I wonder if we could find Mr. Buhl," he began, "for my call, I rather regret to say, is not altogether free from business details."

THEY found Mr. Buhl in the writing room, and the three of them adjourned to a quiet table in a corner of the deserted veranda. The lights had just been turned on, and Celia couldn't help noticing that Mr. Horricks' dinner jacket had more braid than it deserved, and looked as though it had originally been made for a larger man. Under his arm he had been carrying a flat paper parcel, and while he was untying the string, it may have been a trick of the overhead lights, but it seemed to Celia that the slant of his eyes was more noticeable than when she had first seen him, and his cheeks were more touched with the golden tints of ivory.

"I was beginning to think that we wouldn't see you again," said Mr. Buhl.

"As a matter of fact I've been jolly busy, as you will soon see," replied Mr. Horricks, placing the string on one side, but not removing the paper covering from his package. "To begin at the beginning—after the manner of the ancient prophets, so to speak—you may remember that Miss Van Heusen gave me the date of her father's visit to Hong-Kong."

Mr. Buhl said "Yes," and Celia breathlessly nodded.

"A ripping good clue, of course," said Mr. Horricks, "and equally of course my instinct was to turn to the back files—those extraordinarily useful aids to modern journalism, as I think you call it in the States. But although I covered a month's dusty issues altogether, using the postcard date as the central point of reckoning, I may as well tell you at once that, so far as the name Van Heusen is concerned, the printed record is absolutely silent. The pomps and vanities of this wicked world were there in fullest measure—don't you love the old Episcopalian phrase?—but no Van Heusens!"

Celia's hopes, warmed by the parcel, began to grow cool.

"I remember you said you were going to look up the marriages," said Mr. Buhl.

"Oh, that, of course," said Mr. Horricks, tucking his handkerchief further into his sleeve. "Not only in the back files, but in the registrar's office as well. Another blank. But—tally ho!—the hunt had hardly started. As you can imagine, I am very good friends with the Hong-Kong hotel; and as a personal favor to me they let me examine their visitors' book for the month of January, 1908. It took a bit of doing, you know, and I had to tip a chap ten shillings. But finally we dug out the book—"

He paused there, ostensibly to place another cigarette in the long holder.

"Did you find anything?" asked Mr. Buhl.

"Rather! I say; you haven't a match, have you?— Thanks— Yes; I rather flatter myself that I found something good—to be exact, a signature in the visitors' book under date of January 11, 1908—'Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van Heusen, New York, U. S. A.'"

"'Mr. and Mrs.,' you say?" demanded Mr. Buhl.

"'Mr. and Mrs.'—yes," said Mr. Horricks, evidently enjoying the moment. "And being rather good at that sort of thing, I made a Chinese copy—that is to say, a facsimile," he hastily corrected himself—"a facsimile of the signature."

Where are the Snows of Yesteryear?

EVERY now and again, the placid surface of the electric cleaner industry is startled by a fresh commotion.

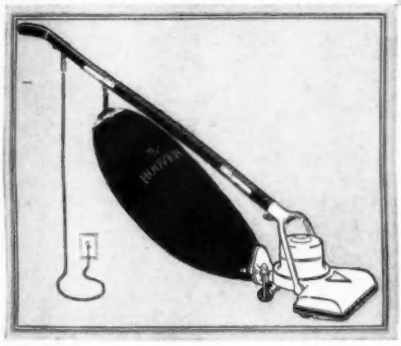
Some one machine or other is rushed forward as the champion of a new popularity, and passes as a comet across the commercial sky.

Inspired salesmen hurry out to perform "amazing" demonstrations. Special "inducements" are offered. There is much talk of "new-day methods," of "above-the-floor efficiency," of "sanitation systems," of almost everything except the electric cleaner's essential job.

A great stir is made, and a few are blinded by the dust.

But soon the tumult dies, the fever passes, and the forced-draft popularity, so "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two," is gone!

Each time the clearing atmosphere reveals the real Leadership more solidly entrenched in one machine, more serenely enthroned in one outstanding product, more firmly than ever upheld beyond serious challenge in one incomparable cleaner — The HOOVER!



What are the facts and evidence of the perennial leadership of The Hoover? They are these:

More Hoover cleaners are in use than are any other kind.

More money is invested by the public for the purchase of Hoover cleaners —daily, monthly, yearly—than for any other kind.

More money is invested in the Hoover cleaners in use—by twice as much—as in any other kind.

More Hoover cleaners are sold — 48% of all we sell — as the result of recommendations by Hoover users to friends.

More leading merchants sell Hoover cleaners than any other kind.

And on what factors of superiority is based the unchanging public preference for The Hoover? These:

The Hoover is most efficient in the fundamental purpose of an electric cleaner: it gets MORE DIRT PER MINUTE.

The Hoover is better designed, better built, longer-lived, more thorough in action, easier to use.

The Hoover for these sound reasons enjoys a higher re-sale value.

The Hoover is serviced expertly and promptly by the finest Service Organization in the electric cleaner field.

The Hoover is kept in the vanguard of progress by the most comprehensive and advanced engineering research in its industry.

The Hoover is the mature and dependable product of the first, oldest and largest electric cleaner manufacturer in the world.

Don't be confused or misled.

When you are told that Hoover accomplishment is equaled, or Hoover leadership is challenged, ask yourself "where are the snows of yesteryear," and demand to see the quality, the service, the value comparable to The Hoover. Until these appear, The Hoover *has no rival!*

The HOOVER★

IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

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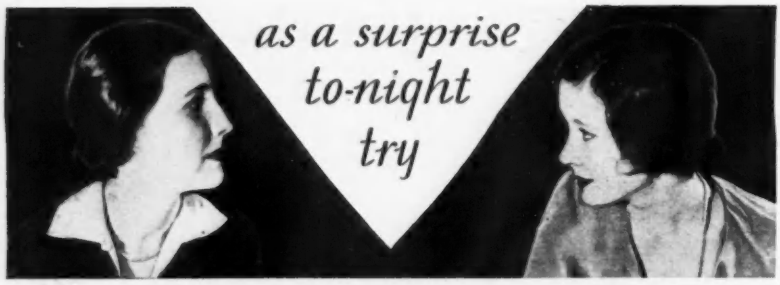
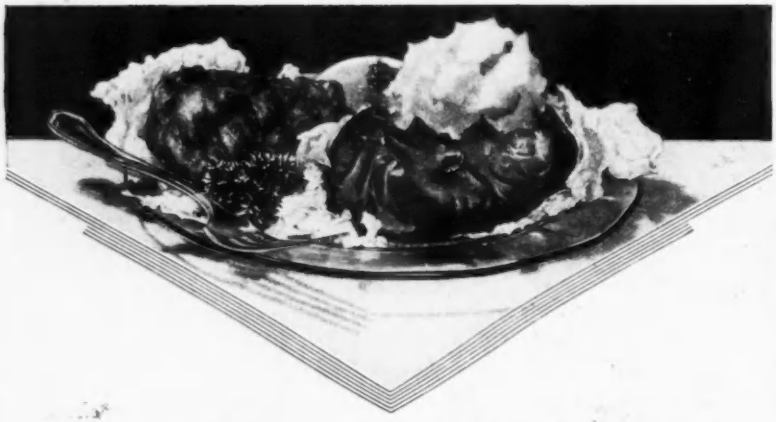
© 1929, The Hoover Co.



baked potatoes on the half shell



"These potatoes on the half shell are the most delicious things I've ever eaten—I wish you'd tell me where you get such recipes."
"It's one of French's Recipes—they send them to you FREE."

To those women who have learned to depend on French's Prepared Mustard for that variety that is said to be the spice of life—each day—each meal seems to bring some new and appetizing suggestion. Everyone says "French's Recipes are such a big help"—as, for instance, this one for baked potatoes on the half shell—

Select rather large potatoes, wash well, and bake in the usual manner. When done, cut off the tops and scoop out about a third of the potato. To this add equal parts of butter and French's Prepared Mustard, mixing thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Fill the scooped-out holes with this mixture—and put back in the oven to brown. But be sure to use only French's Prepared Mustard, for no other mustard will give "that flavor called French"—and that's the whole secret.

But you can expect more from French's than from ordinary mustard — for it gives you the zest of "that flavor called French"—and only the blending of finest mustard seed with certain savory spices (the formula is a carefully guarded secret) could give this flavor.

Write for this month's French's Recipes — they're free—just fill out and mail the coupon.

Printed on cards, handy to use, and 12 or more new recipes for each month.

Sent *free*—just print your name and address on the coupon and mail to us.

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, *Housewives' Service Dept.*, 3-34 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

NAME .....
STREET 3-34
CITY ..... STATE .....

***FRENCH'S MUSTARD**

Around the World

Cautiously lifting the cover of his flat package, he drew out a sheet of notepaper on which were traced the words already quoted.

"That's his writing, I'm sure," nodded Celia breathlessly. "Wait—I'll run downstairs and get the postcard which he sent from here."

She was soon back—and soon saw that without a doubt the entry in the visitors' book was her father's signature. The address on the postcard simply proved it. The name "Van Heusen"—the address "New York, U. S. A."—no one could see them and question the similarity.

"You like my facsimile?" asked Mr. Horricks, whimsically smiling, his head on one side.

"Very much," said Mr. Buhl.

"Ah, then I have something better for you. You may wonder why I took this next step; but as a matter of fact, from the very moment when I first saw your advertisement, I have felt a deep interest in the subject. I don't know why, I'm sure, but these cases of inheritance—ah—and so forth, have always had a peculiar fascination for me. The next time you are in Hong-Kong, for instance, I would like to show you my collection of books and pamphlets on the jolly old Tichburne case. However, while I was still copying this signature, I thought to myself, 'So far as evidence in a court of law is concerned, my copy isn't worth a farthing, but if I had a photograph taken of this page, and an affidavit or two to support it . . .'"

HE REACHED in his package again and this time drew out a mounted photograph of the signature. On the back of the photograph was a short acknowledgment by the hotel manager and photographer, stating the source from which the print had been taken.

"Of course, it may not be worth tuppence to you," said Mr. Horricks, "but I took a chance, and after all, the expense was not tremendous. A pound or so for the photographer, another for his assistant, a little tipping here and there—"

"You won't lose," said Mr. Buhl.

"My dear chap," said Mr. Horricks, touching his handkerchief to his forehead and slipping it back into his sleeve again, "I think it's one of the prerogatives of our bulldog breed that we seldom fail in estimating the character of a gentleman. Of course, I won't lose. Leaving financial details, however, till later, I must now tell you of another branch of inquiry which I pursued."

"How busy you must have been!" breathed Celia.

"Ah, Miss Van Heusen, we are a patient race, you know. Often misunderstood, often misjudged, the jolly old Anglo-Saxon race hasn't made its mark on history by pure inadvertence. But wait a moment. I am running ahead of my story. A bookkeeper of the hotel—working in his own time, you understand—looked up the old books and made me a transcript of Mr. Van Heusen's bill."

Again he reached into his flat package and this time produced an itemized account dated January 17, 1908. It was a long bill, and in addition to the printed lines "Livery"—"Florist"—"Valet"—"Maid Service"—a number of additional items had been added by hand.

"A very liberal gentleman, as you will see," continued Mr. Horricks. "For a starter, he had the best suite of rooms in the hotel. You can see for yourself what he paid for flowers, and as though to explain the size of one of the items, the bookkeeper jotted down the word 'orchids' in parenthesis. Then again his charge for livery—over twenty pounds in less than a week. 'Sweets,' too, you will see and 'Pianoforte' and 'Photos.'

"Orchids—sweets—pianoforte—do you know what I did? I added these items together—psychologically, I mean, of course. I also added what little knowledge of mankind I have acquired in this particular corner of the world.

SUNKIST Orange Juice is Wonderful

EXTRA-RICH in fruit sugars and healthful fruit acids, California Sunkist Orange Juice stands supreme as a beverage, as refreshment, as a builder of health. It should be on the family breakfast program to give young and old a flying start for the day's work. It is equally important to enjoy another energizing glass at 11 o'clock and a third about 3:30 or 4 p. m. Let the children have an Orange for the school lunch; another when they return home.

If you act on these suggestions regularly you will follow the greatest minds in Medical Science.

Equally luscious are the juice-filled Orange slices and segments so easily prepared for quickly-made salads and desserts. Send for a free copy of "Sunkist Recipes" which suggests many new ways to serve Oranges.

Oranges, like Lemons, while acid in taste, are alkaline in reaction and are among the most potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis (due to our faulty diet) known to Medical Science. Mail the coupon for "Telling Fortunes with Foods" which discusses Acidosis and presents normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets, approved by a famous diet specialist. It is sent free.

Look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and tissue wrapper of Oranges.

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE

Richest Juice *Finest Flavor*

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts *all* the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Obtainable with alabaster glass or metal bowl. Sold under guarantee. $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below—carriage prepaid. In Canada $19.95. (Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.)

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 310, Box 530, Station "C"
Los Angeles, California

© 1928 C.F.G.E

☐ Please mail me a *Free* copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. (Check if desired)

☐ Mail free copy of "Sunkist Recipes." (Check if desired)

☐ Enclosed find $14.95 (in Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor. (Specify glass or metal bowl.)

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

In using advertisements see page 6

★

A WAFFLE IRON TOO BEAUTIFUL TO BE DISPLAYED ONLY ON THE DINING-TABLE

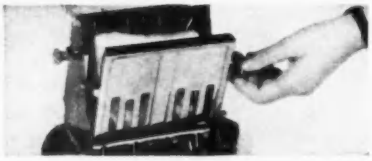
THE tendency more and more is to disguise things of utility—to hide them under shapes of astonishing beauty. Radiators are tucked into casements in a wall. Radios are put into tiny carved cabinets. . . . Now Manning-Bowman's perfect waffle iron is like a low silver serving-dish fastened securely to a tray.

Keep it on the sideboard when not in use. It is too beautiful a display piece to be stored away. Surprise people that waffles can come out of it when it is in use! For with all its beauty, its efficiency is not slighted. Rather emphasized. Its waffles are as crisp and perfect as waffles can ever be. And hot, because made at the table. And all the time only coolness touches the table. A pad, a makeshift tray are both now unnecessary. The heat, the drippings of batter, the crumbs of the waffles, are all taken care of by the big capable tray.

The surface of the Manning-Bowman waffle iron is nickel, or shining Aranium (Manning-Bowman's gleaming metal that will not tarnish). Mounts and drop handle are of genuine catalin, of jade, agate, or onyx. Nickel waffle iron, $15. Aranium, $20.

If either style is not in an electric shop, or a house-furnishing or department store near you, we will ship the iron to your address on receipt of check or money order for the amount. Manning, Bowman & Company, Meriden, Conn.

Maryland Cream Waffles are light and crisp. Their easy recipe accompanies the Manning-Bowman Waffle Iron, 1621, $15.



Tip-and-Turn Toaster. The toast turns itself when the door is lowered. Genuine catalin base and handles, of agate, onyx, or jade, 1235, *nickel,* $8.50. *Aranium,* $10.50.

TABLE APPOINTMENTS BY MANNING-BOWMAN

Around the World

And call me Victorian—call me Addisonian, if you wish—but no matter how many times I made the addition, the answer almost invariably spelled 'B-r-i-d-e' to me."

"And to me," said Mr. Buhl, surprising Celia by the stern note in his manner.

"So then I had a jolly good idea," continued Mr. Horricks. "Actually Napoleonic, in fact, as I think you'll agree. 'This word "Photos" on the bill,' I argued to myself, 'may not necessarily mean Views of the City of Hong-Kong and Its Environments. If Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van Heusen were recently married in the East, as your advertisement indicates, there is just a ghostly chance that they had their photographs taken here, for at that time Beardsley had his gallery opposite the hotel—he who later went to London, you know, and made such a stir.' So back I went to my photographer who had succeeded to Beardsley's business. And sure enough—tally-ho and tantivvy!—first in the order book—then in the deposit book—and finally in the print index—!"

FOR the last time he reached into his flat package and drew out an old print which had been freshly mounted in a folded piece of deckle-edged cardboard, according to the modern custom. Celia looked at it. A young man was seated. A young woman was leaning over the back of his chair, and—this probably a conceit of the great Beardsley—she had evidently just shown him something which she had read in a book. He, too, had read it and was now looking up at her with a reassuring smile—a smile which she was answering with a half-questioning, half-tremulous glance which suddenly brought the tears to Celia's eyes, so that she could see no more.

"I thought you'd prize it," nodded Mr. Horricks gently; and to Mr. Buhl he added in a more thoughtful voice:

"I assure you, though, it didn't come for nothing. In fact, in order to abstract this print from the index, I was obliged to stoop—not only to conquer, ha-ha!—but to downright bribery."

"Whatever it cost you—" began Mr. Buhl.

"Ah—that—!" said the other with a careless wave of his hand. "Between gentlemen, you know— And now for one last piece of information. The final item on the bill, you will notice, is 'Porterage.' This is the usual hotel charge for coolies to carry departing baggage to the waiting steamer. The date of this porterage charge is January 17th, and from the fact that the Van Heusens were billed for breakfast on that morning, but not for lunch, we may reasonably deduce that they left for their steamer in the morning. The next step, as you will see, was inevitable. Returning to the back files of my esteemed journal, I learned that the passage steamship *Irrawaddy* sailed on noon of January 17th—bound south for the Straits and Calcutta."

He sat back then—whimsically smiling at Mr. Buhl—like a chess-player who, sure of his move, is equally sure of the move of the player across the board.

"Would you like to see the ship?" asked Mr. Buhl.

"I should be delighted," said Mr. Horricks.

"We'll be back in a few minutes," said Mr. Buhl to Celia, who was still dreaming over the photograph.

When they returned, Mr. Horricks seemed very well satisfied with the ship.

"I am only sorry," he said, leaning over to speak to Celia, "that I failed to find the one vital piece of information for which the reward was offered. I express myself, perhaps, clumsily—but please do not misunderstand me. *Noblesse oblige,* you know. I am not thinking of the reward, but of something deeper than that."

Celia was looking up at him, her gentle glance full of gratitude—looking up into Mr. Horricks' eyes, unmistakably oblique in their ivory setting, though this may still have been

partly due to the shadows of the lighting fixture above.

"I think you understand," he said in a lower tone.

And then, in a brisk voice to Mr. Buhl: "I must be toddling now. Paper goes to press on time, you know, whether one likes it or not; and I've a jolly lot of work to catch up."

They walked with him to the head of the gangplank, and there he made his adieux, his hat negligently held under his left arm, his cane dangling from his wrist.

"It's been awfully refreshing to meet you charming people," he said. "May the best of luck go with you. Goodby, Mr. Buhl . . . Goodby, Miss Van Heusen . . . Remember me to London when you get there . . ."

Halfway down the gangplank he suddenly turned as though he had nearly forgotten this; and waving his hat, he blithely added,

"Ta-ta! . . . Toodle-oo!"

CHAPTER XLIII

ONCE more the *Empress of the East* was plowing her watery furrow over the restless fields of ocean—that furrow which was to extend around the world before her work was done. And once more Celia was sitting on the front of B deck after dinner—alone with her thoughts and the stars.

Since Mr. Horricks had found her leaning over the rail and watching the canary merchants of Hong-Kong, the *Empress* had traveled far.

Manila, for instance, now lay behind her—a blank, so far as the search was concerned, but an expected blank, and so not a source of disappointment.

Celia was glad that she had seen its beautiful bay, to say nothing of one of its embroidered linen dresses—white on the palest of green—which she had been able to buy for less than the linen alone would have cost her in New York.

"And I'm glad that Perry took me for a drive before we went back to the ship in the evening," she thought, sitting now on the front of B deck and recalling the events of the past week. "Shall I ever forget that moon over the harbor?"

But down in her heart she knew that neither beautiful bay, nor embroidered dress, nor golden moon had touched her so deeply as the moment when the *Empress* had started moving away from Manila dock to find the open sea.

"Ten days—only ten days to Penang!" she had whispered to herself. "It won't be long now!"

Java, too, now lay behind, after a crossing of the equator made memorable by a visit from King Neptune and his court—Java with its Dutch canals, its batik sarongs, and its tropical gardens and rain-storms. In Buitenzorg, Celia had seen her first rubber tree, had eaten her first mangosteen, had plucked her first orchid—with many a tender thought of the flowers which her father had bought at Hong-Kong.

But here again the departure had thrilled her more than the stay—for which, perhaps, you won't altogether blame her.

"Four days! Only four days!" she had breathed, as Java melted away in the mists of evening. "Less than a hundred hours will come and go—and then—!"

They had left Java on Thursday. And now, the next evening, she was sitting on the front of B deck—straining her eyes for the first lights that would lead to Singapore—Singapore of the Straits Settlements, and the last port before Penang.

Above her gleamed and glistened the southern stars—constellations of jewels which she had never seen before and might never see again: Cetus the Whale lumbering after the Fish. The Centaur racing with the Wolf. The Ship of Heaven sailing on in stately splendor. She felt her heart beat faster, but knew that it wasn't only the starlight which caused it.

Mr. Buhl, who had been walking up and down the deck with Mr. Albans, now drew a chair to her side and seated himself on the footrest. Behind him the orchestra was gathering for the nightly deck dance.

"Feel excited?" he whispered.

Celia nodded. "And I'm not the only one," she murmured.

Mr. Buhl knew what she meant. Since leaving Java, Senator Lestig and Major Helme had both shown signs of increasing tension—the Senator by a nervous activity which wouldn't let him keep still, the Major by a new shortness of temper toward the passengers in general and the stewards in particular. Even Mr. Gordon was not immune from the current mood. That evening, at dinner, Celia had caught him watching her—a glance which she would rather not have seen.

"I think you ought to put that photograph and other papers in the purser's safe," whispered Mr. Buhl anxiously.

Celia shook her head. "They're safe enough," she breathed, glancing down at the pocketbook in her lap. "No one knows I have them. It—it's the nearest we've ever been together, you know—and I don't like to be separated so soon."

The dancing had started, and Mr. Templeton, the wireless chief, now interrupted them.

"May I—what?" he bowed, smiling to Celia.

She handed her shawl and pocketbook to Mr. Buhl; and they danced away together along the deck. Mr. Templeton, she thought, was quieter than usual, and when they reached the end of the deck he hesitated in his rhythm long enough to lose his step.

"Clumsy, that," he said, "but perhaps my legs have more sense than I have. I want to speak to you, and what I have to say doesn't exactly fit to a fox-trot, what?"

THE deck above was deserted, and from its rail they could look back at the distant phosphorescence of the ship's wake.

"It may not be exactly cricket to tell you this," he began. "In fact, before I do, I must swear you to confidence and all that. At the same time, I don't want you to think that I'm just a common blob. It's not cricket to tell, but it's poorer cricket not to tell. A problem of conduct, you see? But first you must give me your promise—oh, most seriously!—that what I'm about to tell you is strictly between ourselves."

Celia was moved by the unconscious sincerity of his manner—perhaps more than she knew. "All right," she breathed almost beneath her breath. "I promise."

"Senator Lestig dropped up to see me after dinner," he abruptly began. "I don't know what sort of bounder he thinks I am, but he told me that he had made a bet of two thousand dollars that the Van Heusen advertisement wouldn't appear in the Penang newspapers. 'And if it doesn't,' he said, 'I'll split my winnings with you—a thousand each.' A lovely implication there, what? Now please remember you've promised to keep this under your hat. You'll not forget?"

Later Celia talked to Mr. Buhl again.

"Have you sent the advertisement to the Penang newspaper yet?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I mailed it from Hong-Kong. The mail-boat doesn't go down to Java, so it's a week ahead of us. Why?"

But she wouldn't tell him why.

"Do you know," she said, "I'm more than ever convinced that Penang is the right place?"

"Why?" he asked.

But again she wouldn't tell him why.

"The only thing I'm afraid of," he thoughtfully added, "is that they'll play some trick to keep us from landing."

"We must guard against that," said Celia with a gesture which was probably pure Van Heusen.

Mr. Buhl was silent. Among the long list

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S.A.

THE MODERN WAY TO CLEAN AND PROTECT MOTOR CAR FINISHES

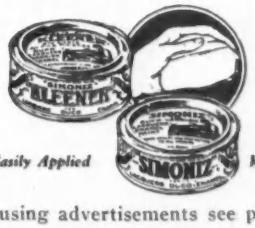
Keeps Cars Looking New *and* Beautiful for Years

THE SOONER YOU SIMONIZ your car, the better. Wise motorists everywhere, and there are hundreds of thousands of them, Simoniz their cars. They know from experience that it is worth while, for Simoniz makes the finish last longer, and keeps the colors from fading . . . so that even after years of driving a Simonized car still looks new and beautiful.

Anyone can easily Simoniz a car. Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans and quickly restores the lustre to the finish. Then Simoniz provides that hard dust proof protection that keeps the finish always looking bright and new.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—they save time and money.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.



Easily Applied *With a Cloth*

In using advertisements see page 6

Look

. . . and look again. NOW THERE'S NO NEED TO PASS THIS BEAUTIFUL SILVER BY . . .

STERLING is no longer a "lump sum" purchase. It may be purchased as easily, as sensibly as one's car . . . one's radio . . . one's new electric servant. Purchased out of income.

Ask your jeweler about the Sterling Silversmith's Guild Purchase Plan and he will be glad to tell you . . . how you can buy, at the start, enough International Sterling to set your table adequately, without disturbing your carefully calculated budget plan . . . a whit!

So . . . look, and look again! Let your eyes dwell lovingly on the beautiful International Sterling pictured here. Let your own personality express itself in pattern.

Then . . . learn . . . in Elsie de Wolfe's own booklet . . . just what selection of pieces will best suit your menus, your scale of entertaining.

INTERNATIONAL

pine tree

beautifully simple . . . symbolic of the stalwart worth of the pine. And on the reverse side . . . the Pine Tree image which appeared on America's first silver coin . . . the Pine Tree Shilling . . . and stamped it genuine . . . solid silver.

minuet

just to look upon its simple, fine lines, its smooth-flowing curves, its exquisite scroll pediment is to remember that America can boast, in its Colonial period, a perfect flowering of the arts.

wedgwood

delicate as a bit of lace . . . or the Wedgwood pottery which gave it its name. Here is silver for a gentlewoman whose tastes run to tea roses and Chopin and Fragonard. Against fine linens . . . silver which "belongs."

trianon

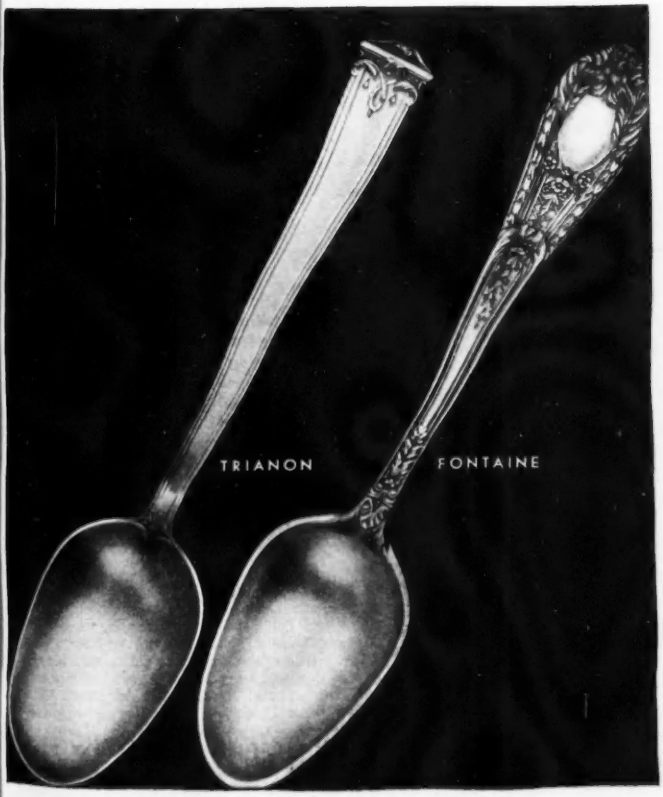
a pattern which, like many a charming lady, is of two minds. For in it, surely, one traces the Greek. And yet there is . . . just as unmistakably . . . the French. As in the Grand Trianon at Versailles . . . here is a perfect blending of the two.

fontaine

magnificent in its superb detail! French . . . in the finest manner of France. Reminiscent of the rich court of the Louis' . . . yet at home in any setting of good taste.

STERLING

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
FINE ARTS DIVISION
MERIDEN, CONN.



Send for booklet . . . today

"Correct Table Silver . . . Its Choice and Use" is the title of the most helpful booklet on silver in all the world. Elsie de Wolfe supervised its every page. And in it . . . eight different sterling selections are suggested . . . varying from a beginner's set for four, to an elaborate service for twelve. Table settings are discussed and beautifully illustrated. And a number of International Sterling patterns are shown, with lists of pieces and prices on each. Send 25c . . . a fraction of its actual worth to you.

G. H.—10-29

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn.

Enclosed is 25c (coin or stamps), for which please send at once my copy of "Correct Table Silver."

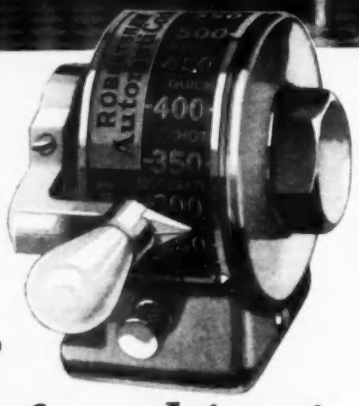
Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

In using advertisements see page 6



Welcome *meals without the drudgery of cooking!*

IN tens of thousands of modern kitchens the AutomatiCook—provided by Robertshaw for almost a hundred fine gas ranges—has taken away the laborious part of getting meals.

This White Handle oven control simplifies matters wonderfully. All you do is prepare the food, put it in the oven and light the gas. Then set the AutomatiCook and your part is done.

You can leave the kitchen entirely until that moment of triumph when you open the oven door on a juicy, tender, roast—a chicken that's done to a turn—or a fine savory batch of bread. Even whole meals are cooked this way.

No more trouble. No chance to go wrong. For the Robertshaw AutomatiCook works *automatically.*

Home economists and gas companies recommend this advanced device enthusiastically. But remember, you can't buy it alone. It is part of the range itself.

Ask your dealer to show you a range that provides the AutomatiCook for your convenience.

The AutomatiCook Book tells you how and what to cook—very complete—attractively illustrated. Send 25 cents for your copy.

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT COMPANY
Youngwood, Penna.

ROBERTSHAW ★
TRADE MARK
AutomatiCook

Around the World

of possibilities, Mr. Albans had suggested personal violence. Perhaps, if he appointed a bodyguard to look after Celia—that young giant of a Bud La Roche, for instance—and Perry Marchand . . .

Later Mr. Albans came and sat with them, though keeping a wary eye open for Miss Dorcaster.

"A beautiful evening," he said, shrewdly smiling.

"Yes," said Mr. Buhl, still full of his subject. "Do you know, I've just been wondering . . . Have any of your cruise ships ever been prevented from landing at scheduled ports?"

"Yes," said Mr. Albans, considering. "Twice."

"How was that?"

"The first time was my fault," said old A. B., still considering. "I was younger then than I am now, and hadn't yet learned that a certain amount of sweetening is necessary in some of these Eastern ports. So, paying nothing I received nothing. One of the crew was suspected of cholera—and we didn't land."

Mr. Buhl was eagerly leaning forward in his steamer chair. "And the second time?" he asked.

"Oh, I couldn't help the second time. There was an epidemic on shore; and if we had landed there, we couldn't have gone ashore anywhere else for twenty-one days. And speaking of epidemics," he added, hurriedly rising, "I will see you all later."

He had hardly vanished when Miss Dorcaster appeared, pointing her long, intelligent feature at the neighboring chairs.

"Where's Mr. Albans?" she cried. "I'm sure I saw him from the other side of the deck!"

After she had gone, Celia and Mr. Buhl sat in silence for nearly a minute.

"I wonder if there's any sickness in Penang," mused Celia at last.

Mr. Buhl significantly nodded. "That's one way, at least, by which they can keep us from landing when we get there," said he.

CHAPTER XLIV

WHEN Celia left her stateroom the next morning, she found both Bud and Perry waiting for her in the foyer.

"We're your bodyguard," beamed Bud, rising and saluting.

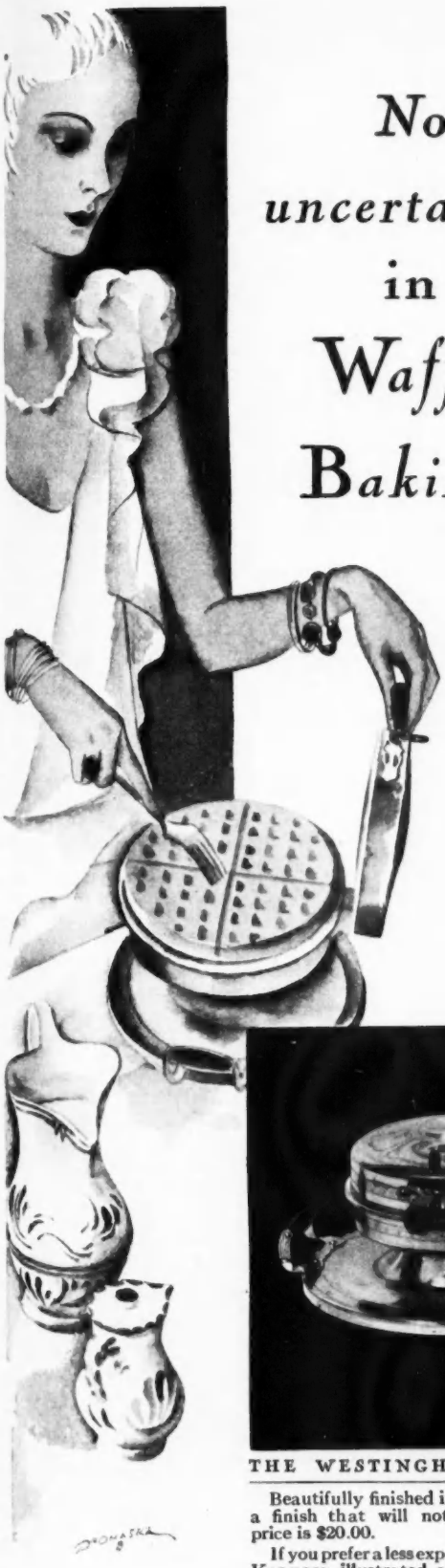
"Strict orders from General Buhl," said Perry, saluting too. "He got us up before we docked this morning. You haven't been up on deck yet, have you?"

"Not yet," said Celia. "Let's go."

So they all marched up the stairs together, Celia in the middle, and had a good time saluting again when they reached the doorway which led to the open deck. Mr. Buhl was standing at the rail near the head of the gangplank, as though intent on nothing more serious than the picturesque peddlers' market on the dock below.

"Good morning," he said in a cheery voice. "I'm trying to make up my mind whether I want to buy a monkey. The crew's crazy over them." And in a lower voice: "Lestig and Gordon were the first to go ashore, and Miss Dorcaster wasn't far behind, so I asked her to watch them, if she could. Major Helme's down on the dock. He's probably waiting for the other two to come back, and incidentally he's keeping an eye on me."

Celia glanced down at the dock where the native peddlers had spread their wares. In addition to the monkeys so yearned for by the crew were silks, shawls, table-linen, rattan furniture, bells, Chinese parasols, long-haired rugs, coral, lace, malacca walking sticks, teakwood elephants with white tusks and toes, to say nothing of a crowd of cruisers slowly milling around and looking for bargains. Miss Works and Professor Schaffner were gravely inspecting a pagoda dinner bell; Fanny and Natalie were looking at a piece of native tapestry; and Betty, making no bones about it, was simply fascinated with the monkeys



No uncertainty in Waffle Baking!

. . this new waffle iron tells you when it's hot enough to start baking . . . and automatic control keeps it from ever getting too hot

Here is the electric waffle iron that lifts waffle baking from chance to certainty. After you plug it in, a heat indicator at the front of the iron tells you exactly when the iron is ready to start baking the first waffle. You can't make the mistake of putting batter in when the iron isn't hot enough . . . or wait too long and spoil a waffle by baking it with the iron *too* hot.

For, not only does this Westinghouse Automatic Waffle Iron indicate when it's at the right heat . . . it *stays* at that heat automatically, as long as you leave it plugged in. It is equipped with automatic heat control. The same Spencer thermostat that is used in Westinghouse Automatic Irons . . . the famous Built-in Watchman . . . turns the current on and off and maintains correct waffle baking heat continuously. You never need to test the iron . . . or to regulate it by pulling out the plug.

From the very first waffle to the last . . . whether you bake them quickly or slowly . . . you'll have perfect success with this latest improvement in electric waffle irons.

During October many Westinghouse dealers and many Electric Service Companies are featuring Westinghouse Waffle Irons. Ask to be shown these irons and see them in operation.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
Merchandising Department, Mansfield, Ohio

Westinghouse
ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCES

THE WESTINGHOUSE AUTOMATIC

Beautifully finished in lustrous Chrome Plate . . . a finish that will not tarnish or discolor. The price is $20.00.

If you prefer a less expensive iron, the Westinghouse Kenmore, illustrated at the right, at $14.50, gives you every waffle baking advantage except the automatic control. It has the new heat indicator and is also finished in Chrome.

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

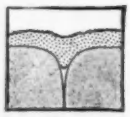
Westinghouse Electrification
Appliances Apparatus Wiring

In using advertisements see page 6

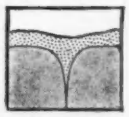
Quickly . . .
This Foam Penetrates

into every tiny tooth crevice and washes out decaying impurities— thus Colgate's cleans teeth better*

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the outer surface.

Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice.* There it softens and dislodges the impurities, which may hasten decay, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Thus Colgate's is a double cleansing dentifrice, not a cure-all. Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea, to permanently correct acid condition in the mouth—things *no* toothpaste can do. Colgate *does* claim to clean teeth better.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where ordinary brushing can't. *Really* clean teeth help to protect against premature decay.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1706, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City.
FREE

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Around the World

and was helping one of the crew, in a porthole above, to make a trade.

"Where's Major—?" began Celia.

She was interrupted by the long, deep blast of a ship's siren—so throbbingly near, so unexpected, that it made her jump.

"What are we blowing our whistle for?" she asked in a louder voice.

"It's not ours," said Mr. MacMurray, who was waiting for the second officer at the head of the gangplank. "It's the ship just ahead of us in the dock."

"Oh, I didn't see her," said Celia, craning forward to look.

"One of your American passenger ships," said Mr. MacMurray. "The *Mt. Washington* of the Mountain Line. She's a day ahead of us—sails at ten o'clock for Penang, Calcutta, Colombo—"

"Today?" asked Mr. Buhl, after staring a moment at Celia.

"Ah," said Mr. MacMurray. "That was her first warning whistle."

MR. BUHL glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes to ten. Again he stared at Celia and found her staring at him.

"What do you think?" he whispered, as Mr. MacMurray started down the gangplank with his friend, the second officer.

"I think we ought to do it," she eagerly whispered back. "Slip on board and let nobody know."

"Major Helme's watching," he reminded her. "As soon as he sees our suitcases—"

"But it's only for a day or two," she breathlessly reminded him. "I can easily put a few things together without taking a suitcase."

"What's all the mystery?" asked Perry, beginning to whisper, too. "Has a bodyguard no rights?"

"It's not a mystery," said Mr. Buhl, talking fast. "It's a beautiful checkmate. You know how Lestig and his friends have sworn that Celia sha'n't go ashore at the next port?"

"I was the one who overheard them," Perry quickly reminded him. "Even if they had to sink the ship, they said."

"Of course they won't do that," said Mr. Buhl, "but they might have her placed in quarantine by some kind of trick, in order that none of us could land. So don't you see?" he continued, talking fast. "If Celia and I were to slip on board this ship at the next berth— You heard Mr. MacMurray, didn't you? She sails in less than ten minutes, and she'll be in Penang tomorrow before the old *Empress* leaves her dock here!"

"Lovely!" muttered Perry.

"I'll run down to my room and get my passport and a few things that I'll need," said Celia, already on her way.

"But look here," said Perry to Mr. Buhl. "You ought to take me with you. You may need a lawyer before you're through."

"And couldn't I do something?" demanded Bud. "I'm in just as good condition as when I left the team."

"No; I need you both here," said Mr. Buhl hurriedly. "Come on down to my room, Perry. I want a few things, too. And you stay here, Bud, and take care of Celia if she comes up before I do. I sha'n't be more than a minute."

But in a minute many things can be told.

"This is the point," Mr. Buhl earnestly whispered to Perry as they started down to the former's room. "Nobody must suspect that Celia and I have left the ship. And that's the task I leave you—and a difficult task, too, you'll find—one that not only needs a lawyer, but a diplomat. Miss Works will be curious, the girls will be curious, and I don't have to tell you about Miss Dorcaster—if she ever misses Celia! She wouldn't be above arousing the whole ship and accusing Major Helme, if she weren't handled just right!"

"I know," said Perry, pressing his lips together.

"And Celia's stewardess—and the empty places at the table—and checking off the list

Science knows that ALL teeth are set in one of three curves . . . U V ⊔

Which is Yours?

U..? V..? ⊔..?

WHEN a dentist's professional eye peeps inside your mouth he can tell in a jiffy whether your teeth are set in a curve like a U . . . or in a V . . . or in a Square shape.

More—he will tell you that only a brush built for *your* particular type of dental curve can possibly do a complete job of cleaning your teeth.

That's why *Pro-phy-lac-tic now offers three new brushes . . . scientifically designed to fit the three types of dental curve . . . U . . . V . . . Square.

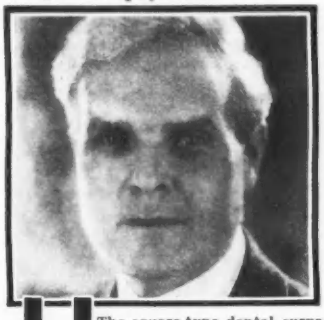
Look in your mirror. If you have a round face, you're a U type; your teeth need the famous Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. The slender-faced folks belong to the V type; they need the Pro-phy-lac-tic Oval. Squarish jaws can best be cleaned with the lively new Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso.

Pick your type. Pick YOUR Pro-phy-lac-tic today! It will do the most thrilling job of cleaning ever done inside your mouth!

*"Guarding or preserving against disease"
WEBSTER'S NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY

U U-type dental curves can best be cleaned with the **Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.**

V Here's a perfect V-type dental curve—she needs the **Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.**



⊔ The square-type dental curve needs the **Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic.**

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

50¢ Tooth Brushes 50¢

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASS.

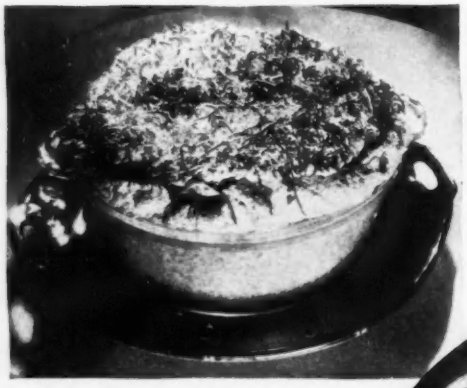
In using advertisements see page 6

Unexpected guests . . . ?

Dessert not yet prepared? These enchanting dishes are the perfect response!

Enchanting to the eye—enchanting to the taste—and so very wholesome for children and elders alike! Minute Tapioca unites with all types of dessert ingredients—so smoothly, so deliciously, that it has become the good fairy of the pantry shelf.

No matter how little time one has for preparing a meal, there is always the opportunity to end it with a wonderful flourish. One time it may be a fresh or preserved-fruit surprise, vivid with Nature's own colors. Another time, a sparkling delight with a rich chocolate, coconut, maple or ginger flavor. Better still, these gay-toned, subtly flavored "hurry-up" desserts, quick to yield their body-building nourishment, are so easily digested. And since Minute Tapioca comes partially cooked in small granules—no soaking is needed; it's ready for use with only brief cooking.



Maple Meringue Minute Tapioca

MAPLE MERINGUE
MINUTE TAPIOCA

⅓ cup Minute Tapioca; ½ teaspoon salt; 2½ cups milk, scalded; ½ cup Log Cabin Syrup; 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten; 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten; ⅓ cup sugar; ⅓ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style. Add Minute Tapioca and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add syrup and egg yolks. Turn into greased baking dish. Cover with meringue, made by beating egg whites until stiff, adding sugar, and beating until mixture stiffens again. Sprinkle with coconut and bake in moderate oven (325°F.) 15 minutes, or until coconut is delicately browned. Serve cold. Serves 6. *All measurements are level.*

PEACH TAPIOCA
À LA CRÈME

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1⅓ cups boiling water; ½ cup sugar; 2 cups peaches, thinly sliced and sweetened; few drops almond extract; ½ cup cream, whipped.

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar, peaches, and almond extract. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Chill. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Just before serving, garnish with additional whipped cream and peaches. Serves 6.

These recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Peach Tapioca à la Crème

MINUTE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
TAPIOCA

The Dessert and "Precision Ingredient"

©1929, G. F. Corp. ★

New $20,000 Cook Book, Revealing Minute Tapioca as "Precision Ingredient," is FREE! It contains, besides a host of individual dessert delights, over 50 recipes for dishes that employ Minute Tapioca as a "precision ingredient." In this new rôle, Minute Tapioca assures accurate results in worrisome dishes, where, without it, the just-right texture, the perfect appearance and true flavor were never assured! This invaluable book is FREE. *Send for it immediately.*

FREE! *Mail This Coupon Now!* Print Name and Address—Fill in Completely.

MINUTE TAPIOCA CO., Inc., 410 Filmore St., Orange, Mass.
Please send me FREE copy of Minute Tapioca Cook Book.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

In Canada: Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

Around the World

of passengers before the *Empress* leaves Singapore tomorrow—"

"I know," said Perry, his hair never so curly, his chin never so keen. "You leave those things to me. I'll handle them!"

By that time Mr. Buhl had found his passport, his letter of introduction to the editor of the *Penang Sing Po*, and a few other articles which he could dispose among his various pockets without looking suspiciously lumpy; and hurrying back to the gangplank, they found Celia already waiting, her cheeks touched with that unmistakable color which comes only from within—her eyes starry with excitement.

"Five minutes," muttered Mr. Buhl, glancing at his watch. "Plenty of time. Now, when we go down the gangplank, remember to saunter. Major Helme is still keeping his eye on us."

So they sauntered down the gangplank, and among the peddlers' displays—Celia stopping once to pick up a teakwood elephant, only to put it quickly down again when she heard the price—as naturally as you please. But all the time, as you may guess, they kept working a little nearer—and a little nearer—to the gangplank of the *Mt. Washington*, which was now blowing her second warning whistle at the next berth.

The *Mt. Washington* had two gangplanks side by side—one for passengers and the other for service. The service plank was the nearer one to the *Empress*, and a gang of coolies was carrying a last-minute shipment of rattan furniture aboard.

"If Major Helme weren't keeping his eye on us so closely," complained Mr. Buhl under his breath, "we could slip up the other gangplank behind that furniture, and no one would be any the wiser. If some one would only distract his attention for a minute!"

"I will," said Bud, and before they could stop him, he had started back toward the *Empress* as though intent upon a hurried errand.

Just before reaching the Major, however, he turned around to call out a message to his friends.

"Hold the car till I get back!" he shouted. "I sha'n't be more than ten minutes!"

Now, if Bud had stood still while shouting this, he wouldn't have collided with any one, but instead of standing still, he kept moving, nearly running, backward—with the result that he suddenly crashed into Major Helme. This, of course, was sufficiently disturbing to the Major, but you can guess how he felt when Bud spun around and said in a rasping voice:

"Do you think you own this dock? Why don't you move when you see a man coming in a hurry?"

"What? What?" gasped the Major, grasping his stick more tightly. "You—puppy! You—overgrown puppy! I'll teach you to speak to me like that!"

"Now!" whispered Perry to the other two. "Goodby—and good luck!"

Almost before he had finished speaking, Celia and Mr. Buhl had slipped behind a moving rattan davenport and were on their way up the gangplank. They were the last passengers to board. Indeed, while Mr. Buhl was still inquiring the way to the purser's office, they heard the gangplanks creaking away from the ship; and when they reached the deck ten minutes later, the *Empress* already looked like a toy ship tied to the distant dock.

CHAPTER XLV

FORTUNATELY the *Mt. Washington* was not crowded, and Celia and Mr. Buhl had no trouble in securing accommodations to Penang. Mr. Buhl wished to pay for both tickets, but Celia wouldn't listen to that.

"I owe you enough already for your wireless messages—and newspaper advertisements—and everything," she told him.

Around the World

"But all those things are on a strictly business basis," he protested. "We both feel certain that you're going to be successful; and when you are, you'll simply pay me back."

"You're sure you are keeping everything on a business basis?" she interrupted him.

"Of course, I am!"

"And you've kept account of all your expenses?"

"Everything!" said Mr. Buhl, speaking this time, you will notice, with somewhat less emphasis.

"Then I wish you'd let me have a statement to date, please," she said. "I'd feel an awful lot easier if I knew where I stood."

"My memorandum book is on the *Empress*," said Mr. Buhl after a moment's thought. "But as soon as we get back, I'll make up a statement."

Celia didn't press the point—didn't even notice the ambiguity of his last phrase. After paying her passage from Singapore to Penang, she had less than eight dollars in her pocketbook; and Mr. Buhl, she suspected, must have spent at least a hundred dollars in wireless messages alone.

"As soon as we get ashore, I'll cable Judge Stuyvesant for some money," she thought. "I hate to do it, but I'd rather owe it to him than to Mr. Buhl. If—if things don't go right, I might be able to work in the Judge's office and pay him off that way—so much a week. But to owe it to Mr. Buhl—in a big, lump sum!"

SHE didn't sleep well that night. At times she had a feeling of certainty that her search was to be crowned with victory almost as soon as they reached shore on the morrow—a state of mind which didn't exactly lead to slumber. But other times she felt such a heavy-hearted premonition of coming disaster that she could scarcely breathe.

Yet if you had seen her the next afternoon, when she stepped ashore at Penang, you would never have dreamed that she had turned her head on her pillow so many times the night before.

She was wearing a white linen suit—and a white sun helmet—a charming affair banded with a long length of blue chiffon, which was tied in a knot behind so that the ends floated loosely in the breeze and gave some slight suggestion of fleecy clouds and waterfalls and wings. And because they weren't far from the Equator, and the breeze might fade away at any moment, she was carrying a Chinese paper parasol on which a rose-red dragon was proudly rippling over a deep green field. And as she walked along beneath this parasol—a quiet young vision of stately loveliness—she might have reminded you of Flora (with those dragonical tints of roses and rose-leaves dappling her face)—or of a young Hebe—or a mirage even—anything but a girl with less than eight dollars in the world, calmly strolling in a strange port somewhere in Asia.

"First, we'll go to the newspaper office," said Mr. Buhl, "and see how many answers are waiting."

The clerk at the office gave them two letters and a verbal message. "Mr. Newby, the editor, would like very much to see you, sir. One flight up, please, and through the door marked 'No Admittance.'"

At the foot of the stairs they paused; and Celia, her own heart pumping, noticed that Mr. Buhl's hand was shaking a little, too.

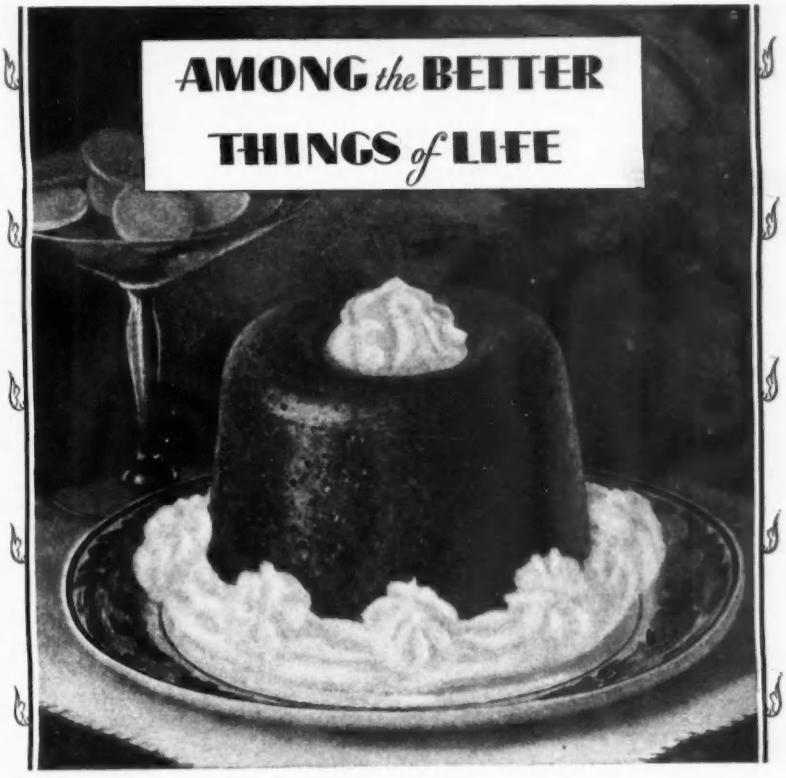
"Shall we look before we go up?" he whispered.

"Please!"

The first letter was disappointing. The writer had been waitress for Mr. and Mrs. Van Heusen and believed they were married in Hong-Kong. Could get further information at considerable expense, but would need at least £50 "for travel expenses, etc."

"Not so good," muttered Mr. Buhl, his hand grown steadier.

The second letter was even less satisfactory. H. Pálau, evidently a native, had brother-in-



REAL PLEASURE . . . REAL HOSPITALITY . . . . REAL GELATINE

The *real* things are the better things of life! Having *real* friends. Showing them *real* hospitality. Serving good things to eat. *Delighting them with a dessert or a salad made with real gelatine.*

Have you learned how good Knox, the real gelatine *is*—do you know how many different desserts, salads, meat or fish loaves, aspics, sherbets, pies and other dainties you can make with it? Knox Gelatine is *all* gelatine—no ready-made mixture of coloring and flavoring. You combine it with *real* fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, and other foods. You make dishes whose appearance and taste are *different*—*natural*, and they have *real* food value! And all are easily and quickly made.

Just try a package of Knox Gelatine.★ (There is enough gelatine in one package to make four different desserts or salads, six generous servings of each.) And—if you want a real surprise for your kitchen library—mail the coupon—today!

CHOCOLATE SPONGE
(*6 Servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 teaspoonful vanilla
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water
1½ squares of chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls cocoa
Few grains of salt
½ cup sugar
3 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

NOTE. Chopped nuts or macaroons may be added and, for a more elaborate dessert, line mold with stale lady fingers or sponge cake

TOMATO JELLY
(*8 Servings*)

2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
3½ cups canned tomatoes
2 tablespoonfuls onion juice
2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar or 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
½ bay leaf
Few grains salt
Stalk celery
Few grains cayenne

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into wet molds, and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing; or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. Dressing may be forced through a pastry bag and tube

KNOX *is the real* **GELATINE**

A NEW SURPRISE FOR YOUR KITCHEN LIBRARY

Please send me a copy of your new recipe book. (Write your name and address in the margin giving grocer's name and mail to Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 140 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.)

In using advertisements see page 6

"WHILE PREPARING DINNER I splashed hot fat all over my right hand," a woman writes. "My whole hand was a mass of burns. My husband applied Unguentine liberally, at once. Today my hand is entirely well."

• • •

Even slight burns, neglected, can lead to deadliest infections. Be prepared. Unguentine is the standard antiseptic dressing for burns and cuts in 8 out of 10 hospitals.

Its soothing oils stop pain • • its powerful antiseptics combat infection of burns

Treat burns as hospitals do, with an* antiseptic *dressing

"I was working in a candy factory," a man writes us, "when a vat of hot candy used for making candied apples was spilled over my hands and arms. I was treated with Unguentine—applied heavily. The terrible pain left me. Today, not even a scar remains."

• • •

Keep Unguentine in every danger zone—in kitchen, bathroom, office or shop, and in your automobile. It meets the *government* standard for antiseptic strength. More than ten million families now use it for all burns, cuts and bruises.

Another woman writes: "My little niece's face was terribly scalded when a chafing dish overturned. But thanks to Unguentine it didn't leave a scar."

• • •

An appalling number of children are terribly burned every year in homes just as safe as yours. Don't let *your* child pay a penalty of life-long disfigurement! Keep Unguentine on hand. Its soothing oils sink deep into the burned tissues. The pain stops. Rapid, normal healing starts at once. Almost always no ugly scar is left.

Unguentine comes in a generous sized tube. 50¢ at your druggist's. Send for free first aid booklet by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Unguentine Soap, bland and soothing, rapidly clears up the blemished complexion—particularly when burns, cuts or bruises have left the skin irritated or sensitive.

Norwich

Unguentine

Around the World

law who spoken no English but knew boy of Van Heusen Sahib and for cash to H. Palau would make discovery.

Celia's heart grew heavy.

"Of course, they weren't expecting us till tomorrow," said Mr. Buhl, "and anybody with *real* information would come and see us on the ship. So let's go up and see the editor. He may have something good to tell us."

Mr. Newby was a weazened, knowing little man—and at once reminded Celia of Mr. Bacheldor, a salty and gossipy old friend of her grandmother's.

"I told the boy downstairs that I wanted to see you when you came," he began, clearing two chairs. "I remember Robert Van Heusen well. Splendid fellow. You're a member of his family, I suppose?"

"Miss Van Heusen is his daughter," said Mr. Buhl, allowing the remark to stand for both information and introduction.

"Ah-ha!" exclaimed Mr. Newby, his eyes gleaming for a moment behind his spectacles. "He—ah—had but one?"

"Yes," said Mr. Buhl.

"Then this young lady and I have met before! Oh, it must be over twenty years ago. You were only a few months old then, so you don't remember. But an old bachelor doesn't forget so easily, you know. Ha-ha!"

"The Van Heusens lived here, I understand," said Mr. Buhl.

"I would hardly say they lived here. 'Visited' would be a better word. They stayed at my hotel, and that's how I happened to know them. Yes," he added, looking at Celia again, "now I think of it, you look a lot like your father. The same expression—the same *je ne sais quoi* as our French cousins so conveniently phrase it."

Moved by his memory of her father, Celia drew from her pocketbook the photograph taken at Hong-Kong.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Newby, leaning back in his chair. "There they are. A lovely couple. And they thought the world of each other. Perhaps that's one reason why he went downhill so fast after he lost her. A tragedy like that, you know—so unnecessary—so uncalled for—surely it was enough to shake any man."

Mr. Buhl looked at Celia, who in turn was intently watching Mr. Newby.

"A tragedy, Mr. Newby?" she finally said in a low voice.

"You mean to say you never heard of it?" he asked.

"No. Will you—please tell us?"

"You were a baby about three months old at the time—not very strong—not very well. There was a fire at the hotel. Every one was warned in time, so we all got out. A few days before, your father had made a special trip to Singapore to get you some kind of formula food—and before they could stop her, your mother said something about this and ran back into the hotel to get it."

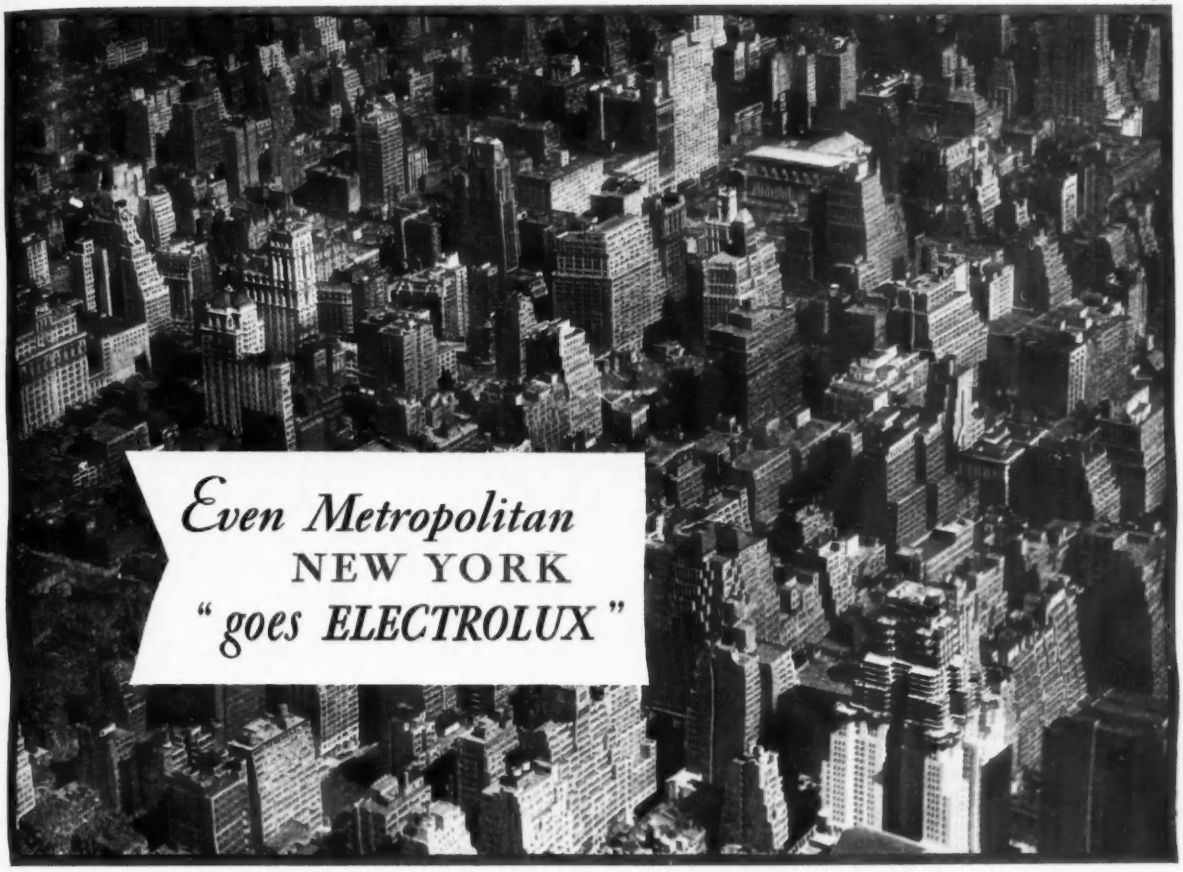
HE STOPPED there—stopped with a wincing gesture of his hand—and partly to hide her emotion, Celia looked down at the photograph, which she was still holding open. Yes; there he sat, the book in his hand, looking up at the girl by his side with a reassuring smile. And there she stood, looking back at him with the half-questioning, half-tremulous glance which more than ever now would never fail to move Celia whenever she looked at it long enough . . .

"Cutting it rather fine, aren't you—so far as the concession is concerned?" asked Mr. Newby, turning to Mr. Buhl and obviously changing the subject. "I began to think you were going to let it lapse."

Mr. Buhl—relieved, perhaps, at the opportunity offered him—suddenly became all business, the seasoned old efficiency doctor talking to the chairman of the board.

"Which particular concession do you mean?" he asked, as if he had several in mind.

"The one from the old King of Siam—the oil concession."



NEW YORK, that blasé city noted for its cold, sceptical reception of new products, has literally "gone Electrolux."

Two hundred and thirty-five of the finest new apartment buildings erected there within the past nine months have been completely equipped with the Gas Refrigerator—17,077 of them, to be exact.

This strong swing to Electrolux in new apartment houses is especially significant. For every single one of these 17,077 refrigerators was bought by an expert on refrigeration—some man like an architect, engineer or builder whose choice is based on cold facts alone.

Some man like Victor C. Farrar, of Farrar & Watmough, for instance, architects for the well-known Henry Mandel Companies, that are responsible for many of New York's noted structures and apartment hotels.

Mr. Farrar says this about Electrolux:

"Our experience of over 20 years as architects has brought us into close contact with automatic refrigeration from the earliest developments of this fast-growing industry. We feel we speak with authority when we say that Electrolux, a comparative newcomer in the field, is the most interesting and remarkable development of all. The substitution of a silent little gas flame for all other operating mechanism is a great achievement. From the building owner's standpoint it means greater length of life and freedom from service. From the woman's standpoint it means simplified, dependable, trouble-free operation, at a lower cost than ever before."

ELECTROLUX
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR
★
MADE BY SERVEL

Or, among the important builders, take the opinion of J. Irving Walsh. His firm, J. Irving Walsh, Inc., develops better-class apartment properties in the fashionable Washington Square and lower Fifth Avenue section of New York.

He has this to say:

"Every successful builder in the apartment house field tries to use equipment that will best provide for the comfort and happiness of tenants, and at the same time keep down future maintenance costs. Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator, meets this qualification. I have had a long experience with automatic refrigeration, but I like Electrolux and use it because I find it is absolutely noiseless, and in the kitchen you can not only depend upon it to operate perfectly, but at far lower cost than any other system."

At the nearest display room of your gas company or other Electrolux dealer you will find a wide range of models and sizes, in white and color, ranging in price from $210 to $510, f.o.b. factory. Or write today for illustrated literature giving complete details. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

LEFT—*the Kitchenette Model Electrolux, a roomy refrigerator for average size families, $225 f. o. b. factory. Four cubic feet of food space; makes 36 large ice cubes.*

In using advertisements see page 6

A Simple way to make Soups More Delicious

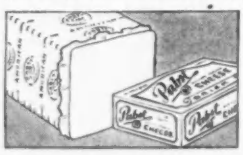
Pabst-ett
A PLEASING COMBINATION OF CHEESE MILK PROTEIN MILK SUGAR MILK MINERALS
Pabst-ett
Pabst-ett Soup, included in new recipe book by Alice Bradley

Just add a slice of Pabst-ett to each steaming bowl. Rich and creamy as it melts and spreads on the surface, Pabst-ett makes the soup much more enticing. Blending readily it imparts a wonderfully delicious flavor.

Some prefer a subtle touch of Pabst-ett in soups; others enjoy the flavor highly pronounced. To satisfy every taste, put a package of Pabst-ett on the table and let them help themselves. Serve Pabst-ett with your favorite soup and see how thoroughly everyone enjoys it.

Pabst-ett brings variety and originality to your table — in appetizing soups, salads, principal dishes, and desserts. Smooth and creamy, it makes a delectable spread for bread or crackers, biscuits or muffins. Try this new dairy food. There's refreshing individuality in its delicious aged-in flavor.

Pabst-ett is served daily in millions of homes. It is also being used and demonstrated in public utility kitchens throughout the country. Start using Pabst-ett with the aid of Alice Bradley's delightful book "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes." A practical book with half a hundred new recipes to intrigue the appetite.

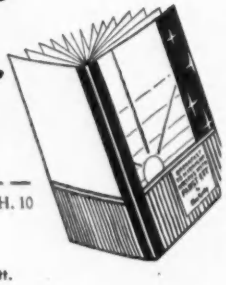


Pabst-ett comes in the regular family package and in individual triangular portions. Specially packed in 5-pound containers for large users. Pabst Cheese, deliciously aged and easily digested, is made in these varieties: Brick, American, Pimento and Swiss, packed in quarter, half pound and two-ounce packages and in five pound loaves; Limburger in quarter pounds only; American, Swiss and Pimento in individual portions.

Sent with a trial package of Pabst-ett for 10 cents. Mail the coupon.

★ Pabst-ett

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



PABST CORPORATION, G. H. 10
Educational Dept., Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed is 10 cents for your color-illustrated booklet, "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes" and a trial package of Pabst-ett.

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

Around the World

"Ah, yes," Mr. Buhl almost purred. "But if I know anything about oil concessions, this one hasn't lost its value with the passing years."

"Lost its value?" echoed the other. "My dear chap! Properly developed, I'd rather own the Malay Oil Fields than the whole Indian Empire. You know the history of this concession, of course?"

"Probably not so well," said Mr. Buhl truthfully, "as you could tell me."

"The old King was in a bad way for money to pay his army—to say nothing of a few millinery bills," began Mr. Newby, looking more than ever like Mr. Bacheldor. "Young Van Heusen was here at the time, very keen to do something on a large commercial scale. So I said to him one day: 'Look here. You have plenty of money, and I can tell you confidentially that oil has been discovered in Siam. Go up there and see the King, and make him an offer for the oil monopoly.' And off he went. Some say he paid a million dollars; others, a million and a half. But every one agrees that both figuratively and literally he saved the Old Boy's life."

"You say the concession has nearly expired?" demanded Mr. Buhl, looking as though he were ready to hurry right out and have it extended.

"Yes; there were two conditions. A percentage of profits to the royal treasury, and the arrangement to expire in so many years if no work was done upon it. This, I believe, is the last year."

Mr. Buhl wondered if he were beginning to see the vague outlines of Major Helme and Senator Lestig in the picture—to say nothing of the commanding figure of Mr. Gordon.

"And no work has been done, you say?" he asked.

"Not a stroke," said Mr. Newby briskly. "Mind, you have till the end of this year; but as I said before, you're cutting your edges rather close."

"Er—have you heard of any one else who is ready to step in and carry on the work?" asked Mr. Buhl.

"A group of your countrymen, so the story goes," replied Mr. Newby. "Californians, they tell me. I remember meeting one of them once—a Major Helme—one of these chaps who singes his own moustache with the fire he breathes. Of course, I know that some of our johnnies are awfully hard to get along with, but I can assure you that I wouldn't relish your Major Helme with my meals!"

Mr. Buhl's response to this was somewhat oblique. "How much, in your opinion, is this oil monopoly worth?" he asked.

"If it were mine," replied the other reflectively, "I wouldn't sell for any price." And, turning to Celia, he added: "I congratulate you, Miss Van Heusen. In more than one direction, I see now, your father did better than he knew."

WHICH suddenly reminded Mr. Buhl of something else. "He was married here, I suppose?" he asked. "I can get a copy of the record somewhere?"

Mr. Newby shook his head. "I've been spending the last few days," he said, "trying to think up a way to claim your thousand-dollar reward. But Bob Van Heusen was never married here."

"You are sure?" demanded Mr. Buhl.

"Oh, quite. I remember their coming."

"But surely some one knows—"

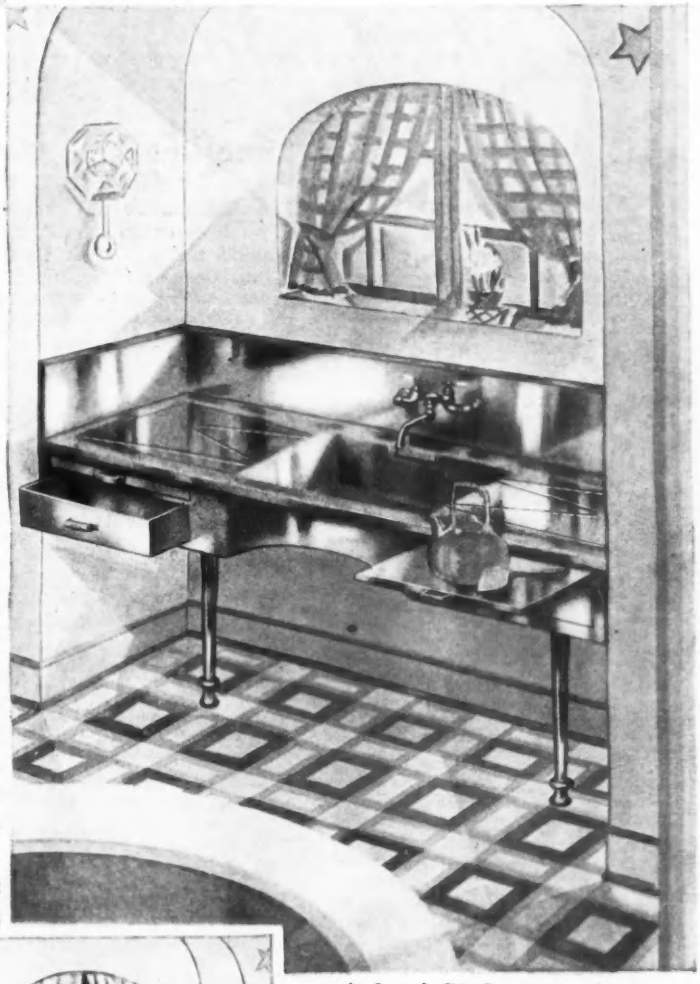
"You mean where they came from, and all that? I'm afraid not. For one thing, you see, here in this part of the world we don't always inquire too closely. Business is one thing with us, and social life another. I can tell you about Bob Van Heusen's oil venture, yes, but not about his marriage."

"At least, you knew about his daughter," said Mr. Buhl almost sternly. "Where are the birth records kept in Penang? I may be able to find some useful information on her birth

MONEL METAL

MODERN AS TOMORROW

Easy to care for . . . . during a lifetime of service



A delightful place to work...easy to keep spotlessly clean . . . a kitchen equipped with modern Monel Metal.

In keeping with the present-day demand for brighter, more attractive kitchens, Monel Metal's silvery beauty is a fitting complement to every decorative scheme. If you love the mellow richness of fine old silver, you'll delight in the rare beauty of this lustrous Nickel alloy.

But above all, Monel Metal is a labor-saving, time-saving metal. It will not rust. It is as strong as steel—it has no coating to chip, crack or wear off. It resists corrosion and its natural beauty is never marred by the tell-tale stains which spot other materials. Steaming hot dishes won't discolor it. Monel Metal's silvery surface is easy to keep clean and spotless. While it is tough and strong, a Monel Metal surface is more resilient —it actually reduces glass and dish breakage.

Monel Metal equipment is endorsed by prominent architects and the foremost authorities on modern home planning. Kitchen and pantry sinks . . . drain boards . . . table tops . . . cabinet tops . . . refrigerator trim . . . washing machines . . . range hoods . . . hardware—these are some of the popular uses of Monel Metal which make good housekeeping easier — which bring untold convenience and years of lasting satisfaction to your home.

Before you plan your dream home of tomorrow or remodel your present one, talk with your architect or plumber about Monel Metal. Mail the coupon today for booklet and free sample.

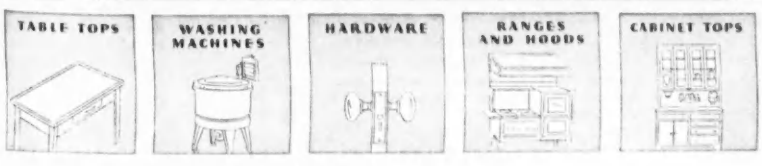
At last! Sink convenience you've always wanted

The design of the Monel Metal kitchen sink illustrated above was inspired by some of the 500 designs submitted in the Art Alliance of America National Sink Design Competition for prizes offered by The International Nickel Company, Inc.

Better than any other available material, Monel Metal provides an excellent means of incorporating into sinks many labor-saving improvements. Note the conveniently placed drawers, the increased storage space and the handy slides in this modern Monel Metal sink. These conveniences are available only in metal sinks. They help make good housekeeping easier. Monel Metal sinks can be purchased through regular channels or can be supplied to meet your special requirements by your dealer.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Monel Metal is a technically controlled Nickel-Copper alloy of high Nickel content. It is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by The International Nickel Company, Inc. The name "Monel Metal" is a registered trade mark.



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me without cost or obligation a sample of Monel Metal together with your booklet, "Good Housekeeping Made Easier".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Occupation*_____

G.-H.-10-29

In using advertisements see page 6

People who work indoors need this health protection

says Italy's great intestinal specialist

Prof. Dr. Paolo Alessandrini

is chief physician of all the hospitals of Rome. At the University of Rome he lectures on diseases of stomach and intestines. So crowded are his days that he rises at three in the morning to write the medical articles which have made him known to doctors everywhere. He bears the distinguished title of Chevalier of the Italian Crown.

"TO check constipation and correct indigestion," Dr. Alessandrini says, "yeast has long been famous. Its laxative action is stimulating, not irritating. As the richest source of vitamin B it is particularly useful in run down states of health.

"Now the health value of fresh yeast has been doubled. When 'irradiated,' it is especially rich in vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which builds hard, straight bones and sound teeth. It should be a godsend to those who work indoors."

A flood of living yeast plants is released in your digestive tract by each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

Gently stimulating, these tiny yeast plants reawaken sluggish intestines and soften the clogging food wastes. When constipation goes, appetite and digestion quicken. Fresh new energy is released. Telltale skin eruptions disappear.

And now this famous food brings you an *added* health protection. The new "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin.

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin daily. It builds sound, straight bones and teeth. It makes your body harder, tougher. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers.

Has confining work indoors brought dull, headachy half-health? Has living away from the sun made you "soft"? World-famous doctors point the way to quick, *natural* health renewal. How easy it is—just three cakes daily of fresh yeast — Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

"At the end of the day too tired to enjoy the evening"

(Above) New York, N. Y. **"What the great doctors have said about yeast is certainly matched by my own experience.**

"For eleven years I had been auditor of one of the largest automobile sales corporations. Close confinement to my desk day after day without exercise resulted, two years ago, in 'nervous' stomach and constipation. Everything at the office upset me. Miserable headaches would stay with me for days.

"What three cakes a day of yeast did for me hardly seems possible. Suddenly I realized my constipation had been corrected. I could eat my meals without discomfort. I laughed at office difficulties which formerly had me stumped. I was able to enjoy the evenings with my family.

"I am still eating yeast. I find it keeps me in splendid condition."

H. J. LLOYD

"Even caring for Jean had become a burden"

"Even the best baby, when it is very tiny, ties a mother down," writes Mrs. W. A. Peters of Stamford, Conn. "Feedings. Baths. Being always on the alert for little baby sicknesses that are bound to come. I became nervous and irritable—my skin was terrible. My doctor suggested yeast. It improved my disposition and stopped all my tiresome 'miseries.' "

"Playing on the Keith circuit **means indoor work and different food every day," writes Miss Helen Delvey of New Orleans. "For years I had indigestion and constipation. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast, my constipation has disappeared. My complexion has improved a hundred per cent."**

Eat 3 cakes daily **of Fleischmann's Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. H-69, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.**

© 1929. F. Co.

***FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST . . . NOW CONTAINS THE "SUNSHINE" VITAMIN**

Around the World

certificate—place and date of parents' marriage—data like that."

"But she wasn't born here," said Mr. Newby. "She was born on a ship coming down the coast of China."

"She was born where?" demanded Mr. Buhl, his mustache fairly bristling.

"I say she was born on a ship," repeated Mr. Newby, evidently enjoying the moment exactly as Mr. Bacheldor would have done under the same circumstances, "coming down the coast of China. She was about a month old when I first saw her; and as you can fancy, her father didn't immediately tell me what I have just told you. It happened to come out one day when we were better acquainted. I dare say we were talking about nationalities or something of that nature . . . I remember he told me that they were trying to get to Singapore, and he was very full of gratitude toward the ship's doctor and the captain."

"Do you remember the name of the ship?" asked Mr. Buhl after a thoughtful pause.

"No; I don't. It's a good many years ago. Indeed, for that matter, I doubt if I could recall Miss Van Heusen's first name—although I knew it well enough at the time."

"Celia," said the owner of that name in a muffled voice.

"Celia, of course," said the other promptly. "And so, I suppose, with the name of the ship; if I heard it again, I should remember it."

Mr. Buhl, half lost in somber thought, suddenly aroused himself. "Where can I get precise information about the oil concession?" he asked. "Its exact terms, date of expiration, and all that."

"Prince Chaiya was the old King's right-hand man, and he runs the country for the present King as well. A fine old gentleman. He attended Oxford a few years, and either because or in spite of that you can depend on anything he says. His permanent address is Bangkok, Siam. You can reach him there by telegraph at any time."

Mr. Buhl made a note of the name and address; and in doing this he drew from his pocket the letter of introduction to Mr. Mu Chang, editor of the *Penang Sing Po*—that letter which had been mailed to the ship by Dr. Wu at Shanghai.

"Do you know this man?" asked Mr. Buhl, showing the sealed envelope to Mr. Newby.

"Mu Chang?" asked the other in a dry voice. "Rather! A shifty, dangerous customer, if you ask me. And come to think of it, on the two occasions when Major Helme has visited Penang, Mu Chang has been Man Friday for him. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if it was he, in the first place, who told the Major about the expiring concession—in consideration of a slice of the profits, of course."

"But it hasn't expired yet," said Mr. Buhl, returning his notebook to his pocket.

"I wouldn't let Mu Chang know it," said Mr. Newby more dryly than before.

THEY left then, after inviting Mr. Newby to dine with them in the evening.

"No wonder Senator Lestig and his friends joined the cruise in a hurry when they knew you were on it," said Mr. Buhl, his eyes shining. "That's a pretty sweet business to lose!"

"Yes," thought Celia bitterly, "and for the Blanchards to win."

Across the street she caught sight of the branch office of an American bank.

"I'll cable Judge Stuyvesant now," she said to herself, "so I can pay Mr. Buhl."

Over the bank entrance floated the flag of the American Consul; and while Celia was busy below, Mr. Buhl went upstairs. Celia had to wait for him nearly twenty minutes, and when he came down, he was gnawing his mustache as though it were bitter.

"No news?" asked Celia, suddenly feeling sorry for her doughty little champion.

"Certainly no good news," he half grumblingly replied. "And—do you know?—I could easily feel angry about it. Here we've

Until you try a Maytag--

IF YOU have never washed with a Maytag, you have no idea what a vast improvement has been effected in washer design and performance.

The Maytag Roller Water Remover, alone, offers advantages that will surprise you. Practically every operation is automatic. It has a safety feed, a self-reversing drain plate, and automatic tension adjustment. The flexible top roll and firm bottom roll flush out the soap, water and imbedded dirt without injury to buttons. A trial will convince you that the quarter of a million dollars spent in developing this Maytag feature was a good investment.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, *Newton, Iowa*

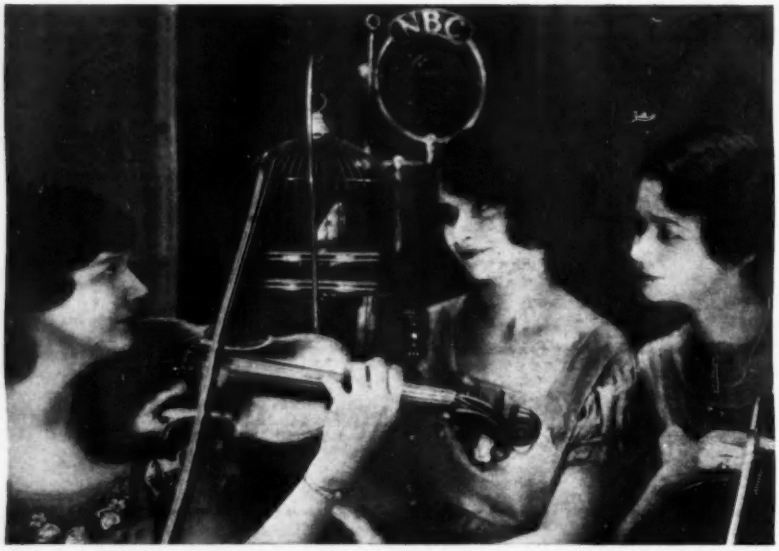
Founded 1893

PHONE your Maytag dealer for a trial Maytag washing. Know washday at its best. If the Maytag doesn't sell itself, don't keep it.

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering."

Maytag
Aluminum Washer

In using advertisements see page 6



Blue Boy's Hendryx Home, from which he broadcasts, is called "La Chanteur", and comes in a lovely range of color combinations. Ask for cage No. 2045 D. B. with Stand No. 34

The Parnassus Trio
has an accompanist with wings

THE Parnassus Trio needs no introduction to the radio audience of the National Broadcasting Company, but their little golden winged accompanist does! And he wants us to assure all his admirers—he has millions of them—that he is a real flesh-and-feathers bird with a canary's healthy appetite for love and praise.

You see, when he was signed up to sing for the National Broadcasting Company after being given an audition, just as all artists must have in the National Broadcasting studios, he displayed such amazing ability to sing in perfect harmony with the varied selections played by the Parnassus Trio, that many people insisted that he must be a mechanical bird manipulated by a mustachioed human! What an insult to a high spirited bird who is proud not only of his voice, but of his looks. He is a bright gold, and was christened "Blue" Boy because he spreads happiness like the blue bird of legend.

So, to convince these doubting Thomases, we have been asked to tell how Blue Boy, and his very competent understudy, Big Boy, were trained to sing over the radio. This is the secret of their owner, Miss Elizabeth Freeman, who has given long, patient hours each day for three years to prepare her little songsters for their public career.

Every day they had their singing lesson with the phonograph. With the aid of a repeater, a record was kept going for a day or more at a time until they were thoroughly familiar with it. If one of the birds sang a false note his teacher stopped him and started all over again. Like all good vocal teachers she knew the importance of not letting him acquire bad habits. Now these remarkable little feathered artists have a repertoire of more than three hundred compositions, many of them difficult arias.

Like all great artists, these little bird stars must follow a carefully planned daily routine. They eat only the foods that will keep them in good voice. At a certain hour they have their sun bath; at another hour they have their real bath. An hour is set aside for perfecting their pitch with a tuning fork. And near the close of the busy day they have a recreation hour to spend with their wives and babies. Oh, yes, Blue Boy has a handsome young son who hopes to rival his illustrious father in singing.

Every morning at 8:30 sharp they must be in the great studios of the National Broadcasting Company. They make the journey in their Hendryx cages, shielded from the eyes of the world by little canary colored silk covers.

In the studio they have their own "mike", carefully shielded on three sides so that their attention may not be diverted by a strange face in their studio. How surprised, and delighted they would be if they knew that they are really leading an invisible choir of countless thousands of canaries, who join them joyously in all the canary-blessed homes reached by WEAF and associated N. B. C. Stations.

Have you a bird to sing with your radio?

To get the full joy out of your radio, you need a canary to sing with it. And you will be surprised at the happy companionship one of these little feathered artists will bring you.

But the living quarters you provide for your bird are most important. To keep him happy, lively and full of song, buy a Hendryx, for in Hendryx bird homes every provision has been made for the safety and comfort of the bird. Step into your nearest pet shop, florist, seed shop, hardware, house furnishing or department store and examine the newest Hendryx designs. All types are moderately priced.

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1869

FREE: The Feathered Philosopher

A charming story of a little canary and what he taught people about life, cheerfulness, happiness and love. This 24-page booklet, illustrated in color, will be sent free upon request to you, or to any of your friends whose names you send us. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., 92 Audubon St., New Haven, Conn.

Around the World

outwitted Senator Lestig and his two clever men. We've landed at the port which they vowed we should never reach. We've discovered the secret which they were trying to keep from us. And what good does it do us? What advantages do we gain?"

Celia fell in step by his side and gently patted his arm. "I know," she said, her voice none too steady. "It—it isn't easy for me—either—"

And indeed, the next afternoon, when the *Empress* arrived and cast anchor in the harbor, Celia had a faintly defined shadow under each eye, finger-prints of the darkened hands of Sorrow—an unseen companion who hadn't let her sleep the night before.

"That's the doctor's launch going alongside now," said Mr. Buhl as they watched from the waterfront.

A number of uniformed figures could be seen ascending the ship's stairway, and after a long wait a square, yellow flag was run up to the top of the front mast.

"There!" said Mr. Buhl excitedly. "You see? They've put her in quarantine! None of the passengers will be allowed to land!"

"They—they needn't have bothered," said Celia brokenly; and whether or not it was the sound of her own sad voice which touched her, she suddenly found that her eyes were filled with tears . . .

(To be concluded)

Money Isn't Everything

(Continued from page 27)

professional and otherwise Hugh's mentor and model man.

He found at Caulfield & Company a big office looking over New York harbor, reserved for him and him alone. He had a secretary, a gorgeous Miss Engel, but he yearned for Miss Twittey and secretly resolved to get her. He found himself sitting in conference with Mr. Caulfield and Mr. Blake and Mr. Martin, talking over million-dollar consolidations and mergers.

He was now today, July first, a full-fledged investment banker in Wall Street. It thrilled him to the very marrow.

His work fascinated him. His hours were short. The salary came in at the end of July. Unbelievably that check did call for one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, in spite of his tremors of fear that it had all been a madman's dream.

One day in July he said to Margery:

"Look here, Caulfield wants us to go down to Spring Harbor for the rest of the summer. He's got a little house on his place, and we can have it cheap."

"Oh!" said Margery. She was thinking of the beach for the children, of the fun of getting away from their own hot little box. Then: "But Spring Harbor's so far. It's over an hour down there, isn't it?"

"Yes. But he wants me to ride in the club car with him. It wouldn't be bad."

But he looked sheepish. That Long Island club car was famous for its million-and-billionaires.

Margery laughed. "Oh, all right. That would be fine. If you don't mind the trip. But why does he want us? Just trying to be nice?"

"I suppose so. And I suppose he wants to shoot a little golf. He was asking me if I played. I told him I'd hardly played three games since I was a caddy."

So the next week they moved the children, the trunks, the cribs, the toys, to the enchanting little cottage on Mr. Caulfield's estate, which he gave to them for nearly nothing a month. Margery took Hettie, the little schoolgirl, with her, and they had to buy a car, because the estate was four miles from the station. Mr. Caulfield offered to pick up Hugh every morning and to take him home every night,

Money Isn't Everything

but Margery said it sounded like the school bus and that they'd get a second-hand Ford.

Mr. Caulfield was horrified at a second-hand Ford.

"But what's he got to do with it?" asked Margery.

"Nothing. Except that he's made this possible, and we can get a better car."

"But Hugh, we can't. We've just started. I think it's silly to bust out with an expensive car just for two months, when we haven't got anything else, when I need new sheets like the very dickens."

"So do I," said Hugh suddenly.

They got the Ford.

Hugh was about to order a suit. He hadn't got around to it yet. He brought home samples, and he and Margery pinched them and admired them and could not decide between gray flannel which was ideal for summer, and blue cheviot which was pretty good all the year around.

"Caulfield wants me to go to Pell and get some really decent clothes," said Hugh. "He says it pays."

"Who's Pell?"

"Oh, a pretty swank tailor. His suits cost $150. I think Caulfield's right. Cheap suits don't wear."

"Well, I think Mr. Caulfield's got a nerve, telling you to go to the most expensive tailor in town. Not that I wouldn't love you to have the clothes, Hugh. Only we're not ready for that sort of thing yet, are we? And can't you get a good suit for—well, say eighty or ninety?"

Hugh had never paid more than sixty before.

"Yes, I can," said Hugh. "Only I can't look like a hick down there. And I thought maybe the few extra dollars would be worth while."

"Go to Pell's," said Margery, "and get two. Heaven help me if I ever keep my husband from looking right the first chance he ever got in his life."

But the paternalistic Mr. Caulfield did rather irk her. She had met him—she and Hugh had dined in the big, Georgian, stone edifice on the hill—and Mr. Caulfield had turned out to be a nice, rosy, twinkly, white-whiskered old gentleman, and Mrs. Caulfield a nice, well-bred, decorous, angular lady. But who was Mr. Caulfield to tell Hugh what kind of car to buy, what kind of clothes?

AUGUST went by, cool and sweet, full of bathing for Margery and the children on the Caulfield beach, of lounging and reading for Margery, of plans for the coming winter. They had the Caulfields for dinner, and it was pleasant enough. Natalie and Lucian Garfield came from Woodycrest for a week-end. Margery's sister came for a week.

But Sundays were rather disappointing. At nine o'clock Mr. Caulfield's irreproachable car stopped at the cottage. Hugh in his new white golf knickers climbed in and was gone. At one Margery with her female guest, if she had one, took the flivver and went to the club house, where they all lunched together, the golfers and their ladies. At two, Hugh and Mr. Caulfield, and whoever happened to be playing with them, strolled back to the golf course, and the ladies went home again, Mrs. Caulfield to the big house, Margery to her cottage. Sunday evenings Hugh was so tired and sleepy that he sat around grunting for a while and then went to bed. But he was brown and happy, and Margery said nothing. Only—their old Sundays in Woodycrest, hot and crowded as it was there, had been more to her liking—their former picnics and walks and games with the children and reading and poking around the garden.

September came along, glorious and mellow. It was time to be thinking of fall plans, high time. They had given up their Woodycrest lease. The house was already rented. They had to move now, whether they wanted to or not.

Margery took the long jaunt up to Woodycrest, couldn't find a house, and came back

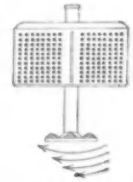
Now you can *wash clothes* even in a KITCHENETTE!

MODERN APARTMENTS do not seem to take washing into consideration, but the Portable Whirldry Washer is so compact that even in the smallest home or apartment there is ample room to use it, ample room to store it.

The Whirldry washes thoroughly, rinses, and then in a jiffy, dries clothes for the line. It is electric and portable—it can be moved easily and used on the drain board of a sink, on a stool or on any convenient table.

The Whirldry, while compact, does a surprising amount of washing. A half dozen men's shirts, a dozen diapers—or any equivalent amount of clothes. The washing and drying action is thorough—yet the most delicate pieces of lingerie are as safe as they would be in your own hands. See this machine for yourself. Watch it work and you will picture in your own mind just how convenient it would be in your own home. If your dealer cannot show you a Whirldry, please use the coupon.

This is the Spinner Basket of the Whirldry. Its oscillating action switches clothes
CLEAN



When the Basket is raised, a touch of the switch whirls clothes
DRY

THE WHIRLDRY CORPORATION, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The Portable WHIRLDRY ★ WASHER

THE WHIRLDRY CORPORATION
New Haven, Conn.

Tell me about the Portable Whirldry Washer—and where I can see it.

GH 10-29.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Troubles that come with middle age . .

A PROMINENT specialist estimates that 65 per cent of all men and women over 40 years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

An appalling condition! Yet not surprising in view of the gross indifference of most people to the quality of toilet tissue used in their homes.

Not until recently has the importance of bathroom paper to health been fully realized.

Today, however, millions of housewives are insisting upon the tissues that physicians and hospitals have thoroughly approved — ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf.

These three health-protecting tissues are made from specially processed fibres — "*thirsty fibres.*" Crumple a sheet in your hand. Feel its unusual softness . . . its linen-like texture.

Scott tissues are extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong.

They are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline. The sheets tear easily, squarely at the perforations. And the rolls are closely wrapped to fit the built-in fixtures.

Never take chances again. Always be sure of safety by asking for either ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue, or Waldorf. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

These prices for United States only

Copyright, 1929, Scott Paper Co.

Scott Tissues

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

October 1929 Good Housekeeping

Money Isn't Everything

with a new scheme. "Hugh, I'd love to live in New York for a while. It looked gorgeous today. *Would* it be awful for the children?"

She had become pretty thoroughly steeped in the suburban tradition that children in New York have but a thin time, if indeed they survive it at all.

"I don't think so," said Hugh. "Plenty of them, aren't there? We could live near a park. Let's try it. It would be slick not to have to live by trains."

They found an apartment in Gramercy Park for $4000.

"Too much," said Hugh.

Was it? Margery didn't really know. Fifteen thousand was such a colossal sum that four thousand sounded rather small.

They found another on upper Fifth Avenue, overlooking the park, with six rooms and two baths for $3300.

"It's a shade too much," said Hugh, "but let's take it."

It was a heavenly apartment. Margery rushed around buying curtains, hunting a maid, getting the two older children started in their new school up the street, and thought she had never been so happy.

The first Saturday they were in the apartment, Hugh said,

"Mr. Caulfield wants us to come down for the day tomorrow."

"Oh, Hugh, how can we?"

Margery looked around at the unpacked trunks, the rolled-up bags, the piles of china, then caught the shadow of disappointment on Hugh's face, and spoke quickly:

"*You* go, Hugh. I haven't anybody to leave the children with, anyway. I'll stay home and putter, and you can help when you get home, if you're not too tired."

"Oh, come on," said Hugh. "We won't have so many more good Sundays. Telephone Hettie."

"Oh, Hugh, that would be silly! Having somebody jog 'way in from the suburbs!"

In the end they both went. A friend of Margery's sent up a lady whose profession it was to look after left-at-home children, and Margery, in her new brown clothes which she adored, boarded the train with Hugh—they had sold the flivver—and was strangely resentful.

Hugh and his golf. Hugh and his Mr. Caulfield. They leaving home and children in a perfect whirlwind of disorder to take this wretched little train for Hugh's golf game. Then she reproached herself. Hugh had so little easy, carefree fun. She was a shrew. She was a termagant. What was there to be cranky about? An October day, a long, idle Sunday in the country. What was the matter with her? She braced up and set herself to the enjoyment of the blue and gold beauty all around her.

BY NOVEMBER, they had settled down thoroughly into their new life. The apartment was all that Margery had ever dreamed of. She loved every inch of it, the living-room with the Park spread out endlessly before its windows, the fireplace, the enchanting kitchen, the linen closet—she had never had a proper linen closet before—all of it thrilled her every moment that she lived. The maid's room and bath she had given to Jim. The two younger children had the big bedroom; she and Hugh squeezed into the smaller bedroom, which she had made into a flowery loveliness with chintz and cherry wood and her old and treasured hooked rugs.

After some half-dozen tries, she found Opal, a stout, grizzled colored woman who cooked perfectly, who liked children, and who appeared every morning on the tick of half-past seven.

The children liked their new school; Jim was in the second grade; Nancy still favored the kindergarten with her vocal prowess. Johnnie found the Park a happy hunting-ground entirely to his liking. In the mornings he went with Margery, in the afternoons with Opal.

You can have more pretty clothes.. without spending a cent more!

GREAT MOVIE STUDIOS TELL YOU HOW

Keep your clothes looking just like new *much* longer . . . then, instead of spending all your clothes money replacing worn-out things, you can afford to buy *extra* clothes!

Take a "tip" from the movies. Wardrobe directors of the great studios have learned by experience how to keep the lovely clothes of the screen new looking *twice as long* . . . Without exception they find—"Clothes keep that exquisite, fresh, new look twice as long *if always cleansed in Lux.*"

Now every great movie studio in Hollywood insists on Lux.

You, too, can double the life of pretty clothes . . . and so buy many *more* clothes without spending a cent more. Always use pure, safe Lux. Avoid rubbing with cake soap . . . avoid the harmful alkali found in so many soaps, whether flakes, cakes, chips or powder.

CHARMING LOUISE BROOKS *in a smart white angora suit . . . This lovely star, like other stars and all the big studios, insists upon Lux to keep beautiful clothes "like new twice as long!" You, too, can keep clothes like new far longer with Lux!*

"EVERYTHING—*from imported negligees to cotton house frocks, can be kept like new so much longer with Lux," clever women say. You don't have to replace worn-outs so often—so you can afford more pretty clothes.*

ADRIAN, *costume director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, discusses a new costume with Anita Page . . . "We can't afford to risk using anything but Lux," Adrian says . . . "Lux cleansing keeps clothes so beautifully new."*

LUX IS MADE *by a marvelous special process . . . made whiter and thinner and purer than ordinary soap . . . that is why Lux keeps clothes like new so much longer!*

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

In using advertisements see page 6

"*Please* tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

Oily hair—and its special care

Dear Jean Carroll: I have naturally wavy hair and it's very soft and pretty when it is just washed, but a few days afterwards it becomes oily and falls in strings. I would greatly appreciate it if you would let me know if there is anything I can do—and please let me hear from you as soon as possible because I have a *great* deal of faith in your ability.—M. Y., Caldwell, N. J.

Dear M. Y. Your particular trouble is one I hear about many times every day. More women seem to be bothered by oily hair, than by any other hair problem.

For this reason the Packer Company, with whom I am associated (they make the famous Packer's Tar Soap) make a shampoo especially good for oily hair—*Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*. This shampoo is safe and pure and gentle (don't ever use a strong shampoo to "dry out" your hair), but it is also a little astringent. It tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands. Use this Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first—it's easy to use because it lathers and rinses in the quickest and most delightful way possible.

Don't wait for your hair to get oily and stringy and unbecoming—shampoo often enough to keep your hair fluffy. And if you use the pine tar shampoo regularly, and massage your scalp a little every day, you'll probably soon be able to lengthen the intervals between shampoos.

"What shall I do for dry hair?"

Dear Miss Carroll: Please give me some advice. My hair is very dry—and is sticky after I wash it.—Mrs. G. M., Canton, Ohio.

Over-dry hair isn't healthy hair, and it doesn't look its best—it's usually dull and brittle. So I'm going to tell you about a special shampoo for dry hair that will make your hair softer, and won't leave that sticky feeling either.

You can go to any drug store and ask for *Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*—a lovely golden colored liquid just a tiny bit fragrant. This shampoo is made of pure olive oil and other vegetable oils. It doesn't make your scalp sting, or leave your hair harsh to the touch because it is safe and gentle, and contains soothing, softening glycerine. Use this olive oil shampoo about every ten days or two weeks, and you'll see how much softer and more manageable your hair is. Then massage your scalp and brush your hair every day to make it shine.

(You noticed that sticky feeling probably because the soap you used didn't rinse off your hair completely—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo rinses very easily.)

Don't neglect dandruff!

Dear Miss Carroll: I'd like to ask you a few questions. I heard you talk over the radio about a week ago. I really have nice hair, but it is beginning to fall. I have quite a bit of dandruff, and my hair doesn't shine as I would like it to. What can I do for it? —Mrs. A. N., Kent, New York.

I have a personal feeling of hatred for dandruff germs—they're such trouble-making, beauty-destroying little things. They make hair fall, they take away the shine and lustre, cause the scalp to flake, and they usually go on getting worse and worse unless something discourages them.

For years doctors have been urging Packer's Tar Soap as a very effective way of overcoming these invisible germs. So I'm going to suggest this for your hair: Get a cake of *Packer's Tar Soap* and start right away to give yourself a shampoo every two or three days to begin with. This sounds like a lot of washing, I know, but think of it as medical treatment. Massage the lather well into the scalp—the good, rich piney lather has a gentle antiseptic effect.

Even after the first shampoo, your scalp will feel healthier and your hair will look healthier. And after a month's time you ought to notice a decided improvement.

JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty, every Friday 11:45 a. m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

★ **Send for samples**

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 18-J), 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose_____cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Money Isn't Everything

Squirrels were featured, small boats were launched on the pond, rendezvous were made with a certain small lady in a light-blue broadcloth coat.

Hugh got home early of evenings on the miraculous subway with which they could find no fault. He was looking fit and jolly these days. His new job, the new way of living, the new clothes, changed the Hugh of Woodycrest to a new, young, happy being who made Margery's heart sing with joy. Downtown he was meeting new men, doing big things, playing his part in the gigantic business of Wall Street. Uptown he was living like a gentleman. They were healthy, they were wealthy, they tried to be wise; they had a nice home, delightful if noisy and often naughty children; the money never failed them. Could any one fail to be happy? asked Margery of herself.

"It's the freedom that a little money gives you," she said to Hugh one night. "Don't tell me poverty doesn't cramp your style."

She was remembering the other years, the dingy little house, the bills that appalled them every month no matter how small they were, the breathless fear of doctors' and dentists' fees, the cheap food, the too-worn clothes, the makeshifts and compromises and dodges they had made in every department of living.

"Isn't that the way you feel, Hugh? That you're free now when before you were bound and tied?"

"Yes, something like that," said Hugh. "I feel comfortable. Mind you, I can't rest on my oars, I've got to make good down there. But I don't feel so darned—oh, harassed and hounded, as I did. If I want to buy a dollar's worth of sweet peas for you, I don't have to sweat and bleed about it. If I need a new pair of shoes, I can buy 'em and forget it. I know the kids are being properly taken care of, and that you don't have to walk in the rain because you haven't got taxi fare, and that you can order a chicken if you want to instead of—well, whatever it is you do order that's cheaper than chicken. That's what I mean. That's what it all sizes up to—for me."

"Well," said Margery, "that's freedom. And that's what I mean, too."

HUGH played golf with Mr. Caulfield down at Spring Harbor until the snow flew. Every Sunday morning the alarm clock went off at six, and Hugh creaked around on tiptoe and stole out. Mr. Caulfield liked to play early as well as late.

Margery had got accustomed to it. She still thought it was stupid for a man to spend his one holiday a week riding on trains, sauntering around a golf course, but she was not a sportswoman herself, and no doubt that was why she could not appreciate Hugh's long Sundays away from home. She did not go down herself any more. It was far from jolly sitting around on the club piazza waiting for the husbandly form to appear over the hill, and she preferred her fireside and her children and her Sunday newspapers.

In early December Mr. and Mrs. Caulfield came in town for their annual three months at an hotel.

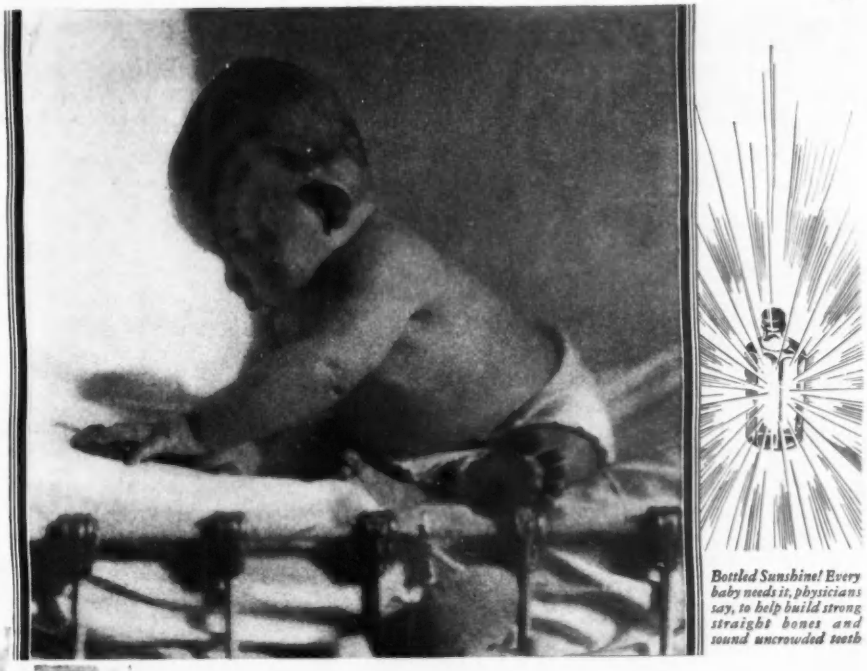
"We must ask them to dinner," said Hugh.

"All right."

But Margery sighed a little to herself. As a patron, a fellow firm member, a Wall Street magnate, Mr. Caulfield was good and desirable; as a diner-out he was rather tiresome. His wife was worse, a worthy, conventional woman, steeped in wealth and the dignity of wealth, until the woman, the person, had all but vanished.

They gave the dinner. Mr. Caulfield was obviously and proudly pleased with the establishment of his young protégé and his wife, and Margery at these signs breathed with relief, then was furious with herself. What difference did it make whether Mr. Caulfield approved of Hugh's home or not? It was Hugh's not his. She and Hugh did not have

A Year from now ... 2 years or 5 or 10



Bottled Sunshine! Every baby needs it, physicians say, to help build strong straight bones and sound uncrowded teeth

YOU dream of what he will be like then ... As you dream do not forget this important fact: *the kind of bones and teeth* your baby is building *now*, will affect his appearance and his health all through life!

The most beautiful babies and the healthiest babies *always* have these characteristics: a well-shaped head, a full deep chest, a sturdy, well-knit framework, straight legs, well developed jaws and chin, and teeth that come in straight and evenly spaced.

These things do not come or fail to come by accident. They are *built*.

Whether your baby is building the right kind of bones and teeth *now*, at the very start, depends on whether you are supplying him with the proper materials.

Most of these materials he gets from his food—from milk and vegetables.

But there is one essential factor which is not obtainable in sufficient amount from food. It is Vitamin D.

Your child may be out in the sunshine every day, but clothing shuts out the precious ultra-violet rays

There are two common ways to provide your baby with the Vitamin D he must have. Exposure to sunshine is one.

If your baby could get *enough* sunshine on his bare body every day of the year, it would provide him with enough Vitamin D.

But under modern living conditions, this is hardly possible. Weather prevents. Clouds, fog, smoke, clothing, shut out the precious health-protecting rays—the ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

Bottled Sunshine—*good cod-liver oil*—is the surer safeguard, specialists say.

They further say that the kind of cod-liver oil given is very important. This is why so many physicians recommend Squibb's.

They know that Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is guaranteed to be very rich in Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin which helps to build good bones and teeth.

How much a well-shaped head, a full chest, straight legs, and sound teeth mean to your child all through life!

In addition it is very rich in another vitamin, Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

Ask your physician about Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil; he will tell you that the vitamin content of Squibb's will supply your baby with the factors he needs to build his bones and teeth properly *from the start.*

a a a

Expectant Mothers Also Need Bottled Sunshine! Specialists are advising expectant mothers that they, too, need Bottled Sunshine, good cod-liver oil. Taken during pregnancy it not only helps to build good bones and teeth for the coming child but also helps to protect the mother's teeth from the decay which so often occurs during this period.

A New Pleasant Mint Flavor! Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is now offered in a pleasant new form, easy to take—a mint flavor which is cool and refreshing. It appeals especially to grown-ups and older children. All good drug stores have Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil, both Plain and Mint-Flavored.

FREE *Important facts for Mothers in this Booklet*

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
Dept. 10, 80 Beekman St., New York City

Please send me a copy of your booklet—*free*, *"Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine."*

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

© E. R. S. & SONS, 1929

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

In using advertisements see page 6

Beautiful teeth, firm and white
—with a minimum of brushing

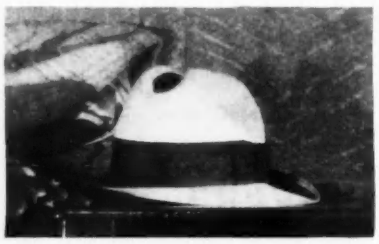
BEGIN today using Listerine Tooth Paste and see how quickly it rids teeth of discoloration and deposits and makes them white and lustrous. Brushing is reduced to minimum.

That is because we have included in this paste, modern polishing agents. They are harder than tartar but softer than enamel.

So they quickly remove the former and polish the latter without damage.

Carried by your brush, they penetrate and cleanse tiny crevices between the teeth where decay so often gets the upper hand.

After you have used Listerine Tooth Paste note how clean, fresh, healthy, and invigorated your entire mouth feels—something like the sensation given you by Listerine, itself.



It must be evident to you that Listerine Tooth Paste is exceptional else it would not have leaped from obscurity to leadership in 4 years. Try it yourself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy a hat with what it saves you

Buy yourself a new hat with what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

The saving averages about $3 per year per person, assuming you use a tube a month.

*LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

Money Isn't Everything

to live to suit Mr. Caulfield. And she was unreasonably glad when Johnnie came howling into the dining-room in his nightclothes. But Mr. Caulfield was only delighted with the heathenish Johnnie. Well, it *was* nice for Hugh to have his senior member approving and pleased. Who was she, Margery, to carp at their happy state and at the man that had made the happy state possible?

In a few days Hugh came home and said that there was an oil man whom they had to entertain.

"Caulfield doesn't like to do the night stuff," he explained. "So we're elected. Dinner here, theatre and night club—on the firm."

The oil man had a wife, it seemed, and a friend who also had a wife, and Mr. Blake, another firm member, and Mrs. Blake were to be included, too.

Margery heroically bought food for eight, beef because she thought oil men must be hearty eaters, pounds of string-beans, and a kitchenful of other edibles.

The oil man was broad of shoulder and gold of tooth, his friend was ditto, the wives were dowdy, pathetic dears, and the whole party was for Margery devastating and demoralizing.

Hugh had provided cocktails, and the oil men drank too many. They saw a silly play. They went to a silly night club, and Margery galloped around in the large arms of the oil men, in the decorous arms of Mr. Blake, in the gallant arms of her husband. The oil men produced from capacious hips capacious bottles and drank thirstily, and became loud and jocose.

Margery was ill with disgust.

"This is my first night club," she kept thinking. "It might have been fun. The place isn't bad, really; the music is heavenly. With Natalie and Lucian and Hank and Irene, this would have been a lark."

She grew silent and dark-browed.

"Buck up," whispered Hugh.

She smiled back. Poor Hugh. It wasn't his fault. But why *were* they here? What had they, Hugh and Margery Rodgers, to do with these people, this place?

IN THE taxi, at three o'clock, she fell back on Hugh's shoulder, weeping.

"Margery!"

"Oh, it was so awful!"

"I know it. It was ghastly. But take it in your stride, old girl."

"I can't. I can't take such—such vileness in my stride."

"Oh, it wasn't *vile*," protested Hugh a trifle warmly.

"Yes, it was. If I thought Nancy ever had to—"

"If Nancy never has anything worse in her life than getting stuck on a dumb, common party, she'll be lucky," said Hugh shortly.

"That's sense," thought Margery wonderingly.

She *was* a captious female, she decided. Why couldn't she be wholesome and easy with life like Hugh? Why did she fuss so about nothing more than a dull dinner now and then, a cheap, vulgar roustabout like tonight's?

But the next morning she still felt tainted, soiled. She felt as if she had a bad taste in her soul, a morning-after-the-night taste, wry and horrid and shameful. She tried to argue herself out of it, but always she came back to this: life was too short, too precious, to waste money and strength and time as she and Hugh had wasted them last night—and it didn't help in the least that the money had been Mr. Caulfield's money, for the strength of body and spirit had been hers and Hugh's. She said nothing more to Hugh, but the memory of that night lasted long, and every time she remembered it, she grew faintly sick.

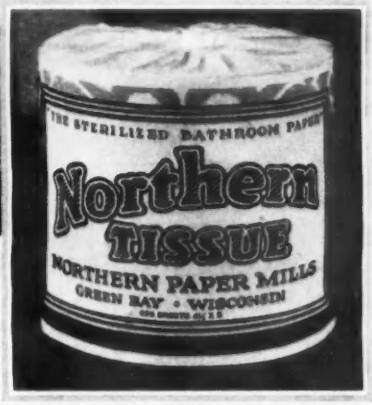
This was not the last of such professional duties. Margery found that in the investment banking business some one has to entertain

Accept This GIFT

1 Full-Size Roll of "NORTHERN TISSUE" *FREE*

With 2 That You Buy At Regular Price

Amazing Special Offer on Soft, White, 20-Times Sterilized Bathroom Paper . . . New "Cooked" Paper of Type Advised by 254 Health Officials in 45 States



Go to Any Grocery or Drug Store

Offer Limited to a Few Days Only

USE COUPON BELOW

DOUBTLESS you have often heard of "Northern Tissue". This special offer is made to acquaint you more fully with it. An offer of three rolls for the price of two.

"Northern Tissue" is doubly-absorbent, soft as fine linen, snow-white and *sterilized 20 times in the making*—every sheet in every roll! It is the new-type bathroom paper such as health authorities in nearly every state now advise—especially where children must be protected.

For snow-white "Northern Tissue" is a fine, linen-like *cellulose* paper, utterly unlike the ground-wood sheets made by *grinding wood* into a mass of tiny slivers.

"Cooked" To New Softness and Whiteness

"Northern Tissue" is only made from pulp cooked at 302°. That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been cooked away, and amazing new softness and whiteness imparted to every sheet.

Why Health Authorities Advise

Modern science finds many menacing disorders are traceable to irritating particles of raw wood found in low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—"toilet papers"—papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

That is why 254 Health Commissioners in 45 states and scores of physicians say: "Use a paper like snow-white 'Northern Tissue,' instead of cheap, raw ground-wood papers." Hospitals use it. Tens of thousands of homes have adopted it—especially homes where there are children. Today white "Northern Tissue" is the choice of discriminating homes everywhere.

20 Times Sterilized in Making

Every sheet of "Northern Tissue" is sterilized 20 times in the making—emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed, producing an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

Now Buy 2 Rolls—Get 1 Free

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—toilet papers. Obtain today at any drug or grocery store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue".

Take coupon below with you. Buy 2 rolls at the regular price. Give signed coupon to dealer and he will give you one roll free—we will repay him. Do this—do it today. Get one roll absolutely free with two that you buy.

ASK FOR **"NORTHERN TISSUE"**

Fits Standard Built-in Fixtures

Dept. 29 — 239-R

This Coupon Good For 1 Full-Size Roll of "NORTHERN TISSUE" FREE

With 2 Rolls You Buy

Just tear out this coupon and sign your name. Take it to any grocery or drug store. Receive one full-size roll of Northern Tissue—the new-type "cooked" toilet paper, sterilized 20 times—**free** with 2 you buy at the regular price. (Offer limited to one for each family.)

To the Dealer. Please give the undersigned one full-size roll of Northern Tissue with two rolls purchased, in exchange for this coupon. (Only one free roll to the family.) Sign your name and address below.

Notice to Dealers and Jobbers: Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis., will redeem every signed coupon at 10c cash value. No payments to coupon brokers—no coupons redeemed after Dec. 1, 1929.

Coupon not good in Kan., Mont., Idaho, Nev., Ore., Wis., Wash., or any other state having anti-coupon laws

Your Name ..... *Address* .....

Dealer's Name ..... *Address* .....

In using advertisements see page 6

All "les petits poils" have been removed" in making Wamsutta *All-Combed* Percale

MANY years ago, a certain Mrs. S___ brought home from Paris a piece of beautifully fine cotton cloth, unlike anything that had ever been woven in America.

It was called *"la percale"* and was then at the height of the vogue among the Parisian couturiers as a dainty fabric for summer dresses.

This piece of cloth was sent to New Bedford, and we were asked if we could possibly weave anything like it "for some *sheets* for Mrs. S___."

After a great deal of study and many experiments, the cloth was finished and Mrs. S___ bought the entire weaving, about a hundred yards, for her own use.

Thus did Wamsutta bring Percale to the United States—not as a fashionable dress fabric but as an exquisitely smooth sheeting, which soon came to be known as "the finest of cottons."

In a French dictionary of the same period, *"la percale"* is defined as "a very fine, white cotton cloth, smooth and closely woven, from which 'les petits poils' have been removed."

And that is exactly how Wamsutta All-Combed Percale is made. All "the little hairs"* have been removed by the complete combing of *all* the yarn used in weaving this most luxuriously smooth of all sheeting fabrics.

Today, you can buy beautifully made-up Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases at almost any good department store . . . hand-embroidered or hemstitched . . . snowy white or with lovely ColorWoven borders in pastel colors. Their desirability as an aid to soothing sleep has never been questioned from that day to this.

WAMSUTTA MILLS
Founded 1846
New Bedford, Mass.

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

RIDLEY WATTS & CO.
Selling Agents
44 Leonard St. New York

Money Isn't Everything

the visiting firemen, and that in the firm of Caulfield & Company she and Hugh were expected to do the lion's share. Mr. and Mrs. Blake took a small part of the burden, but Hugh, because he was young and affable and easy with all kinds of people, and because he had a nice, attractive wife, was considered the ideal host for the firm. Indeed, Mr. Caulfield opined that the young Rodgerses must be having a very jolly winter, going to theatres, dancing at night clubs, at the expense of the office.

The duty-guests were not all noisy imbibers like the two oil men. Once there was a pair of charming Canadian gentlemen, once an Australian man and his wife whom both Margery and Hugh fell quite in love with; once a millionaire from Ohio who made Margery wonder mightily at his simplicity, his old-school courtliness, his guileless, candid spirit. He had not been to school since he was fourteen; he had made his millions in gravel; he was one of those self-created business powers in which America is supposed to abound. Margery admired him almost more than she had admired any strange, older man in her whole lifetime, and she counted it a privilege to have him at her table, to listen to his gentle, slow voice, to feel the fresh, wholesome breath of his personality.

But others were dull or trivial or vulgar people. And the thing that irked Margery was that no matter whether these acquaintances of Hugh's were the right kind of people or not, whether they liked them or loathed them, she and Hugh had no choice; they had to open their doors to them, had to feed them, had to companion them. And this was to Margery a wrong and false hospitality. To Margery, hospitality had always been a natural outgrowing of one's likes, one's kindly feelings. One asked people to dinner because one liked them, or because one wanted to be kind and cordial. But she and Hugh asked these people because they were expected to, because—and this made her hot with shame—Caulfield & Company wanted to do business with them.

HUGH was impatient with her meticulousness.

"You just don't understand," he said. "It's a part of business, these days. More deals are made on the golf course, over the dinner table—"

"Yes, but they shouldn't be. What's the sense in it? Business is business. If you've got a good deal, it's a good deal anyway, isn't it? What has a dinner or a golf game got to do with it? I'll bet if women were running the business of the world—"

"If women were running the business of the world, they'd do it over teacups instead of cocktail glasses," said Hugh. "Anyway, that's the way it is. We'll just have to lump it. And you're getting snobbish, my girl."

"Oh, Hugh, I'm not!" Margery was appalled. "I don't—look down on these people really. It's just that we're not congenial, and that therefore it all seems so unnatural and futile."

"Well, it isn't futile. It's good business. And it's just as much a part of my job as the actual work I do down at the office. Just as important as the dope sheets I make up and the cute little diagrams I draw."

"And just as much my job," thought Margery. "That's what he means. Oh, I just must help Hugh. He's done everything himself. He's made a big success really, when you consider how he started."

So she buckled to again and learned to become cheerful and easy when Hugh called up at five announcing three extra unknown men for dinner; said nothing, though she burned with shame, after a hideous evening with Mr. and Mrs. Blake and a party that was all too drunken and foolish.

Secretly she began to hate Mr. Caulfield, the smug, pompous old man who had taken Hugh in, subsidized him as it were, and who could change and had changed their lives for the

Money Isn't Everything

better and slightly for the worse. At Willcox & Gordon's young men worked hard—too hard, perhaps—but their lives were their own after working hours. But now Hugh's life was the life of a member of Caulfield & Company.

Hugh had to lunch with the firm at one or another of Mr. Caulfield's expensive downtown lunch clubs; it was elegant lunching, as lunching goes. Margery loved to know that Hugh's lunches were easy, expansive affairs; they used to be hasty skirmishes with sandwiches at the cheapest places he could find. But he had to lunch with Mr. Caulfield and the others, he had no choice about it, and Margery wondered if he didn't mind. He didn't seem to. Hugh had to play golf with Mr. Caulfield, even on mild winter Sundays, whenever golf was possible. Hugh had to regulate his conversation for Mr. Caulfield. There were so many things that Mr. Caulfield was positive and emphatic about: the infallibility of the Republican party, the superiority of musical comedies to serious plays, the laughable absurdity of modern art, the follies of modern women. One couldn't really talk to Mr. Caulfield. His opinions stood massed and flanked, brooked no attack, allowed no opening.

Hugh handled him beautifully, Margery thought—kept to business and golf and such safe topics, was jaunty and informal with Mr. Caulfield, and she had to admit Hugh was entirely unintimidated by him; merely he was tactful. But Margery herself was infuriated every time she met the old man. And humbly she thought that Hugh was a better citizen than she was. Hugh could adapt himself to difficult persons; she only got angry and hot inside at their stupidities, their smallnesses. And yet she knew that in her friendships she was as understanding and tolerant as Hugh. It was only that in business and for business Hugh could make small concessions, and make them gracefully, and she could not.

Often, that first winter, she wondered if business, if success, were worth it. Then, looking about her, at her beloved apartment, at her happy, sturdy children, at Hugh, cheerful and busy, she knew that Hugh's success was worth any slight concessions she had to make. Hugh had come into his own. Perfection was nowhere on earth. She knew that perhaps her chief failing lay in her passion for perfection in things both great and small. She wanted a perfect life, without even one slight flaw. That was silly, childish. Hugh was successful, he was happy, he was still the same Hugh she had married and loved all these years, they had real comfort and much real joy in life—why, why, she asked herself, couldn't she, as Hugh had told her to, take the little flaws in her stride? Why did she have to resent Mr. Caulfield?

Then there were times when she nearly loved Mr. Caulfield. He was so fond of Hugh, so proud of him, so willing to give up his banker friends for a long Sunday trot around the golf course with the younger man. He was generous with Hugh, too; flung money around so liberally Hugh usually had to fight to pay his own caddy, his own taxi fares.

IN THE summer they took Mr. Caulfield's little house in Spring Harbor again. It was such a charming house, so cheap, so ideal a playground for the children, that although Margery longed just for a second to have their own place far away from Mr. Caulfield, she could not but agree to an arrangement that seemed so ready-made. Hugh was champing at the bit for his weekly golf game again, he was eager to get the children on green grass and white sand again, so they went down early, the first of June, just after school was over.

In August Margery took the children and went to visit her mother in Vermont. Hugh came up for a week-end—no vacation for Hugh, as Caulfield & Company had a big merger on, a coast-to-coast consolidation of wholesale drug companies.

Hugh was full of the merger. Margery and

FAR MORE IMPORTANT

THAN "WASHING BEHIND THE EARS"

THE proper care of their teeth is one of the first things that children should be taught. By keeping their "baby" teeth free from decay, you start them toward life-long dental health.

Baking Soda is recommended by dentists because it both cleans and protects teeth. Its natural "bite" removes film and stains. And its mild alkalinity neutralizes the mouth acids that cause decay. To use, pour a quantity in the palm of the hand and pick it up on a moistened brush.

You can buy Baking Soda for a few cents a package at any grocery. Ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. They are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.

80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

(C-17) Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

In using advertisements see page 6

NEW SMARTLY TAILORED SLIP COVERS *add new Beauty to the Comfort only this Bedspring gives*

THE newest thing in luxurious sleeping equipment! The beauty of a trimly tailored De Luxe Slip Cover *plus* the sounder, more refreshing comfort of the Rome De Luxe bedspring.

Look for the De Luxe label attached to the slats of every genuine Rome De Luxe Spring

The De Luxe Slip Cover—made in a variety of colors exclusively for the Rome De Luxe bedspring—is entirely new, entirely practical. It fits snugly, like the slip covers on fine furniture. To make handling easier, there's just one Talon "Hookless Fastener." One zip . . . it's on!

Although enclosing all visible parts of the bedspring, the new De Luxe Slip Cover leaves unhampered the exclusive De Luxe free coil construction under the mattress—*a comfort feature impossible with a completely enclosed spring.* Each coil moves with absolute freedom—yielding here to the pressure of hips and shoulders, rising here to support the vital organs between. Your body lies straight, relaxed.

Arrange with your furniture or department store for a trial. Demand Rome De Luxe, and ask to see the new De Luxe Slip Covers, available at slight additional cost.

THE ROME COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
BALTIMORE ROME, N. Y. SAN FRANCISCO
Distributing Warehouses Everywhere

Note the special Talon "Hookless Fastener" that makes the De Luxe Slip Cover fit better and handle easier. It is an exclusive Rome De Luxe feature.

The ROME Company

BEDSPRINGS • ROME METAL BEDS • DAY BEDS • COUCH HAMMOCKS

Money Isn't Everything

her sister and her mother sat in the little parlor hour after hour, listening bewilderedly to Hugh's recital of the wonders of this particular consolidation. Hugh drew pictures for them of Earnings and Assets and Overhead and suchlike, and they were fascinated and entirely uncomprehending, except that it meant much to Hugh, and therefore it meant much to them. It was Hugh's own "deal." A college friend had brought it in to him. It meant a million dollars for the firm if it went through, and $50,000 for Hugh, and most important of all, it was a sure token of Hugh's worth to the firm. It was his first sizable contribution to the firm's business.

He hardly slept, the two nights he was at the farmhouse. He hardly noticed the children or Margery. He was full of wholesale drugs and stupendous figures and big plans and bold hope. Margery watched him with tender eyes and was gentle with his restless pacing about the house, his absorption, his moody nervousness.

He was to go to St. Louis the following week. By September first, if he were successful, the druggists would all convene in New York, the papers would be drawn up, the stock distributed, the whole deed done.

"By the time you get home," said Hugh, "it may be all over."

"How sure is it, Hugh?" She hated to have him so high of hope.

"Oh, not too sure. Nothing ever is. But it ought to go over. It's an ideal set-up, if I can just get this St. Louis gang in."

She arrived at the cottage the first of September for their last two weeks there before their return to town. The deal had not gone through as yet, but Hugh was still working fiendishly, feverishly. The St. Louis crowd had not accepted Hugh's original plan, so he was devising another. Three days after Margery got home, he took the train again for St. Louis.

On Tuesday she had a telegram, "St. Louis crowd will sign on the dotted line."

She shrieked with joy, went around rejoicing wildly all to herself. Only the children and Opal were there, and to them the news would be nothing.

Hugh got home weary and gray. He had talked his arm off, said he; the St. Louis gang had been tough babies; he had sat all night one night telling them just what a good, fat deal this was. And finally they had seen and had agreed, and in another week the whole druggist crowd would come to New York, and then it would be over. He was so tired he could not sleep. He twitched and rolled and tossed and finally got up, dug out his briefcase, and went to work. Margery got up, too, heated milk, made bacon sandwiches, and at three o'clock in the morning they had a little feast and finally went back to bed and to sleep.

MARGERY met Hugh the next evening in their this-year's Ford. He and Mr. Caulfield descended from the club car together. Mr. Caulfield raised his hat to her, smiled, and went to his car. Hugh walked wearily over to the Ford and got in the driver's seat.

"He's ill," thought Margery. "I've never seen Hugh look like this." Aloud she said, "Want me to drive?"

"No."

"Are you ill, Hugh?" she asked timidly, for Hugh had such a forbidding look, somehow.

"No, Marge, I'm all right."

They drove in silence a minute or two, then Hugh said, "The deal's off."

"*Off?*"

He smiled sourly. "Caulfield doesn't like it."

"Doesn't like it? Well, why did he let you—"

"Don't ask me. I had talked it over with him a million times before, and he seemed to think it was all right."

"Well, what changed his mind?"

"I haven't any idea. He just says it isn't conservative enough. Can you imagine anything

You want to be proud of your furniture

Because you see your furniture every day, has a gradual dimming of its original brilliance escaped your notice? You may be sure the unaccustomed eyes of guests are more observing!

The smooth surfaces of your furniture are bound to collect finger prints and splotches. Even the air we breathe deposits a dingy film that conceals the luster of expensive finishes.

A can of Fuller Furniture Polish, obtainable only from your Fuller Man, is the best furniture insurance. Knowledge of what women want in a furniture polish, gained in yearly contact with ten million American homes, aided Fuller in the perfecting of this product. Women have told us that many polishes are messy to apply . . . leave a gummy coating to catch dirt and dust. Or they veneer without removing the dirt.

Just a few drops of Fuller Furniture Polish go a long way. The cloth does not have to be doused. Hence none of the liquid remains on the surface being polished . . . it all goes into the polishing. And it cleans as it polishes. The original luster is recaptured and not a speck of the dirt remains. The healthful odor makes this polish pleasant to use.

If you wish the Fuller Furniture Polish, or any other Fuller aid to better and easier homekeeping, before the next regular call of your Fuller Man, telephone your local Fuller Branch Office. If you prefer, write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3597 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ont. In Great Britain, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Morley House, 322 Regent St., London, W.1.) Be sure to ask for new booklet "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."

A little goes a long way

THE FULLER FURNITURE SET

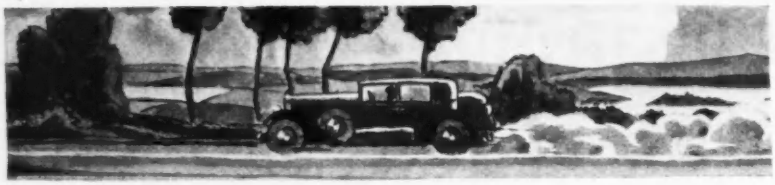
Polish is one of three Fuller products which make cleaning and care of furniture easy.

*FULLER BRUSHES

©F.B.Co.

45 BRUSHES - 69 USES - HEAD TO FOOT - CELLAR TO ATTIC

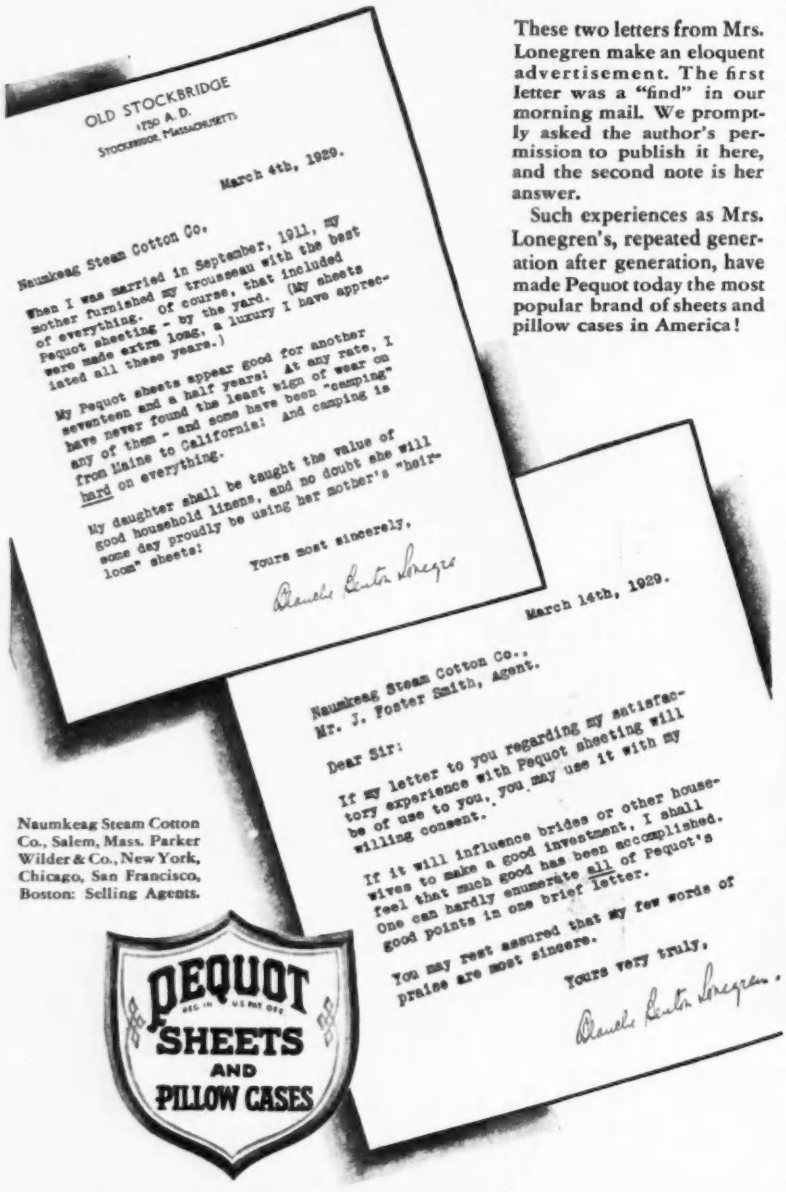
In using advertisements see page 6



"Camping From

Maine to California

—yet some of my Pequot Sheets appear good for *another seventeen and a half years!"*



OLD STOCKBRIDGE
1739 A.D.
STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

March 4th, 1929.

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co.

When I was married in September, 1911, my mother furnished my trousseau with the best of everything. Of course, that included Pequot sheeting - by the yard. (My sheets were made extra long, a luxury I have appreciated all these years.)

My Pequot sheets appear good for another seventeen and a half years! At any rate, I have never found the least sign of wear on any of them - and some have been "camping" from Maine to California! And camping is hard on everything.

My daughter shall be taught the value of good household linens, and no doubt she will some day proudly be using her mother's "heirloom" sheets!

Yours most sincerely,

Mrs. Lester Lonegren

March 14th, 1929.

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co.,
Mr. J. Foster Smith, Agent.

Dear Sir:

If my letter to you regarding my satisfactory experience with Pequot sheeting will be of use to you, you may use it with my willing consent.

If it will influence brides or other housewives to make a good investment, I shall feel that much good has been accomplished. One can hardly enumerate all of Pequot's good points in one brief letter.

You may rest assured that my few words of praise are most sincere.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. Lester Lonegren.

These two letters from Mrs. Lonegren make an eloquent advertisement. The first letter was a "find" in our morning mail. We promptly asked the author's permission to publish it here, and the second note is her answer.

Such experiences as Mrs. Lonegren's, repeated generation after generation, have made Pequot today the most popular brand of sheets and pillow cases in America!

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., Salem, Mass. Parker Wilder & Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston: Selling Agents.

PEQUOT
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHEETS
AND
PILLOW CASES

Money Isn't Everything

more conservative than cough sirup and liver pills and ipecac?"

"No, I can't."

"How are the kids?" he asked abruptly.

"All right. They were just getting dressed after the beach. They simply *yelled* when I drove away without them. Never heard such a din."

But the sharpness in her breast would not give way.

After dinner she and Hugh sat on the little piazza of the cottage. Around them lay the green, turfy grass that Mr. Caulfield's gardener tended so exquisitely. All about them rose the tall, handsome elms and oaks, the slim, white-bodied birches, the poplars, of Mr. Caulfield's choosing. Their little house gleamed white and secret in the starlight; the crickets chirped; over by Mr. Caulfield's pond croaked an elderly, throaty frog. But it was all Mr. Caulfield's, they were here on sufferance, and they felt strange, alien, unwanted. They could see, through the thinning branches of the trees, the lights in the big house where Mr. Caulfield reigned and Mrs. Caulfield lived her strange, ordered, empty existence—"the manor house," Margery had often called it. And certainly tonight they felt like farmer-tenants of an old feudal order, Mr. Caulfield the overlord of all they possessed and all they were.

"I just don't understand it," said Margery.

"It beats me," said Hugh.

"Has he done this before?"

"Uh—yes. We've had several things in the office that Blake and Martin and I would have jumped at, and he wouldn't look at. He's old-fashioned, of course. Heaven knows I'm no wildcat promoter, but I do see the sense in taking half a chance sometimes."

"And he'll take no chances."

"Well," said Hugh, "he doesn't have to. He's got all he wants. He can run the office on the safe little uninteresting jobs."

"But this drug thing was safe!"

"Lord, yes. As safe as the Morgan bank. I don't know." Hugh shrugged. "He just didn't like it, and he's the big boss. It's his cash, you know, that runs the outfit."

"I think," said Margery after a while, "that's a miserable arrangement."

"It is, sort of," admitted Hugh.

"You never can do a thing on your own, can you?"

"Nope."

"I don't think," said Margery then, "that you ought to be there. I think you ought to get out."

"Oh, no," said Hugh. "I can't do that. This is a bad break, but then bad breaks come. I can't chuck the whole thing in a peeve, you know."

But his voice did not sound so sporting as he meant it to.

THEY were back in town.

Willcox & Gordon were giving a big banquet to one of the firm members who was going abroad for a year, and Mr. Willcox had sent Margery and Hugh a card.

"Gee, that was nice of Willy," said Hugh.

Margery was almost tearfully glad of the sign from Mr. Willcox. Mr. Willcox was one of her heroes, too. To Hugh he had been a kind and understanding friend in the old accounting days, and to her a delightful admirer of her husband's.

She sat next to Mr. Willcox at the banquet. Hugh was far down the line, his adored Miss Twittey on one side—he had not been able to take Miss Twittey to his new office, after all; Mr. Caulfield hired all the staff.

Mr. Willcox surveyed her with warm interest.

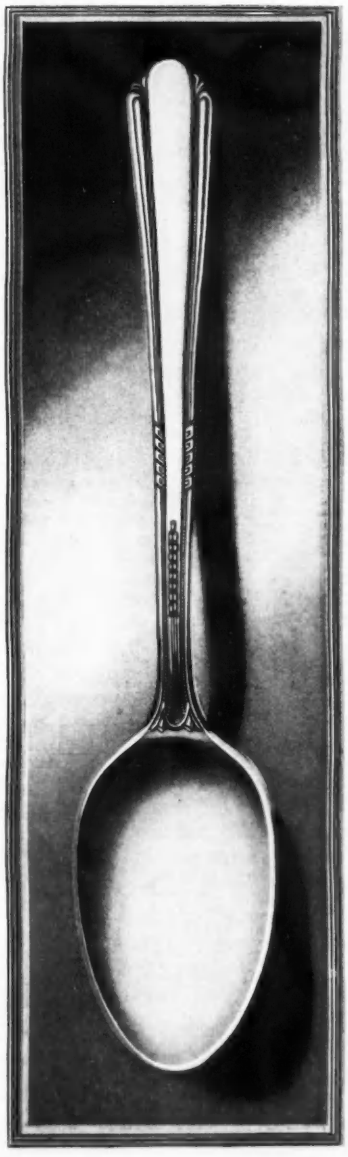
"How does it feel to have your husband out of the sweat-shop and into the directors' room?" he asked.

"Pretty good," she said smiling. "We've had a good year. It's fun to have a nice place to live and a little extra cash—you know."

"I do, indeed," said he heartily. "Does Hugh like it a lot? I haven't had a chance to

CHARM

THE PRIZE WINNING DESIGN in a NOTABLE ART COMPETITION



CHARM ✡ ✡ ACCLAIMED PRIZE WINNER BY FIFTEEN THOUSAND VOTES OF HOSTESSES ✡ ✡ APPROVED BY DISTINGUISHED ART JURY ✡ ✡ CHARLES DANA GIBSON, EMILY POST, NEYSA McMEIN, FRANK ALVAH PARSONS ✡ ✡ CREATED BY EDNA B. TUCKER, NEW YORK CITY, IN THE HOLMES & EDWARDS $5,000 PATTERN AWARD ✡ ✡ STARTING SETS IN INLAID SILVERPLATE BEGIN AT $34.25 ✡ ✡ TEA SERVICES TO MATCH.

Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Bridgeport, Conn., also International Silver Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Can.

HOLMES & EDWARDS ©I.S.CO.1929

"SOMETHING MORE THAN PLATE"

INLAID

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

In using advertisements see page 6

. . . You can't call it work now

RENT *this* "*miracle*" *machine*

Gone completely! All the work of wax-polishing floors. You just watch while the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher swiftly burnishes all your floors to satinlike beauty. There's no effort to tire you; no pushing or bearing down. The polisher skims over floors *by itself*; you merely guide it, lightly, like a toy.

Try it! Only $2 rents it for a whole day. Or buy your own for only $29.50, complete with a wax-applying mop and ½ gal. of wax. If your neighborhood dealer does not carry it, send the coupon for the name of one near you who does. A 25c can of Johnson's Wax and a FREE booklet will be sent you for our bare mailing cost, 10c. Mail the coupon now.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN • *"The Interior Finishing Authorities"*
(Canadian Factory: Brantford, Ontario)

Waxes Varnishes Enamels Wood Dyes Fillers Wood Finishes

Johnson's Wax
ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER

★

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, *Dept. G-10, Racine, Wisconsin*
Send me a regular 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
☐ Send me the name of a nearby dealer who rents Johnson's Electric Floor Polisher.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....

Money Isn't Everything

talk to him and ask him all about it."

"Y-yes." Honest Margery couldn't pretend. "Yes. He's had some disappointments, but—"

"Oh, well, we all do." He looked down the table. "Hugh doesn't look too fit, Margery, if you'll forgive my saying so. Is he working hard?"

"No, not exactly. He has spells of working like a dog, then it eases up and he doesn't have enough to do."

"You ought to run down to Bermuda or some place."

"Oh, we can't!"

"Why not? If he isn't awfully busy?"

"Well." She laughed embarrassedly. "Well, Mr. Caulfield sets a horrible example, you see. He doesn't like vacations himself, so he doesn't believe in 'em for anybody else."

"That is a bad example to set to young men," said Mr. Willcox, smiling. Then: "We miss Hugh. I hated to have him leave us. But I couldn't advise otherwise. This was such a big chance. And things move so much more slowly in our big, cumbersome organization. But I rather cherished Hugh, was hoping that some day he'd be a member of our firm."

"Oh, he cherished you, too! We both did. Only—this other thing—"

"Exactly," said Mr. Willcox. "And I'm so glad for you both. You were a pretty gallant young pair, if I may say so. You reminded me of Esther and me, somehow, in all our wretched, ridiculous struggles, though perhaps we weren't so gallant."

They laughed, but Margery suddenly felt a wave of nostalgia for those very struggles. Mr. Willcox had struggled through; perhaps Hugh would have, too. Oh, but they didn't know, when Mr. Caulfield's offer came, that their struggles were better than this new, easy power and affluence. How could they know? Didn't young men always take their opportunities when they came? And did they give them up just because there were failures and defeats and disappointments?

IT WAS a night or two following the banquet that Hugh came in so jaded, so listless, that Margery blurted out abruptly what it had been on her mind to approach by easy stages.

"Hugh, you've got to quit!"

"*Quit?*"

"Yes, quit. You're not happy."

"Sure I am."

"You're not. You're not a bit happy in that office, in your work. What's it all about if you don't like it, if you're not keen and eager and thrilled?"

"Well, it's pretty good money."

"It is." She thought with a pang of her apartment, which she loved as though it had been a house of her building, her own dreams. She thought of the children's good school at five hundred a year apiece, of the kind and expert Opal, of her nice clothes and Hugh's.

"But money," said she then, "isn't everything."

"It's a lot. Don't forget Woodycrest."

"I haven't forgotten Woodycrest. Not a single miserable thing about it. But, Hugh—do you remember how we said last year that our little bit of money had given us freedom and that's what money did for everybody—gave them freedom?"

"Yes. Well, it does. Freedom of a sort."

"But that's just it. Freedom of a sort. But you're not free now. You're tied hand and foot to Mr. Caulfield. What he says, you have to do. You're his slave."

"No, I'm not!" protested Hugh.

"You are. Don't tell me. I've seen it. Tell me, if it weren't for me and the children, wouldn't you clear out?"

"I don't know. I've never thought."

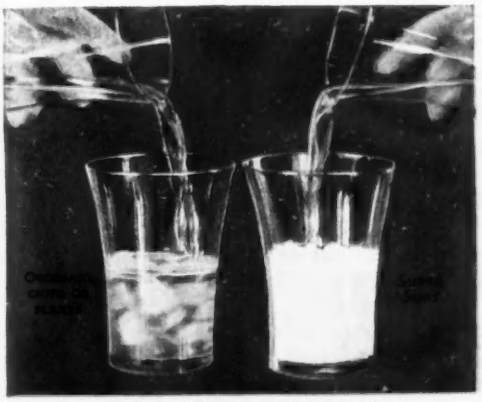
"Because you have the children and me, you've never dared to think, isn't that it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can't quit now, Marge. You know I can't. This thing will work out."

"It'll never work until Mr. Caulfield dies,

These Active *Underwater* Suds Speed Dishwashing

New form of soap gives instant suds *all through the water.* Dishes wash faster. Drain shining dry after one hot rinse—wiping unnecessary.



Make this amazing test!

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass gummy chips float about, dissolving very slowly.

America's greatest dishwashing soap

On the market scarcely more than a year . . . one third of America* now uses Super Suds. No other soap has ever had such instant success. In a recent nation-wide investigation, 212,960 answers from women said "Super Suds is fastest dishwashing soap ever made."

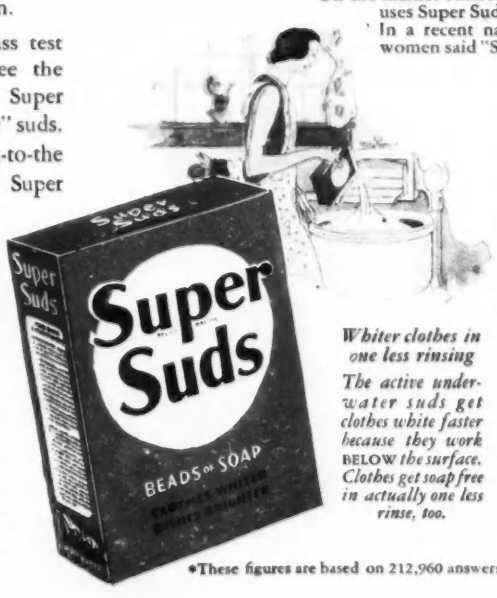
INSTANT SUDS, clear down to the bottom of the pan! That's what makes dishes wash clean easily—quickly. That's what you get with Super Suds, the new soap in "bead" form.

When you make the glass test pictured above you can see the amazing speed with which Super Suds gives these "underwater" suds. You can see the quick down-to-the bottom soapiness that only Super Suds can give you.

This is how Super Suds acts in your dishpan. This is why it speeds dishwashing in these three important ways.

1. ***No waiting for suds.*** Super Suds gives complete suds the instant you add water.

2. ***Dishes wash faster with underwater suds.*** Because then suds work below the surface where dishwashing really takes place.



Whiter clothes in one less rinsing

The active underwater suds get clothes white faster because they work BELOW *the surface. Clothes get soap free in actually one less rinse, too.*

3. ***Dishwiping unnecessary.*** Every trace of Super Suds rinses away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry without streaking or spotting.

Super Suds is not chips nor powder. It is soap in tiny hollow beads, made by pouring melted streams of soap from high steel towers. As the soap falls it forms into millions of fine beads, with walls four times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake.

That's why Super Suds dissolves faster. Why it saves ⅓ to ½ your dishwashing time.

Buy Super Suds today. Use it for dishwashing—for laundry. A big box for 10c.

*These figures are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives when called upon in their homes.

In using advertisements see page 6

Now . . .

A *new* and greatly improved Tontine Washable Window Shade

A new and unique development by DU PONT

Accept test shade for your home. Note coupon.

THERE is now a new and greatly improved Tontine Washable Shade, the latest of du Pont developments. A development that is changing all previous ideals of what a window shade should be.

Introduced only a few months ago, it has already supplanted old-type window shades in thousands of homes. It is utterly and widely different from any window shade you have ever known.

In order to place a sample of this new and improved Tontine washable window shade in the hands of the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time, a test shade is offered. Note coupon below.

Lovely New Smoothness
Heavier Weight—Greater Washability

Due to a *new* finish, this new *Tontine* is much smoother than before. Thus it is far more beautiful, far easier to keep clean; *for dust and dirt do not cling.*

Because the basic fabric is impregnated with a new maximum quantity of *pyroxylin*, one of the most effective water and wear resisting finishes known to science, it is far heavier in weight which makes for greater washability and longer life.

Rain Won't Harm Tontine
Wash It—Scrub It

Rain or dampness will not injure this new du Pont Tontine shade. Nor will it crack, pinhole, fray or fade. It is impregnated with the same basic substance as that which accounts for the beauty and durability of the famous du Pont Duco. Consider what this means.

When it becomes soiled, scrub it with a brush. Scrub it time and again. Use all the soap and water you like. You will not injure it. Never before a shade like this. Remember it is a du Pont product, and that means the utmost in quality and satisfaction.

Comes Smartly Figured and in Plain Colors

Tontine washable window shades come in a range of 6 lovely figured designs in widths up to 54 inches. You can get them also in plain colors up to 72 inches in width, and the popular corded effects up to 63 inches. For the best results—ask your dealer to mount your du Pont Tontine shades on the companion product—Tontine Rollers.

Accept Test Shade

This special offer of a new Tontine washable window shade at $1.00 remains open only until December 1st, 1929. It is offered at $1.00 for introductory purposes only, and for this reason we can allow only one (not exceeding 40 inches in width) to a home. The retail price of Tontine washable window shades, depending on the length, width and accessories, is from $1.75 up.

DU PONT TONTINE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE *WASHABLE* WINDOW SHADE

Follow These Details

Measure from tip to tip, including metal pins. Use yard stick

Measure width of shade you wish to replace with the Tontine test shade. Measure tip to tip, including metal pins at ends of roller (see diagram above.) Measure also length of shade unrolled. Specify which color is wanted: White, Cream, Ecru, or Green. Fill out coupon fully. Pin $1.00 to coupon.

(This offer closes December 1, 1929)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc. GH-Oct.
100 Du Pont Avenue, Newburgh, N. Y.

Canadian subscribers enclose $1.50 and address coupon: Canadian Industries Limited, Fabrikoid Division, New Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Herewith $1.00 pinned to coupon. Please send me complete Tontine shade ..... inches wide, tip to tip (cannot exceed 40 inches,) and ..... inches long (shade unrolled.)

White ☐ Ecru ☐ Cream ☐ Green ☐

Name .....

Address .....

Money Isn't Everything

and when he dies there'll probably be no firm. And I say you're paying too high a price for the money. I say you've got to get out. Hugh, really, honestly, wouldn't you love to walk in that office tomorrow and say, 'I'm through'?"

"Yes, I would," admitted Hugh slowly.

"Then that's what you do."

They talked it over long.

"You see," said Hugh, "it's like hitting my head against a stone wall every day. Caulfield's older and wiser than I am by a good deal. I'm new in the business and probably green, but another house did take the drug deal, Margery, on practically my set-up, so I'm not wrong all the time. And my position there is nix, and Blake and Martin are in the same boat. Caulfield supplies the money, and we were supposed to supply part of the brains, or at least that's what I thought. But he won't let us. And there we are."

"Well, there you won't be much longer, Mr. Rodgers," snapped Margery.

"But you know," said Hugh about midnight, after they had talked and planned, been daring and afraid and then bold again, "I don't want you to get any cranky ideas about business. All men don't have this particular choice. Some men in business are both free and successful. There aren't many Caulfields in the world. I just wasn't lucky, that's all."

"You certainly weren't," said Margery. "And I haven't any cranky ideas about business, and that's what you're going to be—*both* free and successful. But especially free."

"Freedom seems to be pretty hard to get," commented Hugh.

"But some kinds are better than others. And I choose this kind."

Hugh got panicky again before they went to bed.

"Oh, golly, Margery, I can't put you through another big comedown. It was bad enough when I left the law."

"You're giving me no comedown," said Margery viciously. "If I won't be glad to have whom I want to dinner, then no woman was ever glad about anything."

"And if playing on a free golf course with Lucian instead of old Caulfield won't seem like Heaven to me!"

They laughed, then Hugh said soberly,

"Supposing I can't get a job?"

"I'll go back to the library. But Mr. Willcox will give you a job."

"Yes, at the aforementioned five thousand."

"Don't sniff at five thousand," said Margery. "It's cheap at the price."

MR. WILLCOX gave Hugh six thousand and a warm and fatherly welcome. They sublet the apartment and bought, with their savings out of Caulfield & Company, a plain but jolly little house in another suburb nearer to New York. Opal was sent on her way with tears on all sides. The children were put into public school. Hugh began to live by trains again, and Margery took up the broom and the dishmop and the rolling-pin. They buckled down to the mortgage and the old familiar budget, Food, Savings, Insurance, Clothes, Emergencies, and, said Margery,

"Our old friend Emergencies had sure better lay off a while."

Folk talked. A few persons, Lucian and Natalie, Hank and Irene, knew, but the rest of them wagged delightedly. That was a fine flurry of the young Rodgerses', wasn't it? Putting on the dog for a few brief months, then running to cover again. Hugh Rodgers certainly must have made a sorry failure of investment banking to have been booted out like that.

But the thing they couldn't understand was the gay complacency of Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers under such distressing circumstances. Margery Rodgers actually joked about their brief glory as New York bankers. Hugh actually seemed blithe, these days. They really seemed to *like* being hard-pressed again. They acted as free as air. Wasn't it the strangest thing?

The Missionary

(*Continued from page 63*)

of the two small stoves, ready for the cold hand of the first traveler that passed that way.

"We'll make a fire," Angus said dully, "then we'll see how we stand."

He laid the kindling with a shaking hand. A match was lighted; blessed warmth began to pervade the room. By laying on driftwood he soon had a roaring fire. To cheer his companion still more, he left the stove door open, so that the firelight could glimmer on the walls.

"What does it mean, Angus?" Gretchen asked at last. "I can't make my mind work."

Angus had been staring dazedly into the fire, but the question seemed to arouse him. He turned to his companion and smiled into her eyes. The smile itself was dim, tired, and forlorn, but the spirit behind it moved the girl deeply. Her mind seemed to clear; a vestige of her courage welled back into her heart. She was supremely grateful to him.

"I don't know for sure, but I do know we're going to come through," he answered at last.

"You think the old men will be back?"

"Perhaps, but we don't dare count on that. Gretchen, we're going to make our own way out. We can do it, if we set our hearts on it."

"But you don't understand, Angus. The sea will probably be full of broken ice for days. Even if it freezes up tonight, the bays will be practically impassable. The ice won't be smooth any more, but torn and pitted and piled up so we can't travel ten miles a day."

"Do you think we can reach the mainland?"

"Perhaps. This island runs in pretty close at the other end, and the strait may be jammed full so that we can cross. But there's nothing on the mainland but hundreds of miles of open coast."

"Aye, but we can follow that coast—as long as we can keep going."

"Toward home, you mean?"

"If it's the nearest place to go for help. But since we can't cut straight across the bays, and must go the long way, we'd better head for Nigaluk."

"But we have only two or three days' supply of food. We'll never make it in God's world."

"Anything is possible in God's world. We're just *obliged* to make it. We ha' not much food, true, but we must eke it out. If we had five pounds less, I dinna think there'd be any hope. But with what we have, and the best of luck, and the absolute limit o' human endurance, we can come through."

SHE knew what he meant. Even a little food, to put in the mouth and to stave off the horrible griping of emptiness, would help their chances immeasurably. He estimated that there would be a morsel for each day of the long trek. But every ounce was vital. By hoarding it and getting the utmost from it, they might, more dead than alive, come through.

"We have no lamp and no oil to burn in it," the girl said.

"No, and if we get a blizzard or a hard spell of cold, it will finish us. But maybe the weather will stay moderate. If it does, we can build small snow huts and keep warm."

"You saved the two sleeping-robes?"

"Aye, but the extra robes were lost. No matter—we couldn't carry 'em anyway. We'll put what we have on that hand-sled in the lean-to. It isn't much good and hasn't even a gee-pole—I s'pose the old men used it for hauling in driftwood—but it's better than carrying our supplies on our backs."

"There's one thing you haven't thought of, and it's going to beat us. We have only one pair of snow-shoes."

Watching him, she saw his face cloud. The snow was hip-deep on the level. The crust was strong enough to support the webs, but not an unshod mukluk. With snow-shoes she could walk swiftly; without them Angus must wallow and plunge a yard at a time, and she could not mush on and leave him.

THE DOCTOR *speaks as a friend*

"INDIGESTION?" What most people call indigestion is nothing more than acidosis. And that isn't nearly so serious as it sounds. Acidosis is merely the medical term for any excess acid in the system. This condition is common, but readily corrected. It requires only an anti-acid to alkalinize the stomach.

When your doctor tells you to take Phillips Milk of Magnesia, he has given you a very simple thing to do. But back of this advice is the fifty-year record of a prescriptional preparation plus the wisdom derived from his professional practice.

Food will ferment. Almost anything we eat can sour in the stomach. Neglected, this condition brings on gastric disturbances which affect the proper assimilation and elimination of what we eat—affects our very appetites. It is wrong to resort to soda at such time. Magnesia is what the system needs. You get it in its most helpful form in Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Because of the way we live today, there is constant need for this universal sweetener. Remember it when too rich a diet, or any over-indulgence has caused pain or discomfort. Remember, too, that it's *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia that physicians endorse. They like the way it is made. They like the way it acts. The public should not expect the same results from a less perfect product.

One tube of Phillips Dental Magnesia—the perfect toothpaste—will soon convince anybody of its remarkable whitening action. Any dentist will tell you how much it helps the gums, especially in all cases of acidmouth.

PHILLIPS ★
Milk of Magnesia

In using advertisements see page 6

Foremost bride of a brilliant Southern season

Mrs. Walter J. Stauffer

OF NEW ORLEANS

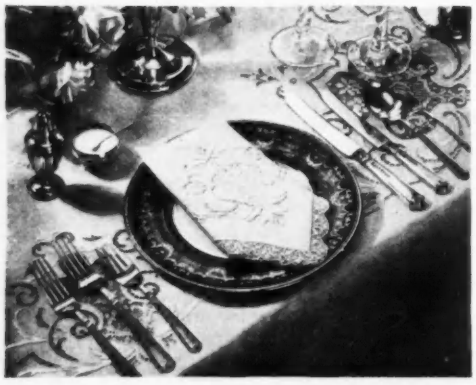
Selected her wedding silver in the Princess Patricia pattern

ONE of the smartest of social occasions, with a bit of real historic significance, was the recent marriage in New Orleans of Mrs. Walter J. Stauffer, the former Miss Elizabeth White.

Mrs. Stauffer is a fair young descendant of Jefferson Davis . . . and her husband's ancestors include the redoubtable Zachary Taylor.

This brilliant young bride was born and bred in the Southern tradition of gracious hospitality. The selection of her silver, the most important of table appointments, was one of her chief concerns.

She found, after careful consideration, that the silver she preferred was Gorham Sterling, the silver that had graced her grandmother's table! And Mrs. Stauffer selected it in this lovely Princess Patricia pattern. "In this finely designed Princess Patricia pattern I found the silver I wanted. I shall be ever so proud of it always," she tells us.



A place setting in the exquisite Princess Patricia pattern, the silver chosen for Mrs. Stauffer's new home.

Mrs. Walter J. Stauffer, the former Miss Elizabeth White, in her wedding gown of ivory satin and lace.

Such choices repeated generation after generation proclaim Gorham Sterling the loveliest of silver.

The Gorham designers are a group of artists who bring to their work not only talent but a pride in never doing less than their best. Under their deft, gifted fingers silver achieves a fluid, subtle beauty unmatched by any other metal.

The most amazing fact about Gorham Sterling is its moderate price. A complete dinner service can be bought for a comparatively small investment. And you may purchase it on convenient terms, through the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild Purchase Plan. Reliable jewelers will gladly explain.

Send for our absorbing new booklets showing the lovely Gorham patterns chosen by distinguished brides and the smartest of table settings.

The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I., Dept. B-1.

☐ Please send me your FREE illustrated booklet, "Prominent American Brides and the Silver Patterns They Have Chosen."

☐ Please send me for 25¢ enclosed your new illustrated book, "The Art of Table Setting" by Lilian M. Gunn, authority on the etiquette of entertainment.

Name _____

Address _____

Six teaspoons in the delicate Princess Patricia pattern of Mrs. Stauffer's selection are but $10.

GORHAM

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

The Missionary

"We'll try it, anyway," was all he could answer.

"Yes, we'll try it. We'll not go down without a struggle, and we'll show this devil's country how hard we are to kill. I'm with you in that, Angus." Gretchen's eyes burned feverishly. "Just the same, you'd better make your will, if you have any to make. There are too many 'ifs' against us. If a blizzard sets in—if we lose our way even for a day—if we get a spell of forty below—but why go over them again? You know 'em all."

"Aye, we've faced the facts, and 'tis better so. We know just how we stand."

"I hope so. One more 'if,' and we might as well lie down here with the door open, and let the cold come in and finish us off with some kind of decency."

Her voice died away. They lay supine, resting on the rude bunks. They tried not to think of the future; there was no profit in it, only fear and despair. Surely they faced it bravely enough. They had considered every possible contingency, it seemed, and knew just how they stood.

But did they know? Gretchen started and sat up when she heard the rattle of the latch outside the cabin door.

For one breathless second she dared to hope that the two old miners had returned. But when the door opened, there was only one figure on the threshold, and its face was too dark to be either Bill's or Charley's. At first the kindly shadows concealed that face, but as the newcomer lurched into the room, the firelight showed it plain.

It was haggard, blue with cold save where the frost-rime lay on brows and scanty beard, and its lines were black and deep as old scars, still she did not mistake it. She stared with slowly widening eyes. Ugruk had not remained bereft in Narwhal Cape, but had come to claim his own.

But first there was a more pressing need. He advanced, swaying from side to side with weakness, until he stood before Angus. He held out his hand, palm up, in an age-old gesture.

"*Kow-kow*," he said simply.

Angus gasped sharply. "Where's your *kow-kow*?"

Ugruk held out both palms—empty. "*Kow-kow—pechuck!*" (The food is all gone.)

CHAPTER XVI

UGRUK'S wild adventure had begun two nights before.

He had wakened in Amarok's warm igloo with a sense of misgiving. Driven by a power outside himself, he had got up, dressed, and emerged into the storm. As on a hundred other nights, he had trudged over to the trading building to look at Gretchen's window. Almost at once he had discovered that the sled dogs were gone from their shelters, and the almost-obliterated sled-tracks told the rest.

His bird had flown. Ugruk had been close to madness, perhaps even to murder, in that first hour of discovery. Frantic, desperate, he had started running across the cape toward the frozen bays. If he had any idea at all, it was to run down the fugitives on foot.

But he had paused on the beach. His mind had recalled a matter of which he had heard the preceding day, but which had not yet become known in the village. He also might find means of rapid travel. Four days earlier, at the eve of the storm, his tribesman Kotsegear had come in from Nigaluk with six head of domestic reindeer. There had been nothing surprising in this fact—although the Narwhal Cape Eskimos did not herd reindeer regularly as did the Barrow and Nigaluk natives, they often trafficked in the animals for meat and skins. The only unusual aspect of the present transaction was that Kotsegear had bought these deer not for slaughter, but as draft animals. Some of them were already broken to the sled, a common practise down the coast. Because the gale had kept the natives in their huts and cut short the usual village gossip,

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. . . it is now a world-famous institute of beauty

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You will find Primrose House Preparations at the toilet goods department of leading stores throughout the country. ★

PRIMROSE HOUSE

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

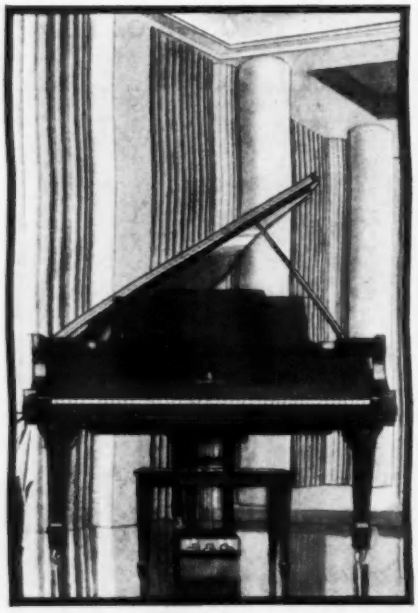
595 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In using advertisements see page 6

The Steinway *ebonized baby grand in modern interior designed by Allen Saalburg. A Steinway of this size and power—at $1475—is an extraordinary value. It is the ideal instrument for the home. Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any plan of interior decoration, and its size is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.*

"The Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla," *painted for the Steinway collection by Rockwell Kent. It is in "Das Rheingold" that many critics feel that Wagner first realized his full powers as the master "musical scene-painter." Certainly the sublime Valhalla theme, with its tranquil majesty and its stirring note of victory, bespeaks all the glory of the ancient gods.*

In 1878 *Wagner wrote of the Steinway piano: "Our great tone masters, when writing the grandest of their creations for the pianoforte, seem to have had a presentiment of the ideal instrument, as now attained by yourselves. . . . I find your grand piano of wondrous beauty. It is a noble work of art."*



Rubinstein himself would have placed your child before a Steinway

YOUR CHILD—talented and ambitious—you would give him every possible advantage. In another day you might have taken him to the great Rubinstein . . . today perhaps to Hofmann. Each would have placed him before a Steinway. Years have only strengthened its authority.

Teachers with vision and understanding recognize tone as the paramount consideration in winning a child to music. For children are quick to sense tonal superiority. They instinctively respond to it. And it is the inimitably rich and brilliant tone quality of the Steinway which has made it the acknowledged standard for pianofortes among the musically informed wherever good music is known.

The fact that virtually every musician of note from Wagner to Rachmaninoff has preferred the Steinway for personal as well as concert use testifies to both its mechanical and tonal leadership. Yet unfortunately this reputation has caused many people to believe that such an instrument must necessarily be too costly for those of moderate means. In reality it is well within their reach.

With only a 10% first payment you can have a Steinway in your home at once and the balance may be distributed over a period of two years. Then you will have a piano which not only commands a tone of supreme beauty, but one which will continue to command it long after an ordinary instrument has outlived its usefulness. And *there* is the index of the true economy of a Steinway. *You need never buy another piano.*

You may select your Steinway from many different sizes and models, each at a different price. But there is only one quality of Steinway. That is the best.

A new Steinway upright piano can be bought for **$875**

GRANDS $1475 ***and up***

10% down *balance in two years*

Any Steinway piano may be purchased with a cash deposit of 10%, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY *THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS*

The Missionary

Angus and Gretchen had not heard of the purchase.

Ugruk had hastened to Kotsegear's house, and by transferring his credit at the trading store, had bought two of the animals. Hitching them to a light sled, he had driven them at breakneck speed across the frozen inlets. The snow-dust had wiped out the fugitives' trail, and he could not see them in the storm, but he had actually overtaken them and passed them during the second night.

After certain hours, the number of which Ugruk had not even an approximate idea, the deer had collapsed on the ice, literally run to death. But even then Ugruk had not turned homeward. Like a lash on his naked back his dream and his passion had scourged him on. This was the most intense, perhaps the most noble, experience of Ugruk's life.

He had scorned hunger, danger, fatigue. True, his hunger had not yet become acute, his danger not yet visible, but only a veiled threat in the distance, and his fatigue not yet intense; but he had shown will-power far beyond Eskimo limits, which must have come straight down from Red Mackenzie. His white blood had been in the ascendancy. This was his great hour.

Without even pausing to drink the dying reindeers' blood, he had trotted on, in some fashion keeping his course. Surely the gods of his people had been on his side that night. He had headed toward the old men's cabin, whither he felt sure the fugitives were bound.

He had reached the island ahead of his quarry, but in the storm had passed by the cabin and run to the upper end of the island. After an hour's wandering he had found his way back.

Now he stood swaying in the firelight. Angus seemed to waver in his sight; Gretchen, beautiful as a dream even now, seemed to dim and brighten alternately—to sweep toward him until he could almost clasp her, then to recede in the unattainable distance.

He was not aware of asking for food. When he heard the muttered words, he thought some one else had spoken them. "*Kow-kow*," he said again. "*Kow-kow pechuck. Kow-kow pillilay.*" (The food is gone; give me food.)

The girl spoke sharply, English words that Ugruk's tired brain could not interpret.

"Angus, don't give him an ounce." Her eyes were steely; her voice cut the silence of this breathless room like a sword.

"But I can't let him die," Angus answered dully.

"What's he good for except trouble? If he gets his strength back, he'll use it against me."

FOR a considerable time Angus stood with bent head. At first Gretchen thought he was praying, but peering closer, she saw that he was counting on his fingers. That he was estimating the food supply, and the number of days it must last, she did not doubt. At last he shook his head and turned.

"Ugruk," he began kindly, "to sleep is to eat. Did ye ever hear that saying?"

"Ugruk—no—understand."

"Sleep will restore you like food. I canna gi' you any food tonight. Ye understand that?"

"You—no—give—Ugruk—*kow-kow*."

"Not tonight. I'll think about it again tomorrow. Neither Gretchen nor I have had anything to eat tonight, and we've had a hard day, too. Now lie down and sleep. I will keep the fire burning at least till midnight."

Ugruk turned at once and lay down on the floor back of the stove. Instantly he was asleep. Angus and Gretchen sat on the opposite side, in the rude chairs which Bill and Charley had fashioned of driftwood. Gretchen had broken noticeably since Ugruk's arrival; her face was ghastly white, and she pressed the back of her hand against her mouth.

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

"I dinna know, yet."

"I know what my father would do. He'd kill Ugruk and take his snow-shoes."

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BENGAL-ORIENTAL RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

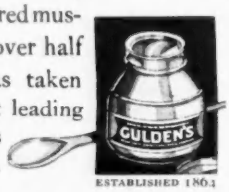
How Clever Cooks Do "Something New" with ROUND STEAK

For ROUNDSTEAKSAVORY *season ground round steak with 1 tsp. salt to 1 lb. meat. Place layer in bake pan, spread with Gulden's Mustard, cover with par-boiled onion rings. Add second layer of steak, spread with Gulden's, cover with onion rings and bake 25 minutes in moderate oven.*
(For MEAT LOAF *a la Gulden see page 4 of recipe book).*

TO make simple foods a rare treat is the triumph of the clever cook. Meat loaf and hamburg balls are favorites, but even favorites lose their appeal unless you do "something new" with them.

It's easy to give new taste to familiar foods when you season with Gulden's Prepared Mustard. This delicious all-in-one seasoning enriches the natural flavor of meats, fish and poultry, when spread over them before cooking. It lends zest to sauces and gravies and makes left-overs and vegetable dishes an exciting discovery. And of course it is always delicious with salads and cold cuts.

You see Gulden's is *so much more than just a prepared mustard.* It is an amazingly perfect blend of choicest mustard seeds and mellow spices, mixed deftly in just the right proportions for seasoning. Gulden's is the only prepared mustard that for over half a century has taken first prizes at leading World Fairs and Institutes.



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GULDEN'S MUSTARD

Use it as a seasoning in cooking ★

The Missionary

Angus got up and walked to the girl's side. He took her hand away from her mouth and pressed it gently between both his own.

"Steady, girl," he whispered. "Steady, Gretchen. Ye must mind what ye say, or ye will have heart-ache later."

Her eyes slowly filled with tears. "I'm sorry. Ugruk is your brother. But I'm afraid you won't be stern enough, now that we are up against it so. I wish my father were here to show you."

"Your father's sternness only got him killed. I'll be stern, too, if ye desire, but maybe not in the way you mean."

"But Ugruk has come here to take me."

"Aye, and I will stand between you and him. But I canna take his life to save my own, nor could Emil Konrad, if he were here in my place. Anyway, I am not Emil Konrad. I must go my own way."

"And your own way will cost both our lives, if you're not careful." Gretchen's voice began to rise hysterically, but she checked it and held it level. "Just remember this, Angus. Only two people can go from here. There are only two pairs of snow-shoes, bedding for two, food for two. If three try to go, they will all three die. There's no margin of safety. The chances are all against two making out; for three there's no chance at all. If you give Ugruk even one meal, you'll not only strengthen him to make trouble for me, but will end all hope of our coming through."

"I ha' thought o' that."

"You promise me you won't give him any food?"

"I will be fair, Gretchen. I canna promise anything more until I ha' time to think it out. I'll be fair to you, to Ugruk, and to myself, as far as the good Lord shows me how. Now ye must get in your sleeping-robe. You won't be able to cross the strait at least till tomorrow noon, so you can take a good night's sleep. To sleep—is to eat."

She turned at once, laid her deerskin robe on the bunk, and crawled into it. In spite of her torn nerves she was soon asleep. Her last look of the room showed Angus slumped in his chair, his face ruddy in the firelight. A wave of tenderness swept over her.

FOR a long time Angus listened to the wind. He was aware that its tune had somehow changed. He got up, opened the door, and peered out; the night was pitch black. There was an inch of fresh snow on the threshold, and when he held out his hand, the dry flakes fell on it like cold feathers. Well, if this kept up, the out-trail would be all the harder. Soft, dry snow is bad enough for men well fed; for the starving it is death.

He got wood from the lean-to, fed the fire, and sat down again. His mind began to move in great circles, embracing all his Arctic adventure. He had promised to atone for Red Mackenzie's sin, to make wrong right, to see justice done.

Red Mackenzie had incurred a debt he could never pay, and had passed it into Angus's hands. Could Angus wipe it out by wiping out the creditor? Not by any code he knew. To atone for Ugruk's birth, he must make Ugruk's life worth while. Could he achieve this by forsaking him to famine and cold? Such was not the law. At the last and at the worst, could he stand by and let Ugruk die when he had power to save him?

Yet when he tried to analyze the debt and to think out its discharge, his thoughts kept straying to Gretchen. Well, Gretchen came first. Why this was so, he did not know: he only knew it *was* so. Gretchen's life was worth more than Ugruk's, and more than Ugruk's soul. This was not sound theology, true, but it was revelation straight from the heart. Gretchen's life and prospects must be looked to, first of all.

He got up, crossed the narrow room, and looked down at the sleeping girl. How he wanted her! He could not deny this now; he

To Clean
the stained and crusted BROILER-PAN
to bright whiteness

.. ANOTHER Drāno task!

NO need to scrape and scour*—Drāno *is the modern, laborless way.

You'd use the broiler oftener, wouldn't you, if the drip-pan wasn't so everlastingly hard to clean?

Scrape—rub—rub—scour.

That is, unless you have been introduced to Drāno—the modern method of cleaning the hard-to-clean. For Drāno removes burned-on grease and drippings from broiler-pans and things like that without so much as a scrape.

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Drāno dissolves away accumulations of grease, animal and vegetable matter, wherever it finds them. It cleans and opens slowed-up drain-pipes in a jiffy. It melts baked-on food "rings" from oven-glass. It scours skillets down to the clean, gray iron. It removes burned-on grease from roasters.

It takes the "rub" out of scrub in a dozen different ways!

You'll want this booklet

It is called "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning," and we have a copy ready to send to you as soon as we get your name and address.

But don't wait for it, if you have a brown-stained broiler-pan to clean—those directions are printed here. Your dealer has Drāno. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, O.

CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS . . .

keep them with your recipes

To remove burned-on grease from broiler-pans

1. Pour in water—either hot or cold
2. Sprinkle in three heaping tablespoonfuls of Drāno
3. Let it soak three or four hours, or overnight
4. Pour off the Drāno solution into the sink—be careful not to spill it
5. Thoroughly rinse, then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

CAUTION—Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing. Drāno should not be used on aluminumware.

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Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States
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Drāno

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...keeps them free-flowing

DO YOU KNOW that porcelain, tile and enamel can be kept shining, always beautiful with Dawn? It dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch. Your dealer has it.

In using advertisements see page 6

. . . each mellow bite so *easily* DIGESTED

easily DIGESTED

Authorities say the digestibility of bananas—like all fruits—is simply a matter of ripeness. It's when all green is gone and brown flecks appear that they're easily assimilated by every member of the family.

easily DIGESTED

—with health-building properties in each luscious bite. Abounding in Vitamins, Carbohydrates, and Minerals, bananas are especially valuable for children. Their wholesome goodness also makes other foods more appealing. Slice bananas into well-cooked cereal, and the kiddies clamor for more.

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YELLOW RIPE. *All yellow. Ready to eat, cooked or uncooked.*

FULL RIPE. *Yellow, brown flecked. Best flavor and food value.*

**Ripen bananas at room temperature—not in ice box.*

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The Missionary

had been a fool to try. The stars had guided him to this mystic North, not to find Ugruk, but only to find her. She would make his life whole; without her it would remain a fragment.

A ghost of beauty haunted her still. Her lashes shadowed her white cheek, her red lips were closed, her hair was deep black as the Arctic night. And this beauty had been poured out for him! His arms ached for her. His lips thrilled at the thought of pressing hers. Only by possessing her to the full—body and soul—could his rightful destiny come true.

And who stood between him and this wonderful happiness? No one but Ugruk. A half-breed Eskimo, godless and ignoble. Moreover, this had been true from the first. Always his shadow had fallen between Angus and Gretchen—and Angus dared not cross it. Frank Jannison had been no more than an episode. This drama of the North had but three characters—Angus, Gretchen, and Ugruk. And Ugruk was his brother!

Now the three were face to face. They were alone with the North. The eternal mystery of the Arctic was over them and upon them, and held their fate concealed. Yet all three must move, speak, and act as had been predestined long ago. This gentle, hesitant touch of Angus's hand on the girl's arm had waited for its appointed second since time's own beginnings—at least, so Angus believed.

It was a solemn thought. It made man the direct instrument of God. It steadied this Presbyterian minister, inspired him, and gave him strength. When the gray dawn broke over the frozen world, his path showed plain and straight. He had conquered himself and his doubts.

GRETCHEN, waking, stared at him with wide eyes. His hair was rumpled; tired lines emphasized his clean-cut features. He was never so dear to her as now. She saw him through a mist of tears.

But she feared his lean jaw. It betokened a steadfastness that no art, no lure of hers, could seduce. The shine in his eyes alarmed her out of all reason.

He seemed to know just what he wanted to do. First, he took a small quantity of pemmican out of one of the pokes, warmed it over the fire, and divided it with Gretchen.

"Eat," he told her quietly.

She obeyed, and he ate his own portion. Curiously enough, he did not attempt to hide this pleasant rite from Ugruk. Indeed, he lingered over every bite and smacked his lips almost in Ugruk's face. It looked as if he were deliberately tantalizing his brother.

The Eskimo's eyes began to glisten. He made short, uneasy gestures with his hand. "*Kow-kow*," he begged at last. "*Kow-kow pillitay*."

But Angus did not seem to hear him. He began to untie the pokes and lay out the total supply of food they contained.

"Is this all we have?" he asked Gretchen.

"Every ounce. In heaven's name, Angus, what do you mean to do?"

He began to divide the food into two equal piles. Meticulously he measured every stick of dried venison and weighed in his hand every ounce of pemmican. When the task was completed, he took one of the piles and laid it on Gretchen's bunk. With it he put her sleeping robe and his own pair of snow-shoes.

"This is yours, Gretchen," he said. "'Tis the precise half o' our total supply o' food. I think it best to divide it now, for reasons ye will soon see."

She gazed at him in dread.

"What do you mean to do?" she demanded again.

"I mean to do what I have to do—no more." He turned and put the other pile of food on his own cot. "Ugruk," he called.

"*Ah*," came the guttural answer.

"Ye see this *kow kow*."

The Missionary

"*Ah.*"

"Ye want some o' it, do ye not?"

"*Ah de gah, ah de gah.*"

"There's enough here to get one man out, if his luck's good and he hoards it well. Ugruk, this food is for sale. What will ye gi' me for it?"

Gretchen cried out and, hurrying to Angus, seized his hand. She was gray with fear. "Angus, have you gone crazy? For the love of God, don't do that!"

He turned sternly toward her.

"Ye must leave this to me. Ye ha' your half o' the food, and this is my half. I am doing the only thing that's left to do." Then, turning away: "Come, Ugruk? How much will ye gi' me for this *kow-kow?*"

Ugruk looked at the pile with glistening eyes. "Ugruk, he give you heap skins. He got three white fox in igloo—he catch ten, twenty more for you."

"No, I dinna want any fox skins." Angus smiled gravely. "I dinna see how I can use them, out here. What else can ye gi' me?"

"I give you twenty fox skins twice. All I catch next winter."

"I said I dinna want any fox skins, Ugruk. I dinna want any furs o' any kind."

"Then Ugruk give you his traps. He got plenty traps. He give you five walrus tusks, one old walrus tusk plenty colored. Trader, he say he give Ugruk twenty dollar for that tusk."

"I don't want any ivory, Ugruk, or any traps either."

UGRUK stood in deep thought. From time to time he glanced back at the food, and his mouth watered. At last a cunning gleam came into his deep-set, slanted eyes.

"Ugruk, he know now. He make heap good bargain with you. If you—give—Ugruk—*kow-kow*—" and his dark hand began to waggle—"Ugruk—let—you—put water—on—head."

Angus did not smile now. This matter was too close to his heart. His eyes kindled, and he slowly shook his head. "No, brother. Ye must be willing to pay for baptism, not expect to be paid for receiving it. Such a baptism wouldna get you into heaven. What else ha' ye got, Ugruk?"

"Ugruk, he no got nothing else. Ugruk, he starve."

Angus looked intensely into his face. "There's one o' your possessions ye ha' na mentioned."

The Eskimo looked sad. "You mean—Ugruk's snow-shoes?"

"No, I don't mean your snow-shoes. Snow-shoes wouldna be much good wi'out grub. All right, I'll tell you what I want." And in a voice that never quavered, "I'll trade you the food for the girl."

The only sound in the room was Gretchen's sharp gasp. Long seconds passed before her throat could shape words, then they came in a rush. "Oh, you have no right to buy and sell me like a dog."

"If your father had the right to sell you, I ha' the right to buy you," Angus answered quietly. "But please don't interfere in this matter, Gretchen. I'm doing the only thing that can be done."

He turned and addressed Ugruk in a businesslike tone.

"What do ye think o' it? You take the grub—I take the girl."

For the first time in Angus's memory Ugruk's face portrayed emotion. Intense, poignant sorrow darkened it. Gretchen, hating him a second before, now almost pitied him.

"Ugruk — no — want — sell — Gretchen," he complained at last. "He just as soon starve—no have Gretchen."

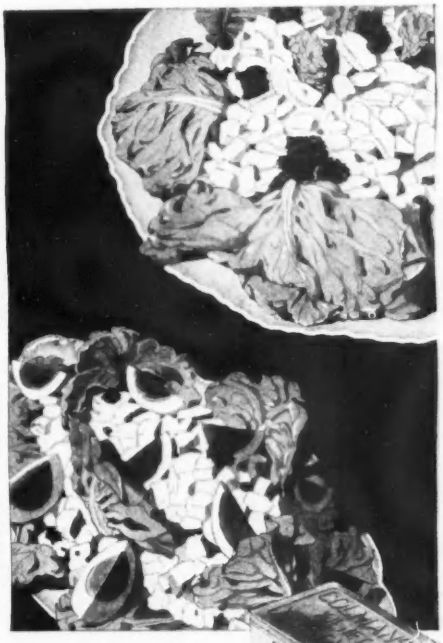
But Angus was adamant. "Starve, then," he answered crisply.

He reached to the poke of food, broke off a splinter of dried venison, and put it in his mouth.

Ugruk moved nearer the food. He eyed it as a child might, then his eye roved to Gretchen. Caught up by this drama, the girl could

THE HOMELY POTATO IS SO GOOD IN SALAD

When you serve it with the Proper Flavor in the Dressing



POTATO SALAD DE LUXE: This recipe was cherished for generations in a titled old Silesian family. When you taste it, you will realize it has a pedigree.

In a china bowl put ¼ cup vinegar and enough cold water to make ½ cup of liquid. Add 2 teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons powdered sugar and 1 level teaspoon Colman's Mustard. Mix well. Boil 6 large potatoes in the skins until tender. Peel and slice while warm into vinegar mixture. Toss carefully with knife until each piece of potato has been covered with mixture and let stand one hour. Then add 1 tablespoon celery seed, shake gently and let stand one hour more. Just before serving, blend thoroughly together the yolks of 2 hard boiled eggs, the yolk of 1 raw egg, and 3 tablespoons salad oil. Pour over salad, serve on bed of lettuce and garnish with chopped parsley.

•

NEW ENGLAND POTATO SALAD: Mix 1 pint cold diced potatoes, 1 small onion minced, 1 cup of celery cut fine and 2 hard boiled eggs cut rather fine, with *Boiled Dressing*. Serve on crisp lettuce and garnish with chopped parsley and slices or wedges of hard boiled eggs.

BOILED DRESSING: 2 tablespoons flour; 2 tablespoons sugar; 1 level tablespoon Colman's Mustard; 1 teaspoon salt; dash of pepper. Mix well and add to ½ cup vinegar and 2 tablespoons butter. Cook in double boiler until it thickens, stirring it constantly to keep it smooth. Cool, and then add 1 cup of cream gradually.

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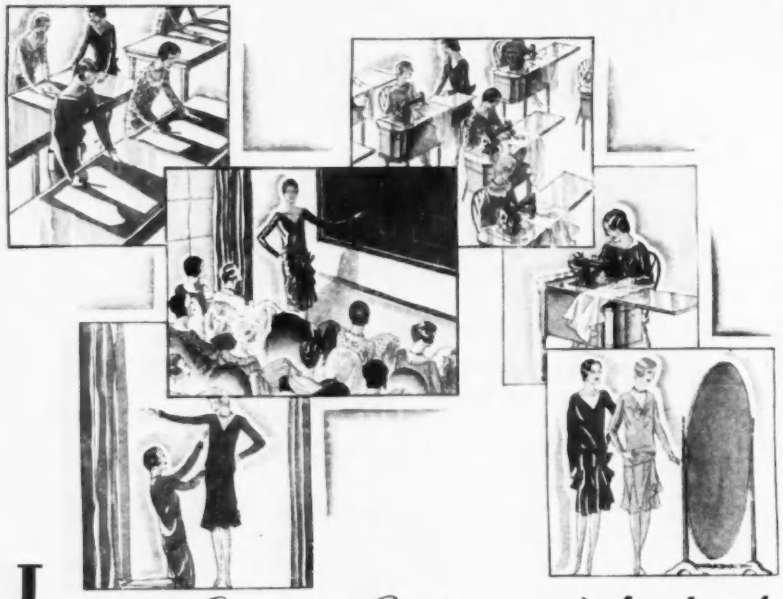

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The Missionary

not speak. She stood frozen, watching Ugruk's face.

"Ugruk, he mighty hungry," he muttered.

"You'll be a lot hungrier before the day's over. And you'll be dead by the end of the week."

"You give Ugruk just one handful dried venison. He your brother."

"I need every bite of it. You give me Gretchen, and I'll let you ha' all of it."

"If Ugruk die," and the Eskimo seemed to be speaking more to himself than to Angus, "he no have Gretchen anyway. And Ugruk he die pretty quick if he no get *kow-kow*."

"About two days from now, I think—that is, if ye try to travel."

The native looked from Gretchen to the food. The old, old war between idealism and materialism raged in his heart. The girl was beautiful beyond his poor power to tell. If he could possess her wholly, even for a day, it would be the nearest that he could dream to heaven.

He wanted to die rather than give her up. Vaguely he knew that this would be a noble, wondrous thing. If he could just hold out and not yield, he would be transfigured; from a driven man-brute creature he would be like the white men themselves.

But could he face death—the cold, the dark, the void? *Nah gah.* He was an Eskimo.

His flesh, his conquering flesh, demanded that he live on. He could not die until the North forced him to. Outside the cabin lay the deep snow, the torn and tortured ice, the great cold, and these were his masters, rather than his feeble, darkened spirit.

He had a long, long way to climb, possibly a thousand lifetimes, before he could reach the glory. Like the bear and the wolf, self-preservation was his first law, a tyrant's law imposed when men still walked in darkness, and he could not deny it. He was an Eskimo and hungry. He bent and laid his hands on the food.

"I take him," he said. "You take Gretchen."

CHAPTER XVII

GRETCHEN seemed in a trance, and not until Ugruk had taken a quantity of the pemmican and sat down on the floor to eat it did she waken and stir. Then she came creeping up to Angus, and peered into his face.

"Oh, you fool!" she cried bitterly.

"Maybe so. But it's the good Lord's fault, not mine."

"If you had waited a while and given him one meal, he would have tried to seize me." She was half hysterical with rage and fear. "Then you'd have had an excuse to kill him."

"Ye told me not to gi' him even a bite. Besides—I dinna want an excuse to kill him. Ye are not talking sense, Gretchen. He is my brother."

"He is an Eskimo. Your life is worth ten of his. And now you've thrown your life away for a crazy ideal and a promise made to a dead man. Well, it's not my funeral. I'm going as soon as I can cross the strait. I'll go on, and live, and have a good time, and forget you—left in this hell-hole to die."

"That is just what I want you to do." His eyes began to glow with a zealot's fire. "To go on, and live—and have a good time—and forget me, left here in this hell-hole with my crazy ideal—and my silly promise made to a dead man."

"Oh!" The rage died in her eyes, and only fear, growing and tragic, remained. "I didn't mean what I said."

"And I dinna mean I want you to forget me, either." His face clouded. "I want you to remember me—always."

Before she could answer Angus Ugruk got up and came hastening toward them. He had bolted his pemmican; his first hunger was relieved. The excitement on his dusky face checked the stream of their own wild thoughts.

"Ugruk, he want Gretchen back," the Eskimo said.

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Elizabeth Arden's Treatments and Preparations keep muscles vigorous, tissues toned up, and your skin smooth and tight so that your face simply does not get a chance to droop. Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home.

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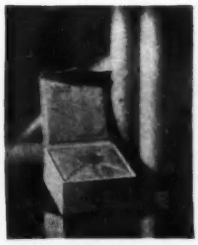

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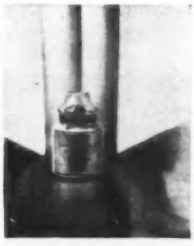

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THIS Fall thousands of ordinary steam heating systems will be converted into modern vacuum systems. A few hours' work; that is all it amounts to. And *what* a difference it makes!

Vacuum-izing the steam heating plant *triples* the "hot-periods" of every radiator. This is why. In a vacuum, water boils at low temperatures. In a vacuum heating system, radiators heat far quicker. In a vacuum system, they *stay* hot far longer, for air cannot possibly enter and destroy the low-temperature steam.

Ask any good heating contractor to vacuum-ize your system. He tightens up the connections, to keep ★ out air. He places a Hoffman No. 16 Valve on the basement main, to clear the system of air. He installs a Hoffman No. 2 Valve on each radiator. When he leaves, you have a modern one-pipe vacuum system. When you turn on the drafts, you'll have hot radiators in 15 *minutes*. When drafts are closed, or the oil or gas burner shuts off, the vacuum keeps them hot for *three hours* or more, just as though you had steam up all the time. The "Hot period" of every radiator is tripled.

You can imagine the great amount of fuel thus saved. In many homes this saving is as much as $5 per radiator every year.

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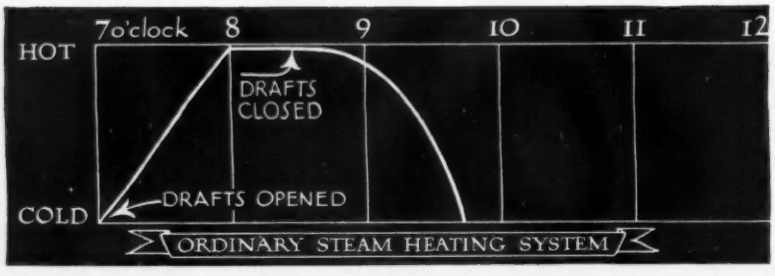
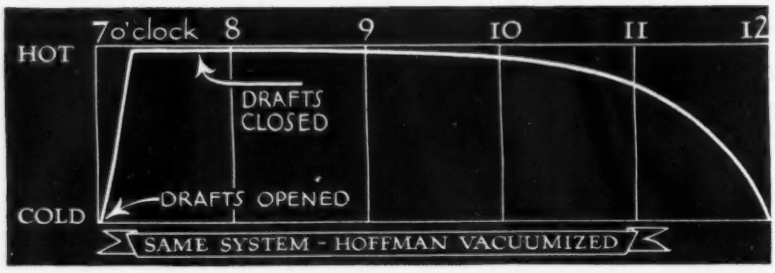
If you like, we'll send you a copy of the Hoffman vacuum-izing booklet, "How To Lock Out Air, the Heat Thief". Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. K-17, Waterbury, Connecticut.





Charts showing rate of heating and cooling of radiators in an ordinary steam heating system and in a Hoffman vacuumized system.

The Missionary

"But ye sold her to me," Angus answered. "Ye can't have her now."

"But Ugruk want buy her back. He give you all *kow-kow* he got left, plenty fox skins too."

"Ye're too late, brother. I won't sell her to you. The deal's closed."

Ugruk nodded sadly. The shine went out of his eyes. "Ugruk, he fool. But brother—you fool, too. You buy girl, but you no keep her heap long. You no live without *kow-kow*." A dim hope crept into his face. "Pretty soon you lie down, starve, die. Then maybe you give her to Ugruk?"

"No, I'm going to send her outside. Ye understand, Ugruk, she is mine, whether I live or die."

The Eskimo nodded. "You no give her to brother when you no need her no more?"

"No, never. Now listen what I want you to do. Put your grub on the little hand-sled, and the girl will put hers there, too. Ye are not to touch hers, and she won't touch yours."

"*Ah.*"

"As soon as ye can cross the ice to the mainland, you and she take the sled and start for Nigaluk. One can break trail through the soft snow, the other will pull the sled. Ye can take turns."

"*Ah.*"

"Ye can take my sleeping-robe to sleep in. She will sleep in her own. At night ye will build a wind-shelter and sleep. In the day ye will travel—step after step, mile after mile no matter how hard it is. And ye must take only a morsel o' food each day. When ye feel tired, don't stop, but keep on going. When ye feel hungry, make yourself wait and wait and wait before ye eat, and then only eat a bite. Unless ye do this, ye will both die."

"*Nah gah,*" Ugruk whispered.

"But ye will do what I say?"

"*Ah.*"

"Remember, ye are not to lay hands on the girl except to help her in the snow. She is not yours, but mine. Even if ye are two weeks on the trail, ye are not to lay hands on her, on her grub, or anything that belongs to her. She will have my pistol to kill you if ye molest her, but I know she won't need it. Ye understand?"

"*Ah.*"

AND Ugruk *did* understand. She would have no use for the pistol. He was an Eskimo, and the Eskimos *will not steal*. The strange thing was that Gretchen could travel with Ugruk clear to Point Barrow, day after day on the trail and night after night in the wind-shelter cut off from all living things, and be perfectly safe with him. This was incredible, but true, as any Arctic explorer will affirm; and Angus staked everything on it. She was a white man's property, and except by the owner's consent she was taboo.

"Tell me what ye are going to do, so I know I can trust you."

"Ugruk, he take girl as you tell him. He no try get her. She yours."

"That's right, brother. And if ye stay together and help each other, ye'll both have a better chance of coming through alive. She will do her part of the work, you do yours. And now I want another promise from you. It is nothing that will benefit me, but only yourself. I ask it because ye are my brother."

"*Ah.* Ugruk—he your brother. He like you fine."

"When summer comes again, and the ship comes, I want you to make a long journey. I want you to go clear to Point Hope. Ye know where that is?"

"*Ah.* Kotsegear's wife, she come from Tigara people."

"I want you to go there, and see Father Goodman, and ask him to put water on your head and baptize you. It will be good for you, and it won't cost you even one fox skin. It is just a sign that ye believe in and worship the living God, the only true God. Ye do this?"

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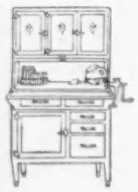
"And it's surprising, the improvement it has brought about in both of us. Long walks through the park have put a rosy glow in Betty Jane's cheeks—and her flesh is just as firm and solid as a football player's.

"Bob tells me I look better than the day he married me. I know I never felt better in my life.

"It used to be that I never could find time to do half the things I wanted to. When the end of the day came, I felt worn and dragged out, and still I hadn't accomplished a thing.

"I found my kitchen work was taking up too much of my time. Preparing meals, serving them, washing dishes—it seemed as though I had time for nothing else.

"Then one day I saw a display of Porce-Namel Kitchen Furniture that opened my eyes. I didn't believe anything as prosaic as kitchen furniture could be made as lovely as these pieces were. Practical too. It seemed as though there were pieces designed to fit every kitchen's every need.



"There were dainty little breakfast sets with porcelain tops, beautifully proportioned, and amazingly easy to keep clean. There were other sets with wood tops finished in genuine Duco. Each seemed more delightful than the other.

"Right then and there I chose a porcelain top set, in ivory with a green edge and dainty decorations. And I wouldn't part with it for worlds, if I couldn't get another like it. For it enables me to serve breakfast and get it over with in half the time it used to take.

"And my Porce-Namel Kitchen Cabinet—it seems to place everything I need in preparing a meal right at my finger tips. It couldn't possibly be better if I had designed it myself. It really cuts my kitchen hours in half."

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The Missionary

"Ugruk not know. White man's God, him not very big god. If he so big, why he get you in this fix? Why he no let you have *kow-kow*? You kneel down to him, say prayer, say big words about him. Then why he let you starve, die?"

"All men die sometime, Ugruk—one way or another. Some starve, some drown, some get sick and die, some grow old and die. God does not want any one to live forever on this earth. It is what he gives them in their lifetime that counts. God does not save men's lives when their time comes, but to those who worship Him, He gives great strength to live right. Ye watch this, Ugruk. When ye see a man who is strong—strong to do right—ye can be sure he believes in God. It is nothing to Him to gi' a man the strength of ten."

But the Eskimo seemed doubtful. "Ugruk not know. He watch and see, think plenty. If he see Christians be so strong, maybe he be Christian, too. Ugruk do what he think best. Now you tell Ugruk what *you* do. Ugruk no understand."

"I'm going to stay here."

The Eskimo glanced sharply about the room. "But no *kow-kow* here."

"I'm afraid not, brother. But ye see, I haven't any *kow-kow* to travel on."

"You tell Ugruk take robe, so you freeze plenty quick."

"Not as long as the driftwood lasts. And I think the two old men will be back here by then."

"You plenty fool. Talk-talk men they go for good, no come back. If you stay here, pretty soon you get hungry, sick, tired. You lie down, sleep, fire he go out. You wake up stiff, too cold to go out get driftwood, cut kindling, light fire, blow. You say, no matter anyway, I just go sleep again. You go sleep—no wake up. If you stay here, you dead."

"Maybe not." Angus's eyes glittered. "Maybe it isn't my time. But certainly it is my time to stay here and pray that you two people will get through all right."

HE SPOKE simply, in a commonplace tone, without dramatic emphasis, and this was what Gretchen could not stand. She could bear up much better if he would deliberately act a hero's part. If he would strike but one pose, raise his voice even once, she would feel relieved: somehow it would mitigate the stark, dreadful reality of this thing. But he was so earnest, his eyes so shining blue. The bitter tears flooded her eyes again, and she turned away.

Meanwhile Ugruk seemed puzzled. His mind was slowly, painfully, trying to encompass the situation. "Parson, you my brother," he said at last.

Startled by his tone, Angus whirled toward him.

"Aye."

"Ugruk, he like you fine. You no like Ugruk—he get in the way, cause plenty trouble—but he like you fine. He no want to leave you here to die. So when we go, you come, too. Gretchen, she eat her *kow-kow*, every bite. But Ugruk, he give you part of his *kow-kow*. When Ugruk eat, you eat."

Gretchen was not greatly surprised at this offer. Eskimos are always "*potlatching*"—that is, giving away their property; it is a matter of mutual protection. The time might come when they would be needy themselves and must depend on the gifts of their tribesmen.

As long as there is abundant food for today, the Eskimo does not worry about the morrow. In this case, Ugruk blandly trusted that by some unforeseen good fortune they could kill game on the way home. Gretchen's eyes lighted, but they did not shine on Ugruk. Her only thought was for Angus—that he might now be persuaded to give up his desperate plan of remaining in the cabin, and would accompany her and Ugruk in their race to safety.

...so, while Mother cleans the rugs...

little Doris cleans the couch

ELECTRIC cleaning was wonderful before . . . but never so *efficient* as now. For Premier has found a way to *speed it up!*

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Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by branches of The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company in all leading cities. ¶Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ¶Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Company, Inc., Schenectady, New York.

In using advertisements see page 6

the celebrated IRENE CASTLE McLAUGHLIN finds this new polish flatters her lovely hands

"Today more feminine fashions really demand the flattering brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish," she says . .

Tomorrow's fashion is what Irene Castle McLaughlin is doing today!

That was true even when she was a mere girl. Today she is called "the best-dressed woman in America."

She has that gift of achieving chic in each detail of her appearance. Whenever you see her, her hands are noticeably lovely with their glimmering, almond-shaped nails, their clear half moons.

"Women don't realize what a lovely asset their hands can be made," she says. "And it is so simple—in less than two minutes the new Cutex Liquid Polish gives my nails the accent I like with today's feminine fashions."

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Just these three simple things give your hands a charming femininity—

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle.

Second—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip of the nail and then a touch of Nail White . . . Cutex preparations, 35¢ each. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together, 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together, 60¢.

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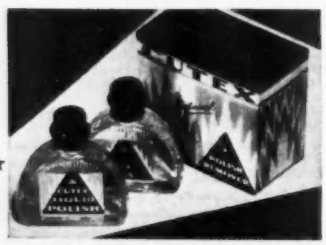
"Your manicure stamps you as one who knows—or does not know," Mrs. McLaughlin insists. "The way you care for your nails can change the whole expression of your hands. Like all people interested in the arts, I use my hands a lot—that is why I am so particular to keep my cuticle smooth and my nails polished—my little Cutex Set is invaluable to me." Cutex preparations are so easy to secure at all toilet-goods counters.

Mrs. McLaughlin's sensitive, expressive hands are noted for their lovely nails. Your nails, too, can gain new beauty—send the coupon today for generous Cutex samples.



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_____

_____

The Missionary

But Angus saw the matter in the light of his own ideals. He was deeply touched. Smiling brilliantly, he shook his brother's hand.

"That's fine o' you, Ugruk. It is the finest thing I ever heard ye say. Just the same, lad, I canna accept. In the first place, I canna keep up wi' you, wi' no snow-shoes. In the second place, that would cut down the grub too thin. It would only mean all three o' us would perish on the trail. I will stay here and take my chance on the old men coming back."

Ugruk was greatly puzzled. Why should Angus refuse a share of the good *kow-kow*? At least, it would prolong his life a few days. It was true that by staying here and starving, he might save Gretchen's life, but how would he himself benefit? He could not enjoy her. He would lie still, and his stiff arms could not enfold her, nor his brittle lips press hers.

Why was he willing to die that she might live? The thing did not accord with Ugruk's conception of life. Especially it did not fit in with his idea of white men. An even greater mystery was that Angus seemed to care not only for Gretchen's safety, but for Ugruk's.

If he died so that his brother might live, where was the gain? He would never see Ugruk again to make use of him, perhaps to baptize him and make him put money in the church plate. If there was a fish-hook concealed in this bait, Ugruk could not find it. True, Angus seemed to set great store on Ugruk's being baptized. Was this the reason Angus so wanted him to live? It did not make sense. Angus himself would not survive to see the ceremony, and it would be performed by another minister. Did he have some kind of cunning agreement with Father Goodman to share the benefits of Ugruk's baptism? But what benefits could there be, and how could they be delivered to a dead man?

Finally Ugruk seized on what he thought was the explanation. A grim look stole into his face. Why, the whole business was a lie—just another white man's lie. Angus was staying here because he thought it was his best chance. He had reasons for thinking the old men would be back, saving him from the long and bitter and almost hopeless trek across the snows. Fearing that the old men's food supply would be limited, he wanted Ugruk and Gretchen out of the way. Such was the white man's cunning!

The Eskimo's little eyes shifted back and forth. What information was his brother keeping back? Whatever it was, it was ill-founded. The hunch was wrong: the old men would not soon return. Let Angus stay, if he insisted; Ugruk would trust to his legs and the good *kow-kow*.

MEANWHILE Angus and Gretchen had withdrawn to the other side of the room and were seated on her bunk.

"Why? Why? Why?" the pale girl kept repeating. "Do you just want to die—is that it? Why did you refuse Ugruk's offer?"

Angus raised his ashen face. The long hours of strain had begun to tell on him. "Ye remember what ye said last night—that only two people can get through alive. There are two pairs o' snow-shoes, bedding for two, food for two—those were your vera words. Gretchen, if I felt there was even a slight chance for three o' us to make it in, I would go wi' you in a minute. I would risk Ugruk's life and yours, too. But there isn't the least hope. It would just mean death for all three o' us."

"But why not try it a little way, anyhow?"

"That little way would just be enough to beat you. If I'd eat one pound o' food, ye would starve to death by one pound. If I held you back for five minutes, ye would lack five minutes o' getting in. The odds against you are too heavy now. They'd be overwhelming if they were increased by a fraction. Lord knows I dinna want to stay here. But, Gretchen—what else can I do?"

"If only two can go, why not you and me? Why isn't Ugruk the one to stay here?"

The Missionary

Angus passed his hand over his brow in bewilderment. "I dinna know. It just happens. Ugruk must live and go on, if there's the slightest chance or hope. His destiny isn't yet fulfilled, any more than your own . . . I don't know why—"

"Is yours fulfilled?" the girl asked sharply.

"It's hard to think so, but it must be. Don't ye see, Gretchen, that I can't stand in his way? Ye know how I ha' taken him under my wing for my father's sake, and promised to do all I can for the sin o' his being born? Can I keep that promise by leaving him here in this cabin to die?"

"You don't want Ugruk to die until he's baptized. That's one thing."

"I wouldna like to ha' him, true. I only feel—I know—that his life is not complete." Angus took the girl's hand and pressed it between his. "Gretchen, I dinna understand it all myself. I only know I'm doing what I am forced to do—what my heart tells me to do."

"It's a hard heart." Gretchen spoke darkly. "A flinty, puritan heart. Angus—I beg you to go."

"And I beg you not to beg me. I canna stand it."

"But your life is worth ten of Ugruk's."

"My life would be worth nothing if I broke faith. Ye ha' not forgotten what ye told me, the night we came back from saving Wunchee's baby?"

"I can't remember—"

"Ye said you thought that the North was going to prove me 'a liar and a fool.' Ye meant that the North would force me to go back on my ideals. And ye said, furthermore, that ye did not want me to fail, that ye wanted me to keep faith. It was the real Gretchen Konrad talking then. Ye told me what ye really felt, and ye still feel so. It's just the fear that makes ye talk differently now."

"But I felt differently about you then. . . . I—I didn't—love—you—then."

THE words fell one and one from her lips. It was as if she could not keep them back. When the secret was out, she gasped, and her hand went too late to her mouth. Wildly she looked up into Angus's face.

He sat so long that it gave the effect of a start. "I loved *you*, even then," he answered. "I just didn't know it."

The bright tears began to gleam on her lashes. "I lied to you just now."

"Ye mean, ye dinna love me?"

"No, not that. I lied when I said I didn't love you then—that night at the doorway. I loved you all the time, too. I fought against it, but it didn't do any good."

He drew her toward him, her glossy head against his breast, and began to caress her hair with quick, gentle strokes of his fingers. She was weeping quietly, so at last he bent and kissed the tears out of her eyes. A strange sense of security—of some distant, inevitable, and sweet security—stole over them both and stilled the pain in their hearts.

"I love you more than all the world," Angus whispered, his lips against hers.

She drew slowly from his embrace, and her eyes searched his. "And yet—in spite of our love—you ask me to go on with Ugruk and leave you here to die?" she asked.

"I ask you to. But it's not in spite o' our love. It's in the name o' our love. I ask you, as your lover, to let me keep faith wi' my God and wi' my soul."

Thus in one sentence Angus Mackenzie declared his life's creed. Thus idealism, mistaken and vain though it might be, triumphed over materialism. The North had not shown Angus to be a liar. Even Gretchen knew, when she saw his face flame, that the North had proved him neither a liar nor a fool.

"I understand," she told him, smiling dimly through her tears. "I'll go on with Ugruk and leave you here." Her voice broke. "In—the name—of—our—love."

(To be concluded)

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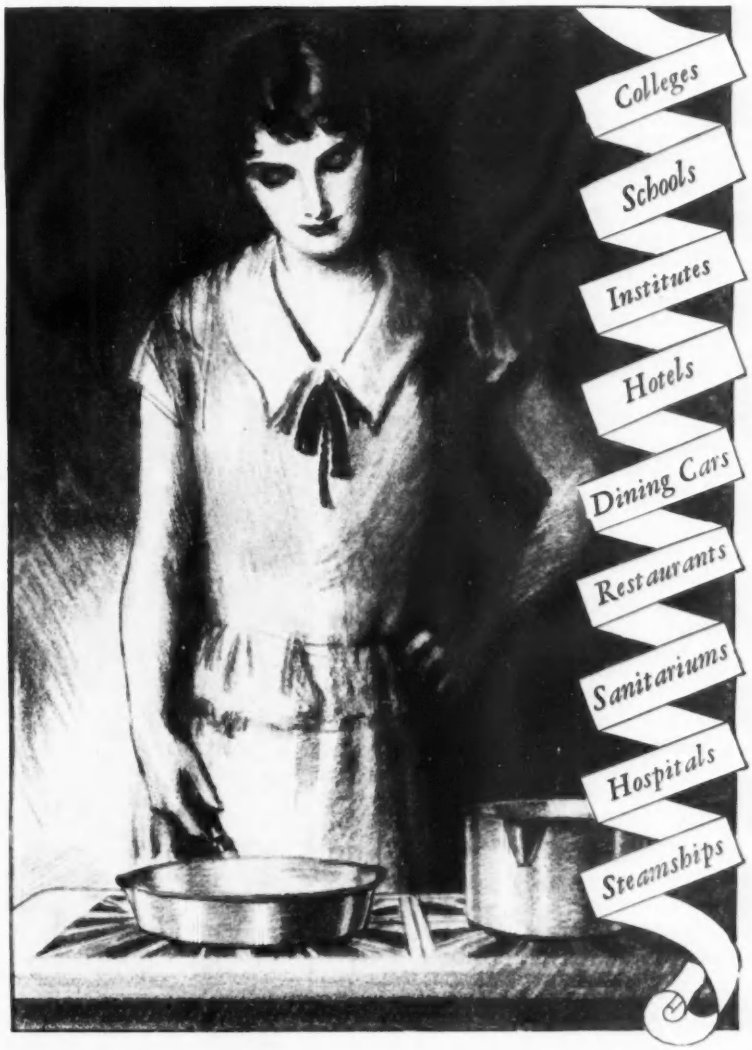

Yes, *beautiful!*

Aluminum *is* beautiful. You learn to love its sparkling lustre as you love the gleam of silver or the mellow glow of polished pewter. It is a fine, true metal—and its beauty goes clear through and lasts forever.

For years the most efficient kitchens have relied upon aluminum. Aluminum is the master heat-conductor. It *spreads* the heat and saves the food from burning. It is immune from action by food acids—approved for *all* cooking by the greatest scientific authorities. For its cooking ability, its economy, its safety, and its beauty—in countless homes and in great hotels and hospitals—*the best cooks use aluminum.*

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Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen" to address written below:

In using advertisements see page 6

Bring Them "back Home" . . . by Telephone

A Bell System Advertisement

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But there is one sure way of bringing them "back home" all through the year. *By telephone!*

Talking to them is next best to seeing them. And out of town calls are so easy to make these days, so clear and inexpensive. Nineteen million telephones in this country alone are linked to your own in one great System—and you can call any of them, anywhere, any time you wish.

Telephones should be one of the great conveniences in your home. With them you can make nearly all of your social engagements. You can "voice visit" with friends, no matter where they are. You can keep family ties alive. You can widen your circle of activity and companionship.

Telephone Hour is one way many households keep in touch with friends who live in other cities, and members of the family who are away. Regularly they place calls to them. It takes but a few minutes and is thoroughly reasonable in cost; yet it pays large returns in appreciation and affection. Why not have a Telephone Hour this week and every week thereafter?

The famous Matthews
"38" Stock Cruiser
Speeds 35 to 40 miles
Go anywhere in a Matthews Cruiser
"Matthews 38"
ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF CRUISING
Matthews "38" Single Cabin, Double Cabin Sport Cruiser, Day Cruiser
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THE MATTHEWS CO., Port Clinton, Ohio, U. S. A.
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CASEMENT CLOTH
For all Modern Windows. Lustrous sheen in Natural, Ecru and Pastel Colors, Sunfast and Durable. Closely woven and drapes beautifully. Sold by leading stores.
Write for Booklet
FAIRCLOUGH & GOLD INC. BOSTON, MASS.

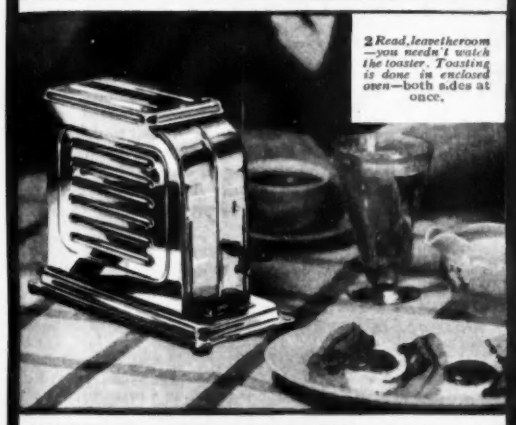
Let Us Buy For Your Children

This brother-and-sister suit with Peter Pan collars and cuffs comes in a quaint cotton print in peach-and-white or lavender-and-white; the trousers in a solid color. The dress in sizes 2 to 5, the suit, 2 to 4 yr.; above. The price is only $2.25 ea.

A cunning cotton print in a checked effect of blue, green, or lavender with white makes this adorable brother-and-sister suit with a white, plaited frill. The trousers are in a solid color; dress, sizes 2 to 5; suit, 2 to 4; $2.25 ea.; below

To order just send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service 57th St. at 8th Avenue, N. Y. City

Brother and sister will adore these little suits and dresses. The round-necked, jersey ones below, with slip-over sweaters, come in red, dark tan, navy, green, or copen with trimming; the box-plaited skirt on a bodice; the trousers with elastic; dress, 3 to 6 years; suit, 2 to 5; $1.95 each



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It Can't BURN Toast

It Automatically Discharges Toast and Turns Off Current When Through!

Have You Seen The *NEW* TOASTMASTER? Please Do!

Now Finished In Gleaming Chromium . . . to Banish Forever All Tarnish and Discoloration!

The World's Most Completely AUTOMATIC Toaster

TODAY, at no advance in price, you are offered the *new* chromium plate Toastmaster. To give you the finest mirror-like, permanent finish possible; on the most completely automatic toaster you can buy.

All you do is set a lever at the kind of toast you want, drop in a slice of bread—and that's all. Next thing, a *Pop!* and the toast is done, just the way you want it, and automatically discharged.

You don't *turn* the bread. And thus needn't *watch* the Toastmaster. You don't *think* about it. It does the whole job; toasts both sides at once; *automatically* discharges the toast and turns off the current when done. Gives you toast moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside . . . all the flavor is *sealed in.*

No other toaster made will do all that it does. At the rate of a slice a minute! Do you wonder, then, that this unique automatic Toastmaster has supplanted all other less modern toasters in thousands of homes, the last 3 years?

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Protected by rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other toaster "like" the Toastmaster. No other toaster that does what the Toastmaster does. When you buy a toaster, for yourself or for giving, in justice to yourself, *demand* a demonstration of the Toastmaster.

On sale at all stores in the United States and Canada.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 No. Second Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
A Division of the McGraw Electric Company 220R

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

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2 Read, leave the room —you needn't watch the toaster. Toasting is done in enclosed oven—both sides at once.
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TOASTMASTER
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In using advertisements see page 6

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Floors are Lovely

when you use this magic Wax Polish

YOU can see a REAL difference in your entire home when you clean and polish your floors with Old English Wax.

Although it takes but a short time and is no work at all — you can add a richness to your home that all your friends will admire. A few cents worth of Old English Wax will add hundreds of dollars to the value of any home—large or small—whether the floors are now waxed, varnished, shellaced, painted or linoleum.

Because Old English Wax contains such a high percentage of imported Carnauba Wax, it imparts a more lasting polish that is armor plate protection against scratches, heelmarks, children's carelessness, and wear of all kinds. If you want the beauty to last, be sure and get Old English Wax.

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The full directions on every can will tell you how to wax polish in the easiest way. With this polish the whole job is done in one simple operation because no preliminary washing up is necessary. It is a thorough, safe cleanser in itself. Your work is lightened and your home looks twice as beautiful.

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Member National Home Study Council

The Last Emperor

(Continued from page 45)

that I could do to defend myself and my people. I am now reduced to this state. Thou wilt deal with me, Malintzin, according to thine own wishes. Yet I would ask of thee one boon—the gift of a warrior's death. Slay me now with this blade, let me die on the *teocalli* of the gods of my people. Let me not live to be a captive wolf in a cage. That is all I ask of thee, Malintzin."

Hernan Cortez shook his head. "Fear not," he said. "Thou shalt be treated with all honor. A Spaniard knoweth how to respect valor, even in an enemy. Thou shalt live to be my friend, Guatemoc."

Fair words, fairly spoken for all to hear; perhaps truly and fairly meant. But Guatemoc knew; he knew in his soul that there had been taken from him even the last poor boon of a warrior's death. The promises of Cortez—the wind had already carried the words away. The soul of Guatemoc died that day upon the bloody summit of the *teocalli* that had once been sacred to the gods of his people. Only his body lived on, an uninhabited shell.

So he spoke no word, made no sign. And the once powerful Caciques, bending the knee to the white Conquistador, looked into the eyes of him who had been their lord, and found no answer to their mute query. They went forth sorrowfully, saying to each other:

"It is finished, the glory of the Aztec nation. Our Emperor is silent—the gods of Mexitli are dead."

NOW, in the second year of the turbulent administration in the new land that had so recently been won, Hernan Cortez received grievous news from the country of Hibueras, now called Honduras, whence he had sent his lieutenant, Cristobal de Olid, to colonize for Spain. The lure of kingship had proved too strong, and the man whom Cortez trusted with this important duty had betrayed his trust and his King, and had declared himself the ruler of the wild, luxuriant region.

As swiftly as might be, after the black news came, Cortez dispatched Francisco de las Casas by sea to punish the traitor and establish Spanish authority in Hibueras. But as month passed into month, and no word came from the punitive expedition, the Conquistador decided on a wild, bold plan. He himself would go to Hibueras by land, following with chart and compass a straight line south-east through Yucatan and Peten.

Fifteen hundred miles of jungle lay between Mexico and the land where De Olid had taken refuge. But Hernan Cortez was not the man to be dissuaded by difficulties or threatened disaster.

Like an oriental satrap he set forth, with lackeys and servitors and armor-makers, horsemen and foot soldiers, artillerymen and archers. No mere soldiers' march was this, with scanty rations and light equipment—it was the march of a conquering monarch, cunningly designed to impress all the savage peoples who might be encountered on the way. Priests and jugglers went with him on that mad, incredible march through the jungle. A table service of heavy silver, and linen, and silks, and damasks. Doña Marina went with him, attended by Indian damsels of her own choosing. Two thousand Indian slaves and allies were under his banner. And with him went Guatemoc, Lord of Mexitli, the last Emperor of the Aztec nation.

Cortez would have made it appear that the Lord Guatemoc and the other once powerful princes of the Aztec Empire accompanied him of their own free will. But the reason was transparent. The Conquistador dared not leave the dethroned Emperor in the despoiled capital that had so lately been the glory of the Aztec nation. Well he knew that the degraded Caciques waited only until their wounds were healed to fall afresh upon the white invaders. And so he commanded that the Lord Guatemoc, with his cousin, the Tzin of Tacuba, and

"I can't make it in high– *It's going to stall!*"

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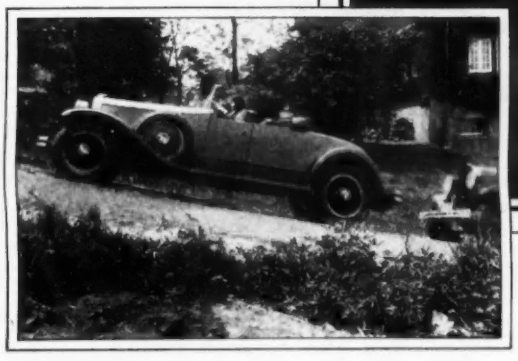

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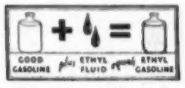

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ETHYL GASOLINE

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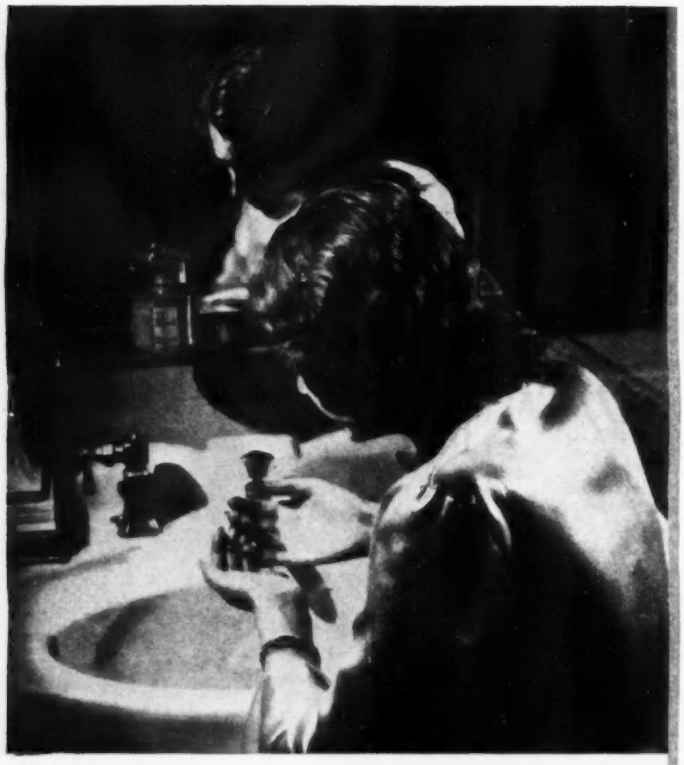
MIRACLES *of loveliness they were: those fragile Queens of yesterday who ruled the proudest courts of Europe and Asia: and for a century and a half, Pinaud has helped to make them so. Miraculous treatments they used—bottles and boxes, caskets and chests, whole portmanteaus full of rare preparations perfected by Pinaud at Royalty's command.*



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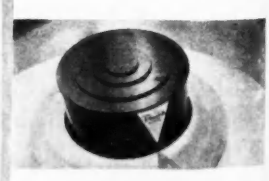
For Pinaud's Cream first "floats" to the surface the deep accumulations that clog and age your skin—the day's dust and grime, the particles of make-up, the waxy, fatty traces of ordinary preparations which, as dermatologists have long been pointing out, stick like tiny plugs in the depths of the pores. In the same instant, Pinaud's Cream *supples* the skin-tissues with delicate, swiftly-absorbed oils. Then, at the touch of clear water, it dissolves before your eyes—*washes away* with its load of aging accumulations—leaving your skin cleansed, toned, suppled as never before.

Now—*without* astringent, *without* additional powder-base—a touch of Pinaud's new Powder—that almost incredible powder specially blended for your individual type of skin.

Never, never have you looked so radiant—your skin so delicately-brilliant, so flawless. And day by day—even when you are busiest—you can give yourself this swift amazing treatment . . . watch your skin growing younger, finer-textured before your eyes as you *wash* the years away!

Lightly, swiftly, spread Pinaud's Cream on your face. Then, in clear water, wash it away!



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The Last Emperor

those others who had been most powerful and troublesome, should attend him on the long, wild journey to Hibueras, "The Land of Deep Waters."

The Conquistador left behind in the City of Mexico the one person whom he loved unselfishly and whole-heartedly—his little son, Don Martin, whose mother was Doña Marina. Of the woman who had served him so faithfully, he was tiring. But his son was the adoration of his life. And when with his sword he carved out new pieces of empire to be laid like glittering nuggets of gold on the Spanish monarch's lap, it was ever with the thought: "This glory my son shall reap. He shall govern what I have gained. My name and exploits shall pave the way to the world's highest honors for the child who is of my flesh and blood."

That Doña Marina had had much to do with his success, he did not see or care. She had been, and still was, useful to him, because of her almost uncanny ability in speaking the languages and dialects of the various Indian tribes. Once he had loved her. She had borne him a son. But one loves a horse—and sells it—or leaves it behind when its usefulness is over. So much for Doña Marina.

AT FIRST, it was like a triumphal march. For the long column wound down through territory already conquered—or at least eager to submit to the awe-inspiring white lords who in these remote places were still thought to be gods who had come to claim their own.

And so there were pageants and fireworks at night, the puppet players made the soldiers merry with little wooden figures, the jugglers performed in Cortez' tent, where the Conquistador ate richly flavored viands from gold and silver plate—and there was always the luxurious, artificial bustle and gossip of a court on a journey of pleasure.

But southward, ever southward, the long procession wound. And at last the gods of the jungle engulfed them with hot, lush hands; tore their pretense of gaiety from them as if it had been a flimsy cloak; sucked away their life and energy; blew upon them with hot, fever-infested breath. They could not conquer the white lord; his will was as great as their own. They retreated slowly almost imperceptibly, before his steady, dogged footsteps.

But always they flung up barriers. Rivers that could not be forded by man or beast; areas of quicksand which trapped the unwary swine and engulfed the slaves who tried to rescue them. Deep morasses into which men and horses plunged hip-deep. Mountains of flint that cut the horses' hoofs into ribbons and went through the futile protection of the soldiers' leathern boots. Vast, terrible stretches of untrodden jungle, where the only guide was the white lord's magic chart and compass. Long, long days and nights when there was no food, and men and beasts alike eased their gnawing hunger as best they could with roots and leaves, and wild fruit which appeased the appetite but induced a giddy, aching sickness.

In this extremity, when the Spanish soldiers all but rebelled, making constant plaint against the combined hardships of the march and the labor of hewing down trees for bridges and pontoons, it was the Lord Guatemoc who with quiet, uncomplaining dignity set his Indian vassals to work at the bridges, and pointed out to Cortez certain palms that might be cut down and roasted for food.

The Lord of the Aztecs always made camp a little apart from the *Españoles*. With him was his cousin, the once powerful Tzin of Tacuba, and the Cacique, Mexicalcinco. His manner toward the Conquistador had never changed. His friend—no, he was not that. He left such pretense to the man who could speak fair words the one day and torture with fire the next. But he endured with fortitude the evil fate that had befallen him. He feared naught that the future could bring, for to him there was no future. Only a past, filled with glory,

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Orinoka

DRAPERIES-SUN AND TUB FAST

The Last Emperor

and horror, triumph, and utter defeat. And yet, as the ever-diminishing army fought its way tiredly, stubbornly, inch by inch through the suffocating tangle of the unknown jungle, the fear that had always been in Cortez' heart concerning the tall, stately, captive king became an obsession that gnawed at his waking hours and punctuated his dreams with visions of terror.

For it was the *Españoles* who died. The soldiers of Spain who were being overwhelmed by the silent, ceaseless squeezing of the jungle gods' grip. The Aztec Indians survived through famine, and hardships, and disease.

What was the obvious meaning of that deadly, ever-increasing lack of balance of power? What if, in some lonely place, surrounded on all sides by the impenetrable jungle fastnesses, Guatemoc should speak the word of rebellion—the word that would mean death?

The fear of it, the uncertainty of it, preyed constantly on his mind. So that when the weary procession finally came to a little village in the province of Ascalan, the seething ferment of his soul was ready to be poured forth in deeds of injustice and anguish.

FOR a moment the jungle gods were checked. For in this place were food and hospitality and sufficient room in which to rest and relax. The inhabitants, who at first had fled, came straggling back when assured that no harm was intended. The priests of the gods exchanged with Cortez immunity for the idols in the temple on its pyramid base, for maize and green-stuffs and venison, and for leather to make new shoes.

But the slow poison of hatred and jealousy had spread like an evil miasma. Motives and passions became twisted, crooked things; the jungle gods waited.

Hernan Cortez had long since wearied of Doña Marina as his mistress. And yet he gave to her a certain respect and some of the appurtenances of noble birth. So much he granted for her services to him and for having been the mother of his son. It was in the remote Mayan village in the province of Ascalan that he first took notice of Tula, one of her Indian maids-in-waiting whom she had brought with her from the City of Mexico.

Perhaps it was her name that first captured his attention. For Tula was also the name of Moctezuma's youngest daughter, the beautiful Aztec princess whom Guatemoc had married, and who, for a brief, glorious moment, had been the Empress of Mexico.

This Tula was not of royal birth. But her father was a Cacique of Doña Marina's own province of Tlascala, and she possessed the slender, stately beauty for which the women of Tlascala were famous.

The Conquistador saw her and desired her. Taking no account of what her feelings toward him might be, nor ever considering what sorrow might follow on the heels of such a brief, careless passion. Many women had loved him —many would always love him. For there was, in his vigorous, dominant personality, that which compels the imagination and stirs the feminine heart. But Tula did not love him. She feared him as if he were the Evil One of whom she had so lately learned. For she had been baptized a Christian, converted by the good Fray Juan.

Fearfully she effaced herself whenever possible. She pretended not to see the flame in the White Lord's eyes when he looked at her fresh, youthful beauty. She clung closely to Doña Marina's side and slept in her tent, on a mat at her feet.

She had not dared to speak of the fear in her heart, even to her mistress. But the sad Tlascalan woman, who knew the White Lord as no other human being knew him, was quick to see the unconcealed desire in his eyes as he looked at the slim young girl. She, who had suffered so much that she thought her heart seared and dead, felt anew the twisting of agony's knife deep in her soul. For she loved him deathlessly, with a passion that asked no return.

The Last Emperor

"Tula, my child," she said in her slow, soft voice, "why dost thou dread to tell me that the White Lord seeks thy love?"

The girl paled and trembled. Her eyes were downcast as she answered, "I feared thy displeasure, noble lady."

Doña Marina's lips parted in a smile that was more bitter than a sob. "Nay, I have no claim on the White Lord. And if thy heart responds to his—"

Tula lifted her eyes, blazing now with loathing undisguised. "I pray thee, speak not of love, noble lady! There is naught in my heart but fear, and a hatred of him who hath made slaves of my father and all my people. He can take me at his pleasure, for I am powerless to resist. But no mistress of his will I ever be! Death shall be the warrior who will deliver me from this man!"

Doña Marina's face grew deadly white. For the girl's unthinking words were like cutting arrow barbs. And yet she held no thought of blame for her wild, virginal defiance. So she herself might have felt and spoken years ago—but alas, she had loved the White Lord. She had been proud to serve him and to worship him, even though he had so soon turned from her. Now she found a secret joy in the knowledge that at least this maiden would not willingly accept his love. And she determined, since it was so, to thwart his desire for the first and last time of her life.

"My protection," she said at last, "is like a shield of straw. For the White Lord has but to speak, and I must obey, like the least of his slaves and soldiers. There is only one among us who might, if he would, save thee from this fate which is so hateful to thine heart. Guatemoc, Lord of the Aztecs, might aid thee in thy distress."

At the name of the royal captive a crimson blush spread like a sudden dawn over the girl's pale cheeks. Doña Marina, watching keenly, knew then the answer to her aversion. Her heart had already been given, most humbly and from afar, to the tall, stately man who was of her race and who once had been a king.

"I—I—alas, how should I approach him?" she stammered. "I should die of awe, did he so much as look upon me!"

Again Doña Marina smiled, a sad little, reminiscent smile. "I, too, have known such awe," she said, "but it kills not, though it may strike dumb. Nay, child, go to him confidently. He is most kind and gentle, and I grieve that it is necessary for the White Lord to keep him as a hostage. Tell him freely what is in thy heart, and entreat his august aid. He could—if he wished—send thee back to Mexico with a message to his wife, the Princess Tula."

THAT night there was no moon. The scattered camp-fires of the army were like luminous drops of blood pricked from the breast of the darkness. From the summit of the *teocalli* came the glow of a discreet altar fire, and the pungent fragrance of copal incense drifted down into the scornful nostrils of the Christian invaders.

The soldiers of the Conquistador slept deeply, save only those whose duty it was to maintain a vigilant guard. But in the place a little apart, where camped the followers of Guatemoc, there was a stealthy life and furtive movement, as of jungle animals stealing silently through the protective blackness.

Here and there groups of Aztec warriors spoke in voices subdued to a whisper beneath the loud, metallic chanting of the *cigarras:*

"Hast thou seen them, the paintings on the cloths? The symbols of rebellion and of death to the white barbarians?"

"Ay, it was boldly done, for none of the *Españoles* knows the meaning of the symbols—not even the woman, Marina. It will give the word to all of our people, telling them to be in readiness, and when the Lord Guatemoc gives us the command, our unused spears shall

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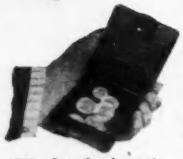

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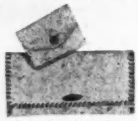

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The Last Emperor

sharpen themselves on the hearts of the despoilers of Azteca!"

"True—but will our Lord speak the word, thinkest thou? He has given no sign of his approval or consent."

"Have patience; this night the Tzin of Tacuba and the Cacique, Mexicalcinco, are with him in his tent. Surely they will succeed in convincing him that now is the time to fall upon the invaders. And this the place, since on yonder *teocalli* we may offer up their hearts to the cheated gods of our land!"

IN THE deep shadow cast by the plumed and painted tent of the Lord Guatemoc lay a slight, trembling figure, invisible in the intense darkness. She had not meant to overhear the terrible, dangerous words within. She had only intended to wait hidden there until the Tzin of Tacuba and the Cacique, Mexicalcinco, had gone forth, so that she could present herself to the warriors on guard and send her plea to the Lord Guatemoc in the name of Doña Marina.

She had listened, at first unthinkingly, and then with the fascinated paralysis that intense terror produces. For they were speaking of treachery and rebellion; of death to the white invaders and to the Conquistador himself. At first the voices had been low and guarded, but rising gradually as passion increased and care diminished. The harsh, fierce voice of Mexicalcinco demanding,

"Speak, then, O Lord of our people, and say why thou dost withhold thy consent!"

A silence, and then the slow, grave voice of Guatemoc. It sent a thrill of ecstasy through the trembling form of the maiden, even though it spoke only of weighty matters of statecraft.

"Because it gains naught for us beyond a revenge as useless as a barren woman. If for the moment we triumph—what then? We must remain here in this land of the Mayas, who are not our people, or we must return to Mexico and there be punished as traitors. If *our* lives only were at stake, I might consider the matter differently. But our women and children are there in Mexico, at the mercy of the white barbarians. Will you see them ruthlessly slain, the seed of our race destroyed, because we have a momentary advantage to revenge ourselves on the white men?"

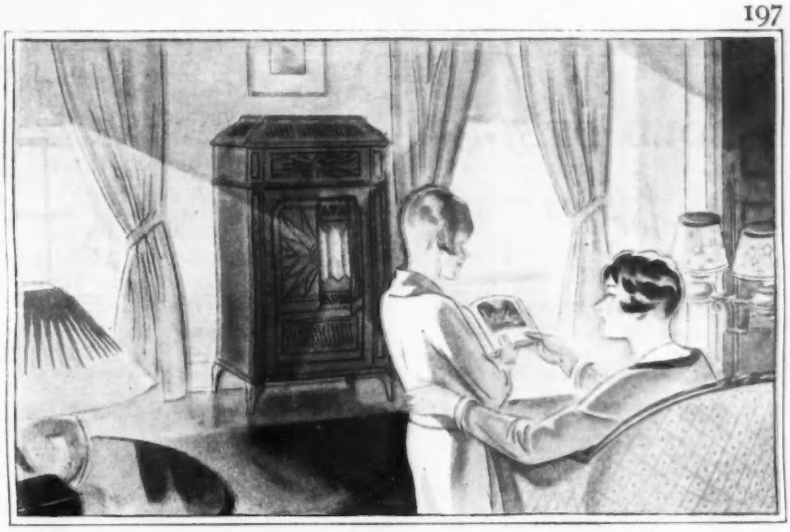
Mexicalcinco's voice came in an angry snarl. But it was the Tzin of Tacuba who answered:

"Lord of the Aztecas, we see the future differently. If the White Lord Malintzin is slain, the power of the invaders will be broken. We can return to our ancient city of Tenochtitlan and rebuild the broken altars of our gods. Our people will rise up and follow our footsteps; we shall sweep the bearded barbarians before us as a storm scatters the dust from the highway!"

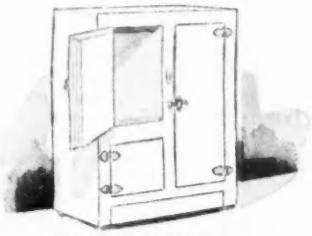
Another silence, like the trembling of a balance that holds equal amounts of life and death. And then Guatemoc spoke once more; it was the voice of the Emperor who spoke:

"These are words I have heard long ago—futile as the prattle of unthinking children. I tell thee that our sun has set; the gods of our land have lost their power. When first we heard of these strange white men who came to our shores in search of gold, I never believed that they were gods—my counsel was to destroy them there at the seashore. In vain I urged upon Moctezuma the danger of welcoming them in friendship. To allow them to come to Tenochtitlan was to receive in our midst a nest of serpents. In *that* day we could have triumphed. We could have slain them to the last man. But now—thou dost speak of the White Lord Malintzin as if he were the one man we need fear. I tell thee there are thousands like him in that unknown country from which he came. They have found the trail leading into our land—they will not forsake it because one leader is slain. It is too late! I tell thee this who have known the heights and the depths. There is no hope now except to yield as best we may to the Conqueror's will."

Cabinet heaters made of ARMCO *Ingot Iron last longer and take a finer finish. Look for the* ARMCO TRIANGLE *put on them by their makers.*



How to be SURE of longer service from products made of metal



The finest ice and mechanical refrigerators are made of durable ARMCO *Ingot Iron, and are so labeled.*

METAL products *look* a good deal alike. You can't tell by their appearance whether they will rust quickly or give you years of care-free service.

But there is a way to make sure of rust-resistance and long wear, *before* you buy such products!

The manufacturers who use rust-resisting pure iron are marking their products with the famous ARMCO TRIANGLE.

Look for this mark. It is your assurance of the best material-value that money can buy. ARMCO Ingot Iron is unequalled in resisting rust and corrosion because it is the purest iron made. It is practically free from the foreign elements that hasten rust in other low-cost metals.

Be sure of getting nothing less than ARMCO Ingot Iron wear and service by insisting on products marked with the ARMCO TRIANGLE.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
***Executive Offices:* MIDDLETOWN, OHIO**
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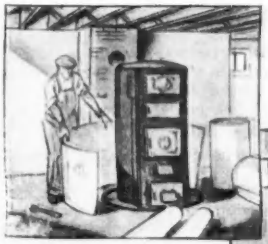
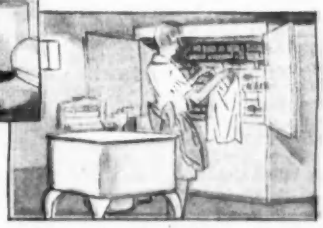




Furnaces themselves, as well as their casings and pipes, are now being manufactured of ARMCO *Ingot Iron.*

Dryers and washing machines resist rust better when made of ARMCO *Ingot Iron.*

The ARMCO TRIANGLE *is shown on labels which identify products made of genuine* ARMCO *Ingot Iron.*

Look for this sign when there's sheet metal work to be done. It is your guide to a long-lasting, low-cost job.

ARMCO INGOT IRON RESISTS RUST

In using advertisements see page 6

A BOLD DESIGN

for a youthful room

A Scranton Lustre Spread is the key to this gay, youthful room . . . particularly suited to the young girl. Obtainable in her favorite shade, it will withstand Youth's careless treatment.

Send your name with ten cents for a colorful booklet showing Scranton Lustre Spreads and color schemes for every type of room. The Scranton Lace Co., Dept. 200, Scranton, Pa.

Continental Lustre Spread No. 2900. 72 and 90 inches by 108 inches. In blue, rose, gold, green, orchid and ivory.

SCRANTON
LUSTRE SPREADS

Garments Don't Hide

With K-V Clothes Closet Fixtures every garment is immediately seen without delay. No pawing through a darkened closet! A touch of the handle slides your wardrobe out, everything orderly. And your closet accommodates twice as much clothing with the K-V Fixture. It is made of steel, handsomely nickeled. Nothing to get out of order. Used in thousands of American homes. If your hardware dealer cannot supply you, write for the new edition of "The Clothes Closet and the Housewife," with full particulars. Knape & Vogt Mfg. Co., 1590 Muskegon Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

K-V Clothes Closet Fixtures

A few designs selected from pages in the new Sewing Book

You'll Love to Make These Things . . . .

because they are so simple, so easy and so very effective. Pillows in colorful modernistic designs, handy bags as decorative as useful, dainty curtains, cute kiddies toys, smart junior dresses, attractive flower motifs, dainty baby things—all these are illustrated and described in our new Sewing Book. You can make them all through the use of Wright's Bias Fold Tape in its various fabrics, colors and widths.

3 yard sample Free!

With every Sewing Book at 10c we will send a full three yard sample of our tape (guaranteed fast color) Free!

W. E. WRIGHT & SONS CO.
Dept. 849 Orange, N. J.

Be sure to ask for

WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

The Last Emperor

"Ah! And *thus* speaks the 'warrior,' Guatemoc!" It was Mexicalcinco's voice, choking with rage. "*Thus* speaks the mighty Lord of the Aztecs, who fears the wrath of these starved, white weaklings!"

The Tzin of Tacuba gasped a rebuking word. But Guatemoc's voice rang out loud and clear:

"Begone! And take thine insolence with thee! I still am Lord of the Aztec people!"

The curtain of the tent was thrown violently outward. Tula caught for a moment the furious gleam of Mexicalcinco's lowering eyes as he strode out into the darkness. Inside the tent there was heavy silence. Then she heard the Tzin of Tacuba's voice.

"I do not trust the Cacique—he has ever veered about with the wind. There is even a rumor that he hath turned Christian to please Malintzin and his priests."

Guatemoc's reply was sad and weary. "I pray you leave me now, my cousin. There is a weight on my heart like the door of a tomb. I need solitude and meditation to free myself of its burden."

IT WAS almost an hour later when Tula gained courage enough to present herself before the tent. To the Aztec warrior who challenged her, she made answer that she had come from the Doña Marina on a matter of importance. And such was the power of the Tlascalan woman's name that the guard made way for her with courtesy and ushered her into Guatemoc's presence.

The tent of the royal captive was not brightly illuminated. Only a torch of closely-bound rushes burned with a dim, tarnished light. Yet to the kneeling maiden it was as if the glory of dawn and sunset were being poured down upon her. For the Lord Guatemoc spoke to her in his grave, kindly voice and bade her state her errand or her message.

"Lord of the Aztecas," she murmured scarcely above a whisper, "I am of thine own race. My name is Tula—"

"Tula!" He repeated it wonderingly.

An aching tenderness was in the word. And although the kneeling maiden well knew that it was of another Tula he thought in that moment, still the warmth of love enveloped her like a cloak. She would have died with rapture, might she have touched his sandal.

"Yes—well—thy name is Tula. It brings back memories bitter-sweet. But say on and have no fear. What wouldst thou ask of me?"

She lifted herself until she crouched before him, her long hair sweeping down about her knees, her young, tortured face raised to his.

"I ask of thee, O mighty Lord—to send me back to my people! Send me back to Mexico, so that I may escape the dishonorable blight of the White Conqueror's love!"

With trembling voice she poured out her story. And he listened, never moving or speaking; only his deep eyes stared out beyond her as if they looked into a hopeless abyss. When at last she was finished, he was silent. And she waited, with fearful, pounding heart, lest his answer should be denial.

But when he spoke at last, there was a somber kingliness in his tone. "In this matter, at least, I can use the authority which has been so nearly stripped from me. I shall send thee back to Mexico with sufficient men for thy protection, and thou shalt carry a message for me to that other Tula who is ever in my heart."

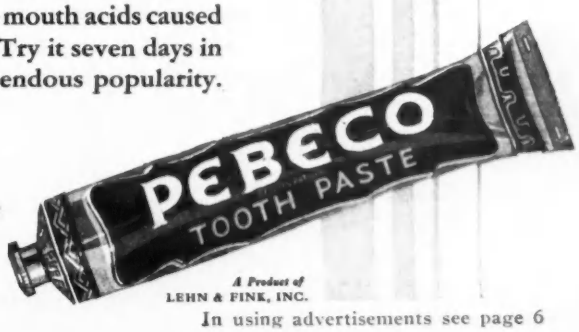
He clapped his hands and gave an order to the warrior who came at the summons. Then he said once more to the girl at his feet:

"Tomorrow's dawn must see thee on the homeward trail. Go in peace and have no fear. The gods of our people will protect thee. As for Malintzin—I shall assume this responsibility. Whatever he may say or think, I am still the Lord of the Aztecas."

So deep, so overwhelming, was her gratitude that she could only bow to the earth and kiss the ground his sandals had touched.

Can you smile like this?... Or are you afraid? Does acid drive wedges into your teeth enamel, which later develop into cavities?

Turn to Pebeco... the tooth paste which scientifically checks "acid-mouth." Pebeco more than cleans teeth—it *saves* them. It stimulates the flow of saliva which neutralizes the mouth acids caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Try it seven days in a row...and you'll know the reason for its tremendous popularity.



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In using advertisements see page 6

Delicacies from the Delicatessens of Europe

Traveled connoisseurs in food delights have selected from one hundred and fifty delicacies, popular in Europe, the seven listed below . . . fancy foods at moderate prices. Fill out the Coupon at the bottom, attach check or money, and enjoy the world's finest eatables. Mailing included in the prices given below. All delicacies sent direct from New York repositories of Meyer & Lange, importers for fifty years.

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8. Antipasto Supreme

The highest expression of the lordly hors d'œuvre! Italy in most divine mood . . . tuna, sardines, mushrooms and pickles all in piquant sauce. 2 jars **$1.00**

24. Lobster in glass

Caught in the icy waters of the Big Bras d'Or . . . exquisitely prepared so the fresh lobster flavor is imprisoned until you taste it. 2 jars.... **$1.50**

87. Dutch Baby Ham

Noack's Baby Ham delights the world; is packed in its own juice at Amersfoort, Holland. Worth traveling miles to taste. A joy to eat. 2-pound tin..... **$2.25**

16. English Bramble Jelly

Tickler's. The palate likes to ramble in this bramble (wild blackberries) . . . a rare treat for a breakfast or a party. Superlative jelly by this famous maker. 1-pound jar..... **45 cents**

31. Caviarettes!

An epicure has produced a social sensation. Little "raised edge" biscuit crisps of neutral flavor in which caviar and tidbits are served. Tin of 36 for..... **75 cents**

12. Queen Louise Bread

Luxury in taste; wealth of nutrition. Known as Schwartzbrot! Prized at high German tables. Excellent with jams and jellies . . . rich in flavor because *canned*. 3 tins..... **$1.00**

33. Skinless and Boneless Sardines

Don Carlos Sardines skinned and boned as soon as caught and packed in virgin olive oil. The fanciest of fancy sardines. 2 tins **$1.00**

Meyer & Lange fancy "Au Gourmet" foreign food specialties are on sale at all first class delicatessens, food shops and department stores. If you are interested in a catalog of several hundred fancy European dishes and ways to serve, we will send you one for 10 cents or include it with any order.

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Use coupon . . . order by number; enclose check or bills

Meyer & Lange, Greenwich & Vestry Sts., New York.

Please mail following: (give numbers) .....

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(Please include dealer's name with order)

The Last Emperor

Suddenly, with that prescience that had ever made him a mystic among his people, he asked of her a question:

"Maiden, when didst thou come to my tent? Was it but now—or a while ago?"

Her terror-filled eyes lifted quickly to his. She knew the meaning of his question; to lie to him was unthinkable.

"I came—" she faltered and clasped her hands on her heart—"when the Tzin of Tacuba and the Cacique were with thee, O mighty Lord!"

"And thou didst hear—"

"Their plans and thy refusal, Lord of the Aztecas. I had no thought of hearing. I came like a creeping thing in the dark for fear of the Español soldiers."

His fine lips tightened. But there was no censure in his eyes as he looked down upon her.

"A double reason for thy swift and early departure. It is not safe to hear such things. And the White Lord knows well how to wring secrets from those whom he suspects of treason."

For the first and last time Tula looked at the face of the Lord Guatemoc as a woman looks at the man she adores.

"My lord," she said in low, passionate tones, "there is no torture the Conqueror could use to make me false to thee!"

He smiled enigmatically, as at a child. She had not felt the agony of searing coals heaped upon her feet. She had not been swung above a glowing furnace like a spitted fowl for roasting—

"I doubt not thy loyalty—thy name assures me of that. Only—delay not, maiden. I shall give thee a writing to carry to the Princess Tula in Mexico. And she will care for thee thereafter—I shall thus express my wishes."

HERNAN CORTEZ had decided: the strands of honor and decency had worn thin under the insistent plucking of the jungle gods' hot fingers. He would have the girl Tula for his own—the Doña Marina and her sad eyes be accursed! Was he not the Conquistador, to take a man's life—or a woman's—as he chose?

It was night when he went to Doña Marina's tent. He thrust the curtains aside without so much as a word of announcement. The Tlascalan woman, kneeling in prayer before a figure of the Virgin, looked up with fear-laden eyes that held always in their depths the deep, abiding light of abject worship.

Tall and straight he stood, as a soldier stands. Doubleted in velvet, despite the heat of the night, his slender, restless fingers sliding up and down the silver chain that hung about his neck.

"The girl, Tula—" he said without preamble, "where is she? I command her presence."

Slowly the Tlascalan woman rose to her feet. The blood drained from her face. She drew the light, silken nightrobe about her, as if to protect herself from an icy blast.

"She—she"— Her lips were stiff and dry. "She has gone back to Mexico, Hernan—back to her own people."

For an instant he stared at her, doubting the verity of his hearing. Then his black brows drew together like the swift mingling of thunder clouds. There was a glint of red in his eyes as he looked at the woman whom he had loved.

"Marina—think well what thou sayest. I ask thee for Tula—and thou sayest she is *gone*? Without my consent or authority? Surely thou art speaking in madness, or more like thou art hiding her. Fool, dost thou think to trick me?"

She shook her head. She could find no words. And suddenly he was beside her; his iron-muscled hand closed about her wrist. She made a little sound of pain. But the Conquistador did not heed it.

"Marina—if thou hast gone against my authority, thou shalt be punished like a slave. Now speak, and quickly! The truth of this

Minute

You make it . . . to spread on bread **Jel**

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It only takes 5 minutes

TRY it just once and you'll never again make jelly the long-time way! Now you can get the same delicious results . . two glasses of quivering jelly in five minutes. For Minute Jel, this amazing new product, combines rich concentrated juices with enough fruit pectin to make them jell. You just add a cup of sugar, water, and boil it five minutes. That's all! In about an hour it will be firm . . . ready to serve with hot biscuits.

Do try all six flavors right away . . . fragrant mint,* strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, currant, and grape. If your grocer hasn't received his supply, send us the coupon below with 25c for two full-sized bottles. Each bottle makes two big glasses of jelly.

**Try the Mint with lamb*

Minute

You make it . . . to spread on bread **Jel**

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Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

MINUTE JELLY, Inc. Dept. 23
420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. C.
Enclosed find 25c (stamps or coin). Send me—postage paid—two bottles of Minute Jel and recipe book.

Mint..... *Raspberry*..... *Strawberry*.....

Grape..... *Currant*..... *Blackberry*.....

Name _____

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FROM *luscious ripe grapes comes the Cream of Tartar in Royal. Remember that baking powder is not made with Cream of Tartar unless the label says so.*

ROYAL *isn't just a different brand of baking powder—it's a different kind—it's Cream of Tartar baking powder*

ROYAL IS THE ONLY NATIONALLY DISTRIBUTED BAKING POWDER THAT IS MADE WITH CREAM OF TARTAR

"If you want cup cakes like mine, use Cream of Tartar baking powder," says IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, whose talks on cooking are broadcast from New York over the Columbia network.

Mrs. Allen raised merry eyes from the heavy morning mail just received at her model kitchen. "This puzzled young woman writes, 'Why are my cup cakes knobby on top, coarse-textured, and full of holes?'

"There are several contributing reasons. But the *main* factor is the baking powder. I have been teaching cooking for over twenty years, and I know from experience that cup cakes made with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder, invariably rise evenly and are light and even-grained.

"I often serve cup cakes plain, without icing, and my family are especially critical of flavor. The Cream of Tartar in Royal protects the flavor of my cakes from any bitterness. I wouldn't risk using any other baking powder.

The master recipe below made this attractive variety of cup cakes. Recipes for variations and frostings are in the new Royal Cook Book. But serve some warm from the oven, sprinkled with powdered sugar!

"From the health point of view, too, I prefer Royal. Doctors and dietitians, you know, say that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient from which baking powder can be made."

MASTER RECIPE FOR CUP CAKES. Cream thoroughly ½ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating well. Add yolks of 2 eggs; beat well. Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture 1 cup milk a little at a time alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in greased cup cake tins or in paper baking cups in moderate oven at 375° F. for 25 minutes.

Free—New Royal Cook Book. 125 new recipes for cakes, cookies, hot breads, salads. 360 tested recipes in all, with complete up-to-date directions and cooking temperatures, luncheon and supper menus, sandwich filling suggestions, and other new features.

New Royal Cook Book FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Royal Baking Powder Co., Dept. K, 103 East 42nd St., New York City

Please send me the new Royal Cook Book.

Name_____

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In using advertisements see page 6

Trade GRISWOLD Mark

Write for Aunt Ellen's "My Most Surprising Saucepan-Dinner Recipe" . . . also "The Aunt Ellen Booklet on Waterless Cooking," with fifty recipes so good that they have become famous. The Griswold Kitchen, Erie, Penna.

USE THIS thick gleaming saucepan like any other saucepan, if you like. For peas, applesauce, new potatoes, small roasts. . . . But also "waterless-cook" in it. It is a waterless utensil. You can "waterless-cook" even two or three vegetables at a time, and their flavors will not mingle. When they are served in separate bowls, no one will know they were cooked together, yet you have only the one utensil to wash, and will have used but the one burner.

Also use it as a Tite-Top Dutch Oven, to cook a pot-roast with vegetables. It has drip-rings in the cover, the same as a Griswold Dutch Oven has, and these drip juices, drenching the meat to an unusual tenderness and flavor.

You can do all this with one saucepan, because it is a Griswold Thick Cast Aluminum Saucepan, with a thick cast aluminum cover. Thicker than most utensils are, perfect for heat—and shiny, beautiful, silvery all over. Obtain several sizes at your local hardware, housefurnishing or department store. The Griswold Mfg. Co., Dept. S, Erie, Penna.

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Double Hand Sorted

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are Clean, Full-Flavored and Tender—the Cream of the Crop

Treat the family to *home-cooked beans.* Get a package of Chat's Best, the finest beans that money can buy, and watch the smiles of delight with which they are eaten. Every bean is perfect. So many delicious dishes can be prepared with Chat's Best. Recipes on request.

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LANSING, MICH.
World's Largest Bean Shippers

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"14 WAYS TO SERVE CHAT'S BEST"

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME

Operating ORIGINAL "Specialty Candy Factory!" begin spare time. We instruct, furnish Tools and Supplies for turning out HUNDREDS of kinds PURE and DELICIOUS Candies and show how to sell. Profits 100 to 300 per cent—unlimited demand. Men or women. FREE Book explains. W. HILLYER RAGSDALE Drawer 60 East Orange, N. J.

This New, Convenient
BURGESS
KITCHEN MEMORANDA
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PAPER and pencil handy all the time. Hang it on the wall or kitchen cabinet. Size 4" x 12". Comes complete with beautiful enameled base, pencil and 2 rolls of memo paper, enough for 18 months' use. Your choice of 6 rich colors—Apple Green, China Blue, White, Orange, Red or Yellow.

Only $1.00 POST PAID anywhere in the U.S.A.

A DOZEN DAILY USES

Jot down memos as you think of them. Recipes, shopping and store lists, phone calls, notes for the household. Ideal as a card prize and shower gift. The handiest convenience in your kitchen.

SEND FOR YOURS—TODAY

Mailed complete, postpaid anywhere in the U. S. for $1—bill, stamps, money order or check. Mention color desired. Guaranteed—money back if not satisfied.

BURGESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. G-7 BEAVER FALLS, PA.

The Last Emperor

matter! Where is the girl, Tula, and why is she not here?"

The agony of her twisted arm forced from her lips a gasping cry. "Mercy, Hernan! The word was not mine—it was the Lord Guatemoc who sent her back to Mexico!"

He still held her in the cruel, tortured grasp. The fury in his eyes robbed his face of all its beauty.

"Guatemoc! That Indian dog who was the king of a nation of slaves! *He* sent her back—he dared so much? By all the Saints, he shall pay for his insolence! Aye, and *you* shall pay!"

He suddenly flung her from him. She fell upon the ground, her arms outflung so that her body was a cross from which her crucified soul implored him mutely.

"She would not have dared to go to the Aztec dog alone—who sent her to him? You? Yes, I know it well! You thought to thwart me, like a whimpering, jealous wife—thou, who art no wife to me, and who hath no rights save those I have given thee—"

From the place she lay, she made answer. Unmoving, as if he had killed her body and left only a spirit, with a faint, muted voice—

"I love thee, Hernan. The fault is mine. And she did not love thee—else I would have borne it. Do with me as thou wilt, Hernan, I have no other excuse to offer. I lied a moment ago in my pain—I sent the girl to the Lord Guatemoc!"

For a long moment he stared down at her, unwinking, only his fingers clenching and unclenching against the palms of his hands. Then he turned on his heel and lifted the tent's silken curtain. His voice was as soft as the clinging folds in his fingers. But the import of the words was more deadly than a dagger of steel.

"I see that I have wronged thee, Marina, by not making thee a wife. Well—it is a mistake that can be rectified. Tomorrow I shall attend to it. Thou shalt be a wife indeed!"

Then he strode forth into the darkness without other word or look. The Tlascalan woman lay as he had left her. She was beyond terror now; even sorrow had been kindly, for it had numbed her soul and body.

Hernan Cortez walked with long, savage strides. It was as if beneath his leather-shod heel he felt with each step the yielding body of the man who had defied him. And as if in answer to his deep, burning rage a shadow detached itself from the darkness and came forward with a low obeisance, speaking in guttural, doggerel Spanish.

"My lord, the White Conqueror—Child of the Sun—if the least of his slaves might have speech with him—"

It was the Cacique, Mexicalcinco.

"Well, what is it, dog?"

The man seemed to cringe under the insulting words. "A matter of grave import, O great Malintzin, that concerns a plot against thee and thy Christian warriors!"

Cortez stopped, on the instant a soldier once more. "Who hath fostered such insolence? Speak, if thou dost value thy life!"

The fawning voice came close; it breathed into the darkness a name. And Cortez drew a breath that was like the hissing of a snake.

"So! He plans treason as well! Small wonder that he dared to take upon himself such unwarranted authority— Come to my tent. I will have the rest of the story. Thy life is safe if thou wilt disclose to me all that has gone forward!"

A GOLDEN day, a day of tropical heat and sunshine. And yet the stillness of approaching storm lay over the tiny Mayan village with its one towering *teocalli* and its encampment of Aztec and Christian soldiers. For the terrible news had stunned both friend and foe; the Lord Guatemoc, last Emperor of the Aztec kingdom, had been condemned to death!

In the green shade of a giant ceiba tree sat Cortez, the Conquistador, at a table on which

The Last Emperor

were placed his compass and chart. Behind him in imposing array were ranged his captains, the priests, and Doña Marina as interpreter. Before him stood the Lord Guatemoc and the Tzin of Tacuba. In their royal garb they stood before him, with towering headdresses of jade and turquoise and the plumage of the quetzal. In the background crouched the Aztec warriors and the savage Tlascalna allies. The soldiers of Spain, in their glistening mail, sweated and cursed the necessity for armor. The Cacique, Mexicalcinco, stood sullenly at Cortez' right hand. His heavy-lidded eyes were on the ground. He would not lift them to Guatemoc's steady gaze.

CORTEZ leaned forward with hard-clenched hands. The nails bit deep into the flesh as he spoke Guatemoc's name. He had tricked the others into confessing—he had only to tell them that his magic chart and compass had already disclosed the plot, and like children they made hasty penitence and disavowal of their personal interest in it.

But the Lord Guatemoc he could not trick. The eyes of the captive king dropped scornfully to the chart and compass and as scornfully swept away again.

"I am not a child, Malintzin. Deal with me according to my age and rank."

"Thou art a traitor! And as such thou hast no rank or age!" Strangled fury was in his voice. His eyes burned with an insane lust of vengeance.

"I have told thee, Malintzin, that I am no traitor. In my eyes this plan was folly."

"Dost thou pretend that thou art my friend, Aztec dog?"

"I never pretended that, Malintzin. I left that pretense to thee and thy Christians."

The priests moved uneasily with frowning brows.

The Tzin of Tacuba spoke sharply, with voice that trembled in its intensity: "I have sworn to thee, Malintzin, that the Lord Guatemoc hath had no part in this plot. Mine is the blame, and I will suffer the penalty with the composure that befits one of royal blood. But *that* dog—that unclean vermin—" the words were flung like stones at Mexicalcinco's averted face—"*he* is the traitor—both to us, and to thee! For his was the first voice that spoke of the weakness of the Christian soldiers; he it was who painted the symbols of rebellion and death on cotton banners so that all might know what was in preparation! When the Lord Guatemoc refused to consider the plan, he feared in his own treacherous mind that the King would yield him up to thee—and so came first with his announcement!"

The little, fat friar Juan leaned over Cortez' shoulder.

"My son, I think that he speaks the truth. For all that the Lord Guatemoc is a heathen, the smell of treachery is not upon him!"

The Conqueror flung him a look of awful rage.

"Be silent!" he cried out, and the priest retired in confusion.

Well did Hernan Cortez know that Guatemoc spoke the truth. But the knowledge of it only inflamed the evil intention of his heart.

"Thy word," he sneered at the Tzin of Tacuba, "is the word of a self-confessed traitor. And as worthless as the testimony of these swine who run with thee!" He turned back to Guatemoc. "Hast thou the word of a baptized Christian to support the statement of thine innocence?"

Guatemoc made no reply. But the Doña Marina stopped in translating and looked long and hard at the Conquistador.

"I know of one," she said calmly in Spanish, "for the maiden Tula overheard the full conversation and told me of it ere she departed that night."

Now indeed the face of Hernan Cortez was the face of an unleashed devil. "So?" he said slowly. "Then bring her back that she may save this man!"

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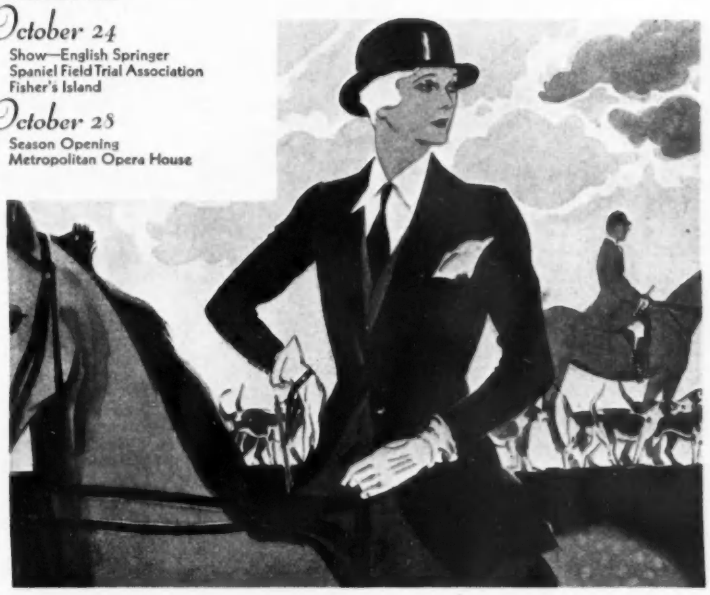

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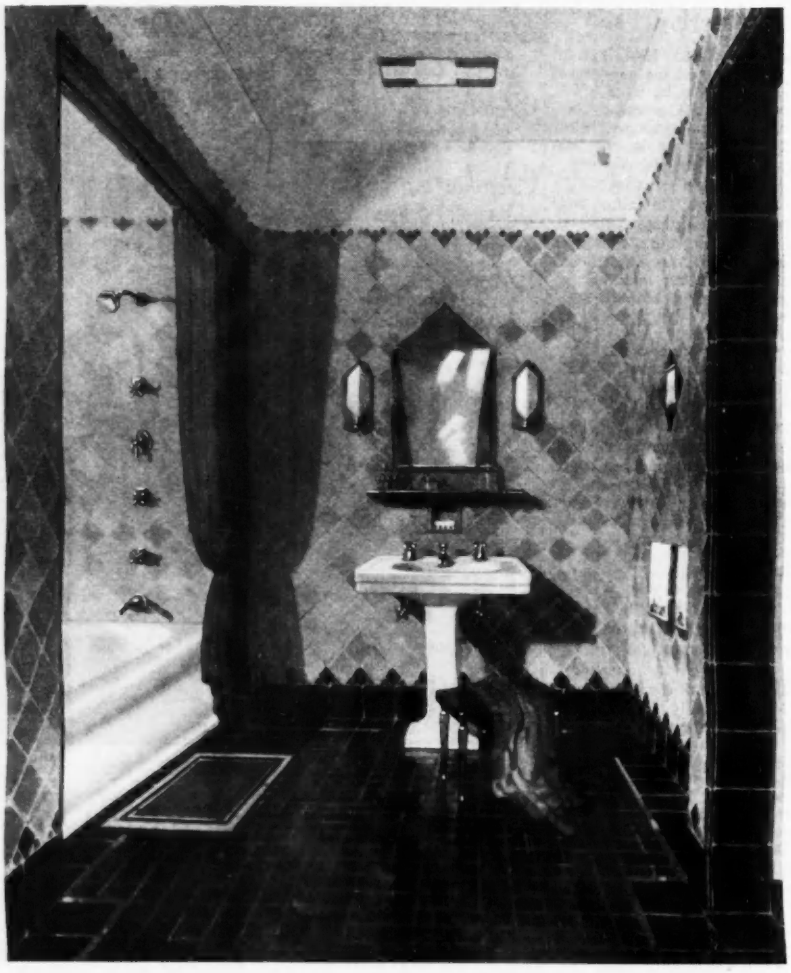

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The Last Emperor

He laughed as Doña Marina turned the Spanish command into the guttural tongue of the Aztec. He laughed again as he said to Guatemoc,

"Well, wilt thou send for the maiden that she may testify in thy behalf?"

The Lord Guatemoc stared at him as if he were an unreal shadow.

"Have done with these indignities, Malintzin. Thou hast decided upon my death—thou art determined upon this injustice. Better had I slain myself long ago than trust myself to thy false promises. Thou hast told me that thy God is a God of Truth, a lover of right and of justice. He will ask of thee one day, Malintzin, why thou hast devised this thing!"

For a long moment they measured look for look, these two who might have been friends, but whom fate had chosen as enemies. Then Hernan Cortez spoke two words, slowly, as if relishing the taste of them on his tongue,

"Hang him!"

A gasp of unbelief went up from the assembled throng.

"And hang his cousin, the Tzin of Tacuba, with him!"

Then he looked at Doña Marina, and his laugh was not a pleasant one to hear.

"I promised to make thee a wife today. Well—" His black eyes darted along the rows of the grumbling, sweating soldiery. "Come here, thou Juan de Faramillo, I owe thee a debt for shoeing my horse. Take this woman for thy bride; the good Fray here will perform the ceremony. And spend not thy honeymoon underneath this ceiba tree—for hanged men bring bad dreams, they tell me!"

The bearded soldier came forward, staring. He dared not even glance at the woman who was to be his bride.

"I am at thy orders, Señor," he muttered.

The Conquistador tossed him a jest.

"Straighten up, man, and look like a bridegroom!"

IT WAS over; the ghastly thing was done. Night swept down with a cloak of stars to hide the shameful deeds of the day. A terrible oppression was upon them all. Only the jungle gods grinned their approval of the drama of fear and hatred. The Aztecs were like stricken animals suddenly deprived of their leader. They could only huddle together and stare at the place where a giant ceiba tree made an ugly blot against the clean, star-trimmed cloak of night.

The Capitanes and priests of the Español army muttered among themselves:

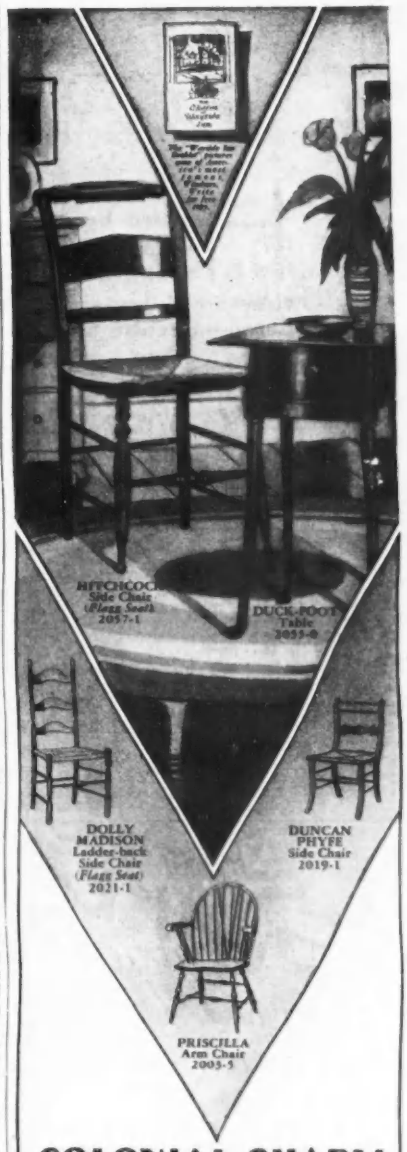
"Heathen though this Guatemoc was, he was a man! A great warrior, unafraid in battle—and in peace very gentle. I well remember how he directed two of his Indios to bring grain for my horse when it was sick. And once, when I was bitten by a scorpion, he sent his own herb doctor to poultice the wound with crushed leaves that drew out the poison."

"Aye," said another, "our Commander hath done ill. Why, he should have treasured this king like gold in a napkin! As the richest of all his loot he should have held him, to present as a gift to His Majesty of Spain!"

The little Fray Juan was unhappy concerning the marriage ceremony he had performed. "Surely there is nothing of God in such a union," he mumbled; "a bride and groom forced together by the spiteful whim of the Conqueror!"

Hernan Cortez had had his revenge; he had tasted to the full the moment of unbridled power. He had punished terribly those two who had dared to come between him and his desire.

But his face in the flickering light of the silver lamp was not the face of one who finds joy in the accomplishment of his will. It was haggard and tortured, the black brows drawn together, the fine-chiseled lips stiff and dry. He could endure the lighted loneliness of his panoplied tent no longer. And at last he went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The Last Emperor

forth into the starlit darkness, avoiding the camp-fires and the whispering groups of soldiers.

From the summit of the *teocalli* came the dull, red glow of a fire. And Cortez found himself climbing the steep, narrow steps of stone that led up to the small Mayan temple.

Perhaps up here he might find peace of mind, gain a respite from the crowding of thoughts and people that oppressed his soul below. The carved Feathered Serpents stared with basilisk eyes at the dark, pacing figure on the temple terrace. Suddenly he felt that he was not alone. A tingling chill ran the length of his body. He turned, peering into the temple's interior. But only the painted eyes of idols met his.

He resumed his pacing on the starlit terrace where the blue-green *cocullos* swung back and forth in the dark. Below him the camp-fires of the *Españoles* gleamed like a handful of scattered rubies . . .

Again the haunting, tingling unrest. He wheeled in his fitful pacing—and iron-nerved Conquistador that he was, his breath came up from his throat in a gasp.

For there, in an aura of pallid, blue mist, stood the figure of a man. At first, the face was hidden by the wavering pulsation of the unholy light. Then it parted like a curtain, and Cortez heard himself utter a cry. For the man who stood there was *the Lord Guatemoc!* Regarding him with somber, accusing eyes . . .

Hernan Cortez tried to cover his face. He tried to utter an *Ave Maria.* But bodily motion was frozen up in him. He could only stand there, prisoned in horror . . .

Suddenly the specter spoke, in a slow, dim voice such as might come up from a grave. Was it Spanish or Aztec that he was speaking? Cortez did not know, save that the meaning of the words was clear.

"Malintzin, thou hast had thy triumph. Yet in the end it shall avail thee naught. For thou dost look forward to the future when thy son shall inherit thy glory. I tell thee, *he shall be denied it,* even as I have been denied my kingdom! I tell thee that he shall suffer from injustice, even as I have suffered from thine, Malintzin! Yea, he shall know the anguish of torture—*thy* son, O mighty Conqueror! And all thy bloody victories will not save him from disgrace and death!"

Hernan Cortez gave a rasping cry. The wavering light went out, sucked back into the darkness. One step forward did the Conquistador take. It plunged him down the corner of the pyramid's steep incline. He tried to recover his balance, but failed. He fell heavily down the narrow, stone steps.

"*Señor Comandante,* is it thou?"

An anxious Capitan found him groaning there.

"Nay, it is naught—help me to my feet. The men must not know of this mishap, Bernal. Tomorrow we go on! This place is accursed! And—give orders for yon ceiba tree to be felled!"

BY A little nameless lake, one night, on the jungle trail to Peten, I heard the story of Guatemoc, as the Mayan Indios tell it. All about us swung the blue-green *cocullos,* eerie balls of luminous light; and the deep-throated chant of the *cigarras* came like the song of a hidden chorus. The fire had burned to nothingness; the distant murmur of voices was still. The mystery of the tropical night drew us close into its arms.

"Strange things—terrible things—" the old man's voice sank to a whisper, "and the imprint of them is upon our land, for it is here where they took place. Do you wonder, Señorita, that sometimes we see that sad Tlascalan woman, and the stern face of the Conquistador as he rides at the head of his men? Do you wonder that in times of sorrow we see the lonely figure of the Lord Guatemoc? He who died in our land of Mayab—he who was the Aztecs' last Emperor . . ."

Alibi

(*Continued from page 33*)

the constable drawled, "how's it come about that the rock under that there corpse's dry? Eh?"

Red-faced, the corporal muttered to Berry, and together they raised the body again.

"'N' the back of his jacket 'n' the seat of his pants has got dry patches on 'em, too," Holloway added triumphantly. "This here was a murder, the way I see it. And 'twas done before the thunder-storm."

"That," Haddonfield conceded after a heavy silence, "may make it look different at that."

He hesitated a long minute and then assumed control again. "We better carry this," he nodded toward the body, "uphill and get the other out of that plane."

With pocket-knives and much wrenching, they tore the encroaching branches away from the tilted machine, revealing the upside-down cockpit and its dangling occupant. Breathing hoarsely, with a fumbling, awkward gentleness they freed the body, tilting the plane to draw it forth.

Something fell from the passenger's seat in the rear. It was barely heeded until, when the pilot's body finally had been extracted and laid beside Mortimer's, Berry retrieved it—a brown felt hat with a gay feather in its ribbon. He handed it to Haddonfield, pointing to its sweat band with a mumbling excitement.

The corporal bent over it an instant and then held it up. "Any of you ever see this before?" he asked of Hathaway, Swanson, and Avery.

Eli hesitated. In response to his gesture Haddonfield handed him the hat.

"It looks," the hotel keeper ventured, turning it about, "like the one this Mortimer was wearin'."

"It *is* the one he was wearing," the corporal emphasized. "It has 'P. M.' stamped inside it."

He stared with faint truculence at Holloway, who refused to meet his eyes. The mist was thickening into a drizzle that murmured on the leaves overhead. Haddonfield squared his shoulders, and his fingers fumbled with the whistle lanyard on the breast of his blouse.

"We'll carry these up over the hill to Haskins'," he decided at length. "Dr. Slyke ought to be there by now. I phoned him."

He considered the hat fondly for an instant and cocked an eye at the constable.

"Got anything to say now?" he queried.

Holloway's feet scuffled in the wet fir needles. "No, sir," he conceded. "I mistrust I been talkin' out of turn—mebby."

CHAPTER V

THROUGH the quickening rain John Tower, tin pail in hand, hat pulled low and shoulders hunched against the downpour, emerged from the woods and hurried toward the Outlook Hotel. The storm's revival had housebound its patrons. Cynthia alone saw him approach. She halted her pacing of the wide veranda, hesitated, and, as he drew near, turned with resolution to walk away.

"Good morning," he offered, faint wistfulness on his face, as she laid her hand upon the door-knob.

She surveyed him coldly while he set the pail on the porch railing, wiped the wet from his spectacles, and replaced them.

"I'm going in," he suggested. "Maybe you'd rather stay out."

"Yes," she decided, "I think I would."

"Isn't it nice," he mocked, "how well we understand each other? Where's everybody? Hunting the Babes in the Woods?"

She told him, with detached brevity, of Gordon's return after the search party's departure.

His thin face twisted into a derisive grin. "Exactly what I said would happen," he pointed out complacently. "And you're angry because I was right."

"I'm not angry," she began.

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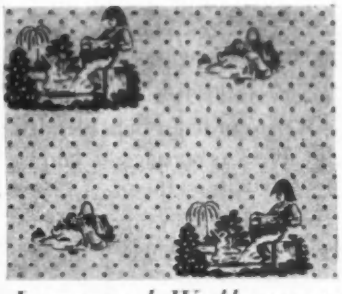

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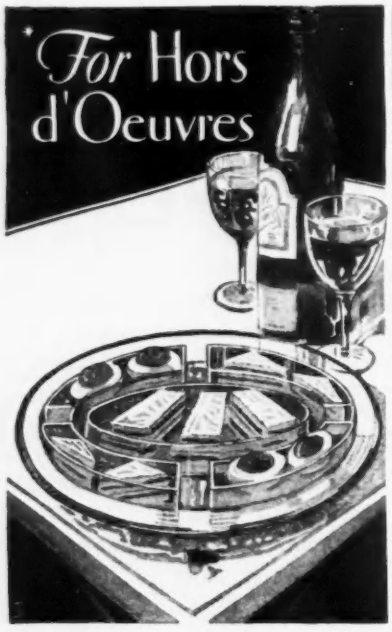

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Alibi

He jeered, "Just terribly, terribly hurt, eh?"

Her face turned white. "I can't help thinking," she replied icily, "what Gordon would have done if you'd been lost. He wouldn't have walked out on you, Johnny. He'd have searched and searched all night until he found you."

"He would," he agreed, "if he'd needed me. Now, with his millions, I—question it. Why should he when he can buy his own way out of trouble?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you're detestable. Don't you care how I—how every one—rates you?"

"No," he answered slowly, "I've been thinking about just that. I don't think I care one small iota—now." He shook his head and asked with a forced lightness: "And Mortimer? He flew to Boston, eh?"

"I don't know," she admitted, as he turned to retrieve his pail. "Gordon got lost and never saw him."

"Fortunate Gordon," he commented. "Always manages to hog the limelight and—"

"I thought," she interrupted, "you were going into the house."

"Yes," he shrugged, "I am. I came up to get some milk from Mrs. Avery. I have company."

She made no reply but stood looking indifferently out into the driving rain. He lingered, his mouth softened by humor, striving perversely to force her out of her pose.

"With a house full of guests, it's hard to get any work done, isn't it, Cynthia? Deborah's back, too. The same ostentatiously virtuous, aggressively virginal Deborah of yore, but I suspect her. I do indeed. She woke me at three this morning, eating up the porch. The milk isn't for her, though. It's for Cuthbert."

He paused and grinned. "I'm afraid," he deplored, "you aren't interested in the least. Am I boring you?"

She turned and walked away.

"Come down and see Cuthbert sometime," he called after her. "You'll like him."

THE dinner bell failed to awake the slumbering Gordon. Half-way through the meal, Matilda, rigid with excitement, held mashed potatoes beneath Cynthia's nose and mumbled in her ear:

"They've come back. Mis' Avery says not to tell the others but kin you come into the kitchen a minute, sort of careless like."

"Excuse me, Auntie," the girl begged Miss Lucy an instant later. "There's something I forgot to tell Mrs. Avery," and felt the combined regard of nine pairs of eyes upon her as she departed.

Mrs. Avery, her generous figure quaking, her voice agitated, met her the other side of the pantry swinging door.

"There's trouble enough without having all of them stampedin' out here, Cynthia. They're in the back kitchen. Mr. Mortimer's been—been killed."

She wept conscientiously and followed the girl into the low-ceiled room behind the kitchen proper, where Avery and Swanson grunted as they stripped off sodden overcoats, and the squat figure of Holloway, braced against the sink, emphasized the trim competence of two men in olive drab. Instinctively Cynthia turned toward them.

Haddonfield said: "Miss Kent? Sorry to bother you, but you were the only person to see Gordon Ashley when he came in this morning?"

"Why, yes," she acknowledged, "I imagine so. He went straight up to bed."

"Do you remember what he said to you?" he continued.

She summarized it briefly and added with a trace of indignation: "He's still asleep, upstairs. He can tell you better than I—"

"Yes," the corporal cut her off, "I know. Just one thing more, Miss Kent. Did you notice anything strange about him—his manner or anything like that?"

"He was wet and muddy and all in," she

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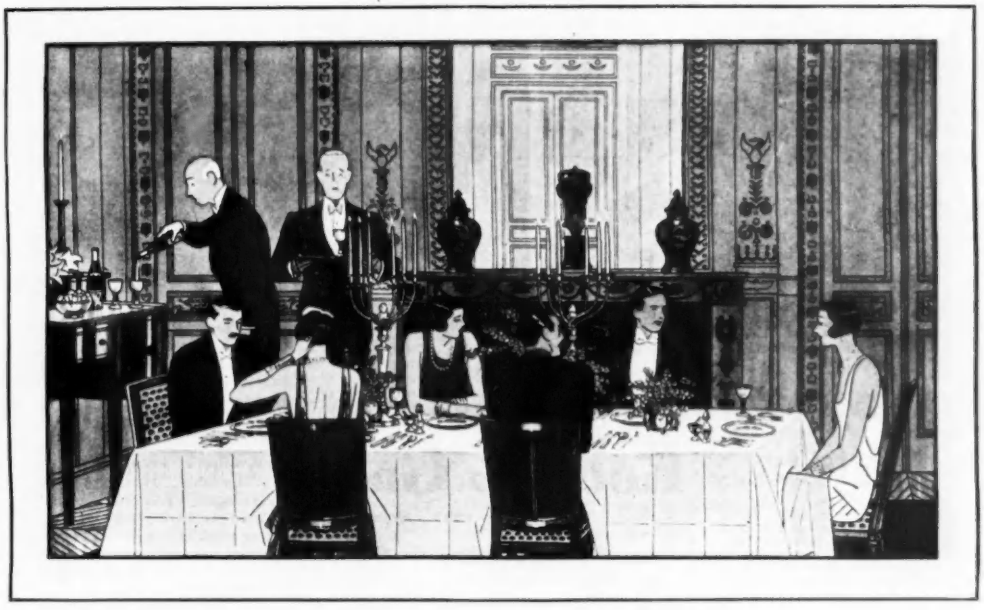

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Alibi

reported, a growing suspicion cutting short her answers.

"Was he nervous or apprehensive?" Haddonfield persisted, lifting his eyes from his notebook.

"How should I know?" she countered tartly.

She looked from the official gravity of his and his companions' faces to Avery, who winked encouragingly at her. Her gaze locked an instant with the slightly squinting eyes of Holloway, fixed and intent in the pink innocence of his face.

"Mr. Mortimer," she broke the silence, "has been killed? We thought he'd flown back in a plane to—"

Haddonfield's scowl was due less to impatience than bewilderment. "That plane crashed," he said unwillingly, "near the Haskins farm, beyond Cold River. Hutton, the pilot, was killed. Mr. Mortimer's body was found a quarter of a mile away—murdered."

Holloway's intrusive eyes blinked satisfaction. She repeated Haddonfield's last word incredulously. His scowl deepened.

"Skull smashed in," he replied.

She laid her hand upon a chair back for support. Mrs. Avery sniffled loudly.

"But—but," Cynthia groped, "if the pilot was killed by accident, why wasn't—"

"His body," Haddonfield repeated with aimless anger, "was found a quarter-mile away, unharmed, not even bruised, except for the blow that killed him, and Dr. Slyke"—he regarded the attentive constable with illogical rancor—"Dr. Slyke says death must have been instantaneous."

Holloway spoke for the first time with an air of forgiving generosity, "We found his hat in the plane, though, Corporal."

The policeman glared at him, swallowed hard, and said to Cynthia,

"Naturally, Miss Kent, since Mr. Ashley was the last person who saw Mortimer alive, we—"

"But he didn't," she corrected, her voice shrill with earnestness and her hands locked tightly. "He got lost and never saw him at all."

"'S what he says," Berry contributed gruffly.

Cynthia's eyes were bright with indignation. "He never saw him," she repeated. "I—I must have been the last person to see him alive."

IN RESPONSE to the corporal's sharp questions, she told falteringly of seeing Mortimer drive off before the thunder-storm the preceding afternoon.

Haddonfield rubbed his forehead violently, as though trying to dispel confusion behind it, and then asked quickly, "Did you notice—can you be sure—whether he had a—a hat with him?"

"He did," she said. "He had it on—brown, with a little feather in the band. I'm positive."

Her confirmation seemed only to intensify the state policeman's gloom.

She continued nervously, "He had his coat on the seat beside him."

"His jacket," Haddonfield agreed. "It was dry on—"

"Not his jacket," she corrected. "His coat—his raincoat."

The sudden depth of the room's silence checked her. Avery, in the act of pulling off a rubber boot, remained leaning forward in his chair, staring. Swanson's face was blankly bewildered, and Holloway's eyes were squeezed into slits.

"You're sure?" Haddonfield asked slowly.

"Positive," she confirmed. "A coat of some stiff cloth—rubberized, I imagine—dark gray with a green plaid criss-cross. I remember it distinctly. I thought it was a queer coat to take fishing."

"He didn't go fishing," the corporal replied impatiently. "His rod and creel are still in the car. We found the keys in his pocket and drove it home just now. The coat's not there, though."

Alibi

He turned to Berry and ordered: "Drive back to Haskins'. Search that plane and the woods around it and where we found Mortimer for that coat. Hop to it."

The trooper departed. Haddonfield rubbed his forehead frantically again and turned to Mrs. Avery.

"Have some one wake up Mr. Ashley, will you?" he asked. "Don't tell him why, but just that we want to see him."

Avery suddenly ceased his effort to get off the other boot and moaned beneath his breath. The determinedly roguish face of Miss Bletts peered through the open door.

"Oh," she beamed, "is this a conference? And policemen! My goodness!"

She departed hastily. Eli rose with a resigned sigh.

"She'll tell everybody," he complained, "an' they'll be thicker in here 'n hens at feedin' time. Have Gordon come down to my office, Fanny. There's a lock to that door."

He dragged chairs to a tiny cubicle at the far end of the back kitchen and ushered Haddonfield in. At the doorway the corporal hesitated and nodded to the mutely imploring Holloway.

"You can come," he granted, "and Miss Kent—I'd like you to come, too, please."

Seated beside Eli's battered desk, the girl considered the grim face of the corporal a full minute before she spoke.

"You have me in here," she accused at length, "because you think I'd tip off Gordon. That's it, isn't it? It's worse than crazy; it's outrageous to suspect him. He couldn't have done it."

"Right now," the corporal replied indirectly, "I don't see how any one could have done it, Miss Kent, but—" He shrugged.

Holloway, leaning back in his chair, hands folded upon his stomach, offered, "I've an idea."

"Yes," Haddonfield disparaged, "you've had at least one every ten minutes, Hawkshaw."

"Suppose," Holloway continued dubiously, "Mortimer was in this plane and ain't hurt when she busts up, comes down in that chute thing you talked about. He starts downhill. Some one that's got it in pickle for him meets him where we found him an' kills him. Eh?"

"And then," the state policeman derided, "the wicked wolf put on his raincoat and went off to see Red Riding Hood's grandmother. I'd got that far myself, but what about the dry place on the rock you cackled over a while back?"

"Uh," the constable grunted, abashed. "I ain't so smart, neither. But listen, if Mortimer's coat was dry when he got stretched out there, it would dry the rock some, wouldn't it? Eh?"

"Where's your motive? Where's your murderer?" scoffed Haddonfield, nerves fraying. "This isn't a school for detectives, Constable. Use your brains, if any."

"Ain't that what you're seein' this Ashley feller about—a motive?" persisted Holloway. Scuse me, Cynthia, but—"

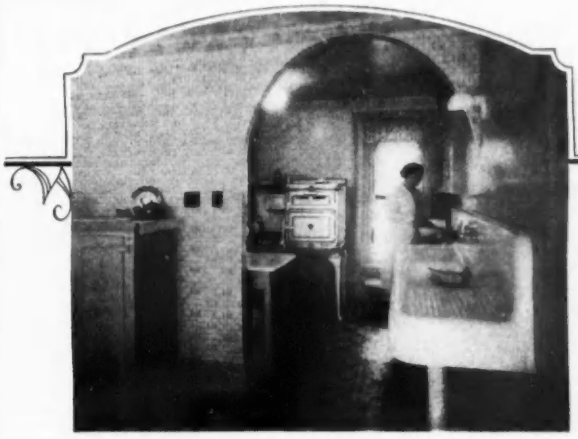
"Look," the corporal said nastily. "You sent for me, didn't you? You talk too much and say too little. If you want to handle this, go to it. You may be Allan Pinkerton in disguise. Row the boat or keep your oar out."

THE knob of the locked door turned, and Holloway's mouth snapped shut at its rattle. Avery rose and pulled open the portal.

"This here is Corporal Haddonfield, Gordon," he said awkwardly. "Guess you know the rest of us."

Tall and disheveled from hasty dressing, Gordon Ashley filled the doorway. His face, unshaven, was flushed with haste, and slumber still blurred his eyes. He looked from the corporal to Homer and gave a boyish grin of recognition that faded as he marked the anxiety on Cynthia's face.

Slowly he sat down in the chair Avery indicated, and nursed one long leg across the other.



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Alibi

"All right," he said to Haddonfield with another grin. "Now what have I done?"

"Why," the corporal returned carefully, "do you ask that?"

Ashley chuckled and cocked a whimsical eye. "I'm a detective myself," he confessed. "Somehow the old sleuth hound feels that you didn't drag me out of bed and into this conference to ask me how long I believe the rain would last. And Mrs. Avery's been crying, too. What's it all about?"

In the silence Holloway opened his mouth and closed it hastily when Haddonfield glared.

"First," the state policeman proposed, "I'd like you to tell us where you were between about two yesterday afternoon and the time you came back this morning."

"Six o'clock," Ashley confirmed. "I heard it strike as I was undressing. Frankly, Corporal, I can't prove an alibi to whatever you've pinned on me. I don't know where I've been." He chuckled and, releasing his knee, ran brown fingers through his hair.

Haddonfield proposed, "Suppose you try to tell us."

"All right," the other resigned. "It doesn't make any sense, I warn you."

His eyes were merry. Inwardly he seemed to be laughing at his own predicament. He continued: "I left here about two. I don't know the exact time, and I didn't take a watch. There were people on the porch who saw me leave. I was going to fish up Cold River to the covered bridge and meet Mortimer there. Has something," he asked abruptly as Avery stirred, "happened to Peter?"

"Go on," Haddonfield prompted. "You went to Cold River."

ASHLEY picked up the thread of his account with less gaiety. "I did eventually. I scorned Eli's counsel and tried a short-cut. I got lost, just as he said I would." He beamed at Avery and chuckled aloud. "I hit the river finally, after going up and down hills for I don't know how long. I don't know where I struck it, for it didn't look at all familiar, but I started up along it, not fishing, but hurrying, because I was to meet Mortimer at the covered bridge. I knew the river curved a wide loop, and being the original, dyed-in-the-wool, same-on-both-sides sap, I tried another short-cut over the hills toward the road. I bet I'd have made it, too, Eli, but the thunder-storm hit me. It was like the battle of the Marne and the Johnstown flood, and when it quit, there was all that hadn't been washed away of Gordon Ashley—lost again. And how!"

"Were you near the river?" the corporal queried.

Ashley spread his hands with a helpless laugh. "I wasn't near anything but a lot of trees. It was dark and getting darker. There was fog that kept me from seeing stars or sunset or anything hopeful. So I walked and swore, and by and by I just walked. I don't know how long. At a rough guess, about ten years. I felt myself aging rapidly. I fell over logs and roots and stones forty-two times and then quit counting.

"At last I was all in, or thought I was. I was just figuring on climbing this last hill and sitting on its crest until day dawned, when some one shot at me."

"Did what?" Holloway grunted, oblivious to the corporal's frown.

"Shot at me," Gordon repeated. "Twice. Once before I yelled, and once afterward."

"Where was this?" the constable persisted.

The tall young man shrugged and grinned. "A hilly, deeply wooded part of eastern North America. That's as close as I can come."

"Why did he shoot at you?" Haddonfield jerked.

Ashley laughed. "Corporal, I never stopped to ask. I thought I was dead on my feet until the first shot. I was gaining on the second bullet until I fell over something and rolled quite a way down a hill."

"Were you near a house? Did you see a

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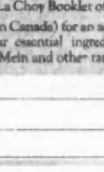

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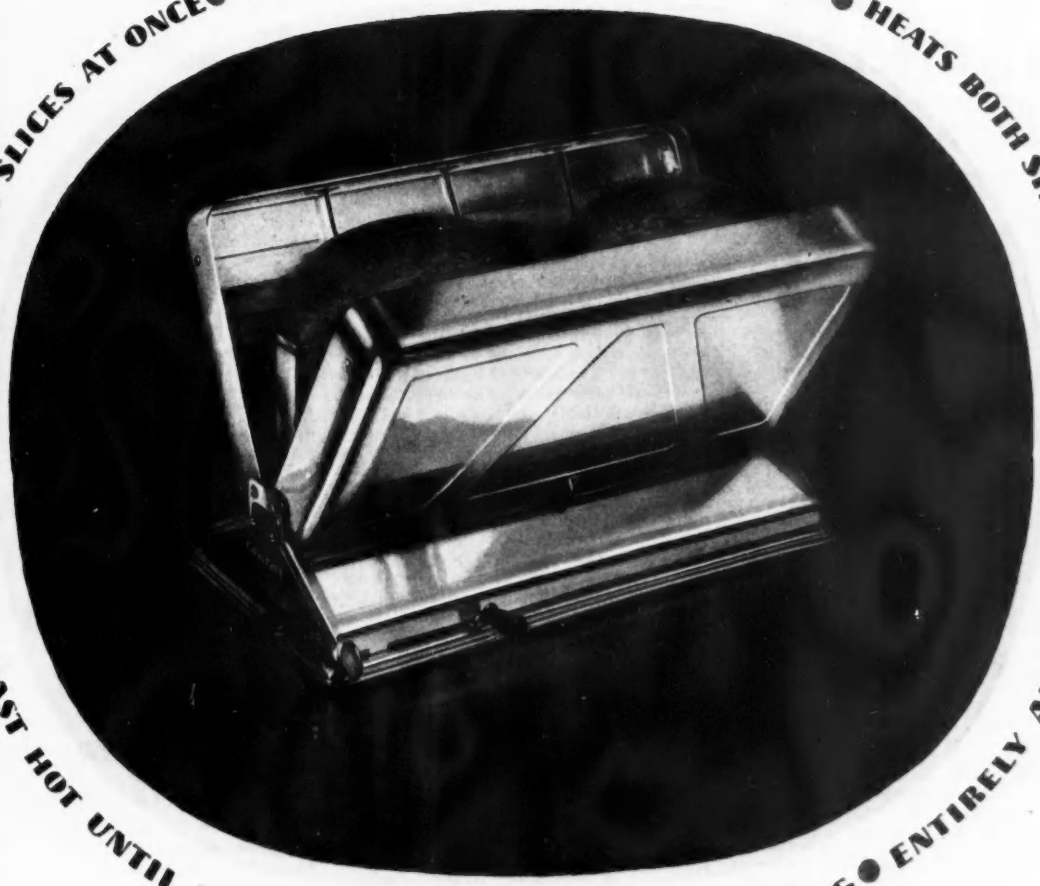

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Alibi

light?" Homer intruded despite the state policeman's scowl.

Gordon hesitated and then shook his head. "I'm a rotten witness," he confessed. "I don't know. A hundred times, last night, I thought I did—and didn't."

He paused, and it was plain that the gravity of his audience troubled him.

"Go on," the corporal prompted. "You fell—?"

"And hit my head," Ashley continued, running tender fingers across his scalp. "There's a bump there still. I saw lights then, a million of them. I lay I don't know how long. Then I got up and went on."

His eyes dwelt momentarily upon Cynthia's slim, stiff figure, her intent face. He smiled hearteningly and shook his head at the corporal's question.

"No," he reported, "I wasn't shot at again, and I certainly didn't look for the gentleman who did it. I walked and I walked and then I walked some more. Between times I bumped into trees or fell down. At last I ran into a fence. Beyond it was a road—downhill, muddy. I took this—down, because that was easier. After a long while this ran into macadam. I don't know where."

"There must have been houses," Haddonfield interjected.

"There must have been," the other agreed, "but the fog was so thick I couldn't see ten feet. I passed a crossroads, I know, just before dawn and went on downhill. I came out on the Trail below Charlemont and got a ride on a milk truck as far as the Turin road."

"Whose milk truck?" the corporal asked.

Again Gordon grinned at his own inadequacy. "Search me," he replied. "I bought him coffee and sandwiches at the Summit as a thank-offering, but I never asked his name. Little scrubby citizen with a stammer."

"Almyron Martin," Holloway exclaimed. "Lives over near the—"

Haddonfield stifled an oath and glanced apologetically at the girl before loosing cold wrath upon the constable.

"If I'm doing this questioning," he snapped, "I'm doing it without any aid from amateurs. There'll be plenty of time for you to talk later, Constable. Suppose you stop helping till I ask you to."

Holloway's eyes glittered an instant. Then he gave a mild grin. "You're the doctor," he conceded.

THE corporal hitched his chair and cleared his throat. "Then," he summarized, "you really can't tell where you were between two yesterday afternoon and six this morning, Mr. Ashley?"

"Five, or thereabouts, this morning," Gordon amended. "It was dawn when this milk truck—"

"Yes. I know," the other interrupted. "And you didn't see Mr. Mortimer from the time you left the hotel."

"I did not."

"No idea what became of him?"

"He was to meet me at the covered bridge. I suppose, when I didn't show up, he flew back to Boston."

"What was he to meet you for?"

"Fishing," Gordon answered, hesitated, and added: "And something else. We had business to talk over. He was my uncle's confidential clerk and is my secretary."

"What business?" the corporal persisted.

The other bit his lip thoughtfully and then shook his head. "Personal," he replied. "And confidential enough for us to go to Cold River to discuss it, rather than try here, where there is no complete—well, privacy."

"You don't care to tell us?"

"I do not," Gordon snapped. He sat straighter and let the leg he had nursed bang down on the floor. "Suppose," he said briskly, "you'll let me in on this game. I've been quite patient—for me. What is this third degree all about?"

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Alibi

"Do you mind," Haddonfield countered frigidly, "answering two or three more questions first?"

"Naturally," Ashley snapped, considered the affront on the policeman's face an instant, and then smiled.

"No," he corrected. "Go ahead. It would be a shame to spoil whatever surprise you're planning."

"You didn't," the corporal blundered, disconcerted, "see the plane that was to take Mr. Mortimer to Boston?"

"I did not."

"Or hear it?"

"I heard a motor a good distance off. It may have been that plane. Now spring your surprise. Is Mortimer lost, too?"

"Would it astonish you," Haddonfield asked slowly, "to know that Mr. Mortimer was murdered on Cold River yesterday and the plane he was to take was found smashed, with its pilot dead, about a quarter-mile away?"

The rain drummed on the roof and ticked against the steaming window. The prospect it framed was no more bleakly gray than Gordon Ashley's face. He leaned forward, big brown hands clasped so tightly that the knuckles popped in the silence, and his eyes were wide with the horror of a frightened child.

"Plane?" he said hoarsely. "A quarter-mile away?" and then, slowly, "Oh, my God!"

CHAPTER VI

STILLNESS filled the little room, as though the big man's distress were too solemn to be profaned by words. The vigor, the lurking gaiety of a moment ago, had drained away; the eyes were sickly incredulous. They met Cynthia's and clung with a desperation that hurt her. She managed a loyal, reassuring smile. Something tender, almost maternal, within her rose in revolt against his grief. Hard-bitten Eli Avery must have felt an echo of her sympathy. He shifted his long body uneasily and at length broke silence.

"Gordon," he drawled, "we don't want you should think—"

"Just a minute," Haddonfield interposed and recited briefly the circumstances under which the bodies had been discovered.

While he spoke, self-possession slowly flowed back into Ashley's face and body.

"I'm sorry," he said to the room in general when the corporal finished. "Only, I know—I knew, that is—Peter very well, you see."

"You liked him?" the policeman asked. "Never had any trouble with him?"

"Never," Gordon replied firmly. He hesitated and then with a resolute headshake went on. "Now that he's—dead, there's no reason I shouldn't tell. He had received an offer of a much better job than being my secretary. A law firm. I don't know its name. He flew here from Boston to talk it over with me. He had to give his answer today. That's why we were to meet at the covered bridge."

"I see," Haddonfield said slowly and turned upon the quietly attentive constable. "How far," he asked, "from where we found the bodies to Charlemont, over the hills?"

"Ten, maybe twelve, miles," Holloway responded.

"You haven't, Mr. Ashley," the corporal commented carefully, "much of an alibi."

"None at all," the other conceded with a wry smile.

"Mr. Mortimer," the other pursued, "was he generally popular?"

"Quite the reverse," Gordon admitted. "He was—peculiar. Most persons disliked him instinctively."

"Had he an enemy here?"

A sudden thought, tingling, breath-taking, startled Cynthia. She opened her lips for impulsive speech. Gordon's eyes met hers. He dropped his lids, almost imperceptibly shook his head, before replying with a faint smile:

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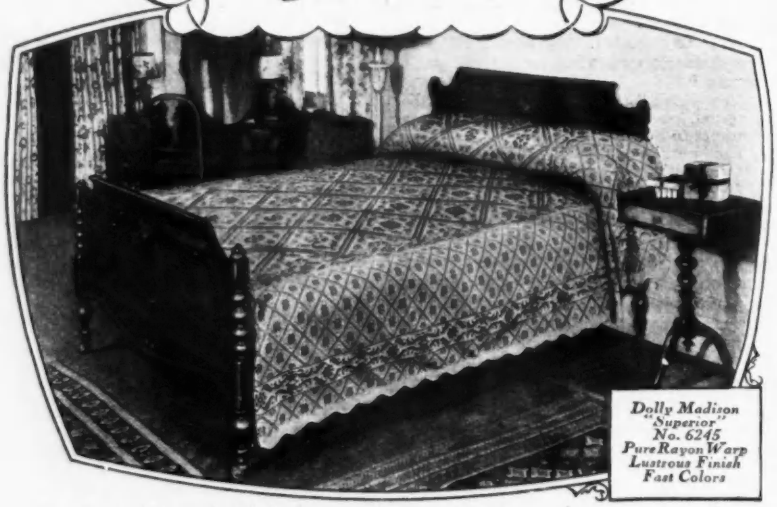

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"Miss Kent and I are the only people at the hotel who knew Mortimer before he came. Since he was here less than twenty-four hours, it's hardly possible that even he inspired any one else to murder."

His glance, crossing Cynthia's again, was intimate, faintly humorous. Abashed, she held her peace.

"The rod and creel we found in the car," the corporal plodded on, "they belonged to Mortimer?"

"No," Ashley corrected. "To me."

"Then how," began Haddonfield triumphantly, but the other interrupted him with a trace of impatience:

"How did they get there?" he queried. "I lent them to Mortimer."

"You went fishing without any rod?"

"No," Gordon retorted exasperatedly, "I had an extra rod and borrowed a creel from Eli."

"Where are they now?"

The other shrugged. "I fell on the creel, smashed it, and threw it away. I dropped my rod in the darkness and couldn't find it again." Temper flickered in his blue eyes. "If you're going to arrest me, Corporal," he challenged, "why not do it, and save wear and tear for both of us?"

Haddonfield bit his lip, mumbled, and, controlling himself with an effort, stood up. "Ashley," he said unpleasantly, "I may take that dare before I'm through, at that. Here is what I'm up against: Mortimer is killed after the plane crashes. You—"

"After," Ashley repeated in open bewilderment.

"After," Haddonfield emphasized, glaring, "since his hat was in the cockpit."

The other checked a further interruption, but sat considering the olive-drab figure, thoughtfully at first, and then with a lurking humor that stiffened the corporal. His sentences were brief and hard.

"You go fishing before Mortimer leaves here. You don't fish, but you get lost. No one knows where you are from two yesterday till five this morning. Then you turn up only a few miles from Mortimer's body. You can't tell where you've been. It was you Mortimer went to meet. You say you never saw him. That's as far as we've got—so far, Ashley."

"Now, just a minute," Gordon interposed, leaning back in his chair. "What did I do, Corporal? Run along below the plane until Mortimer dropped out, and then—"

"He didn't drop," Haddonfield snapped. "He must have jumped when it started down. There's a parachute missing, along with his overcoat."

"Until he parachuted down," the big man amended gravely. "And then I strangled him to death?"

"His skull was split," the state policeman corrected brutally.

His truculence melted a trifle at the other's involuntary shudder.

"We'll get nowhere squabbling, Mr. Ashley," he said more calmly. "There are a dozen things I don't understand about this yet." He turned and spoke to Eli. "I want to see what Mortimer left in his room."

THEY crossed the back kitchen, where a half-dozen ladies huddling about Mrs. Avery straightened suddenly and attempted to appear superior and disinterested, and climbed the back stairway to the long hall of the floor above. Doors cautiously opened as they passed, and closed hurriedly when Haddonfield, pausing before the room Mortimer had occupied, glanced along the passage.

The chamber had the barren, impersonal tidiness of a hotel bedroom. The corporal opened the closet door, revealing the dangling folds of a snuff-brown suit.

"Mortimer's," Gordon offered. "I lent him some things to go fishing. We were about the same height."

Haddonfield glanced about the room and snarled: "Didn't he even bring a toothbrush

Alibi

or a razor? He must have had a bag. Where is it?"

"He had a bag," Ashley offered. "A thick, heavy briefcase affair. Black. I saw it."

The corporal glared at Avery, at Cynthia, at the serenely indifferent constable, peered beneath the bed, pulled open the empty bureau drawers, and demanded,

"Where is it?"

"Mebby," Eli ventured, "Mis' Avery stuck it away somewheres. I'll see."

Silence succeeded his departure, broken only by bird-like flutterings and murmurs in the hall. Haddonfield stared out at the steady rain with a face set in calculation. Gordon looked down at Cynthia and smiled. She laid a hand on his forearm and squeezed it comfortingly. Holloway shuffled in hesitation, cleared his throat, and spoke to Ashley.

"Sweet sufferin' spirits, I need a smoke. Got any tobacco on you?"

"Only cigarettes," the other replied, fumbling in his pocket and presenting a silver case.

"Better'n nothin'," the constable conceded, selecting one.

He turned it over in stubby fingers, inspecting it closely. "Dunno," he ventured mildly, "as I ever seen this brand before. Ain't very common, I mistrust?"

"No," Gordon returned. "They're Wazirs. Imported Turkish."

HOLLOWAY'S reply was obscured by the hurried return of Avery, followed by his wife, who towed the half-reluctant, half-eager form of Matilda.

"That bag was in here this morning," Eli reported.

His helpmate's speech jostled his and thrust it aside.

"It certainly was," she panted. "I seen it last night myself, and Matilda, here, seen it this morning. If it ain't here now, well, some one's tuck it, that's all. Matilda peeked in when she went downstairs to build the fire. Wanted to see if that poor Mr. Mortimer was back, and there it was, laying right on the foot of his bed. Wa'n't it, Matilda?"

Her prompting shake dislodged words from the hired girl.

"Yes," she managed. "I—it was. Right there."

She pointed and smiled uncertainly at the grave face Haddonfield turned upon her.

"What time did you see it?" he asked. "Think carefully."

Foresighted apprehension troubled Cynthia's mind. She found herself dreading the implication of Matilda's words before they were uttered. Her hand tightened upon Gordon's forearm.

"I don't have to think careful; I know," the hired girl replied. " 'Twas a minute or two before ha' pas' five. I was down at ha' pas' sharp to light the stove."

"You," the corporal inquired impersonally, turning toward Gordon, "got in at about six?"

"I've already said so," the man replied, and beneath her palm Cynthia felt a forearm muscle stiffen. "Are you trying to hint that—"

Apparently oblivious, Haddonfield asked Mrs. Avery:

"As far as you know, has any one else been in here today?" and receiving her emphatic denial, he considered Gordon thoughtfully again.

"Have you any objection," he asked at length, "to having your room searched?"

Ashley's laugh was brief and bitter, muffling the girl's indignant exclamation.

"What good," he asked, "would it do if I had? Once an idea gets into a cop's head, it runs round and round like a rat in a strange garret."

He included state policeman and constable in a scornful glare. Holloway winced slightly under his scathing regard and pinched the unused cigarette between thumb and forefinger, asking mildly:

"If you don't mind, Mr. Haddonfield, lemme

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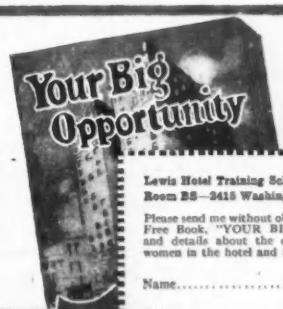

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git this one thing straight in my head. About what time would you judge 'twas, Gordon, when you got to where the car was parked—down by the covered bridge?"

The corporal sputtered impatiently.

Ashley replied with resignation, "I thought I'd explained that I never got there at all."

"Oh, never at all, eh," Holloway mumbled, obviously abashed. "Excuse me. Got a light?"

He started to thrust the cigarette into his mouth, paused and asked, "Don't suppose you can git smokes like these round here, eh?"

"No," Gordon answered wearily. "They're made to order in Boston."

"Then," the constable drawled, "if that's so, 'n' you wa'n't nigh that car, how's it happen there was a stub of one of these here cigarettes alongside it this mornin'?"

"What?" Haddonfield exploded, while Gordon stared blankly.

Holloway in reply drew a tattered envelope from his jacket pocket and shook out a mud-stained cigarette butt. He held it and the unsmoked tube out for the corporal's inspection.

"Same, ain't they?" he asked. "Laid sort of under the car where the rain didn't reach it."

"Why," the state policeman asked slowly, "didn't you tell me this before?"

Holloway's canny little eyes looked mournfully down his nose. "Well," he drawled, "I thought mebby you didn't need no help from amatoors."

Haddonfield held up the unsmoked Wazir before Gordon's immobile face.

"Any one else here use these?" he asked.

The other swallowed dryly and said at last through stiff, white lips, "Nobody."

He did not seem to heed Cynthia's tightened clutch upon his arm.

THE corporal cleared his throat, drew a long breath and said gravely, "Gordon Ashley, I arrest—"

"No!" the girl cried. "No!" so peremptorily that he broke off and stared.

She was facing not him, but the tall young man whose arm she had held.

"Gordon," she insisted, her clear features troubled by passion, "I won't have it; that's all. You've done enough. I won't let them arrest you."

"Cynthia," he said smiling, "it will be all right. Never mind."

But she stamped her foot in a fury of resentment and shook her dark hair back from her forehead. Then, ignoring his attempts at interruption, she spoke with cold incisiveness to Haddonfield.

"He's lied to you twice already. There is some one here who hates Mortimer, who tried to drown him yesterday morning, who smokes Wazir cigarettes, who was by that parked car yesterday afternoon. I met him on the road after the thunder-storm, and there was a blood-stain on his shirt sleeve. I went and asked him to look for Gordon and Mortimer last night, and he told me he hoped Mortimer was—dead. And—"

She gasped for breath and shook her head, determinedly deaf to Gordon's protests.

"He's protecting him," she stormed incoherently to the corporal. "If you've got to suspect some one, why don't you suspect him?"

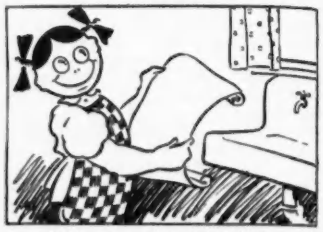
"Suppose," Haddonfield said dryly, "you tell me whom you're talking about, Miss Kent."

She faltered under the apprehensive stare of the Averys and saw the flicker of fright in Matilda's eyes. Shame at what she was about to do unreasonably overwhelmed her, so that she stammered and hesitated until her gaze rested upon the bewildered, desperately disapproving face of Gordon Ashley. Something of the small boy against whom every one has turned was in his eyes.

"Don't be silly, Cynthia," he bade with forced emphasis.

Compunction deserted her. "I'm not silly," she retorted, and to the state policeman, "He's protecting his cousin, John Tower."

CHORE GIRL WINS IN PARIS



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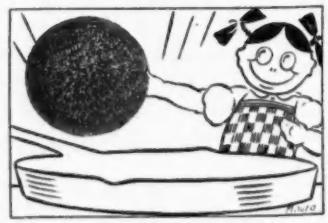
And now it's my turn—the others set an awful pace . . . . . but I'll clean up!

I've won—they say they never saw such work: I love the way they give prizes in France!

My prizes. The Grand Prix with Gold Medal—for time saving, labor saving and efficiency. (Above are photos of actual honors the Chore Girl won at the recent International Housewares Exposition at Paris in competition with the World's leading pot cleaners.)



Home again—ready for work—invite me in and see how I won the prize in Paris!

The CHORE GIRL 10¢

★ A knit copper sponge ball that cleans pots and pans like magic. Special construction cuts grease and burned-on black. Made of soft copper so can't injure hands or pans. Like an extra maid in the kitchen; only costs 10c. At Woolworth's, Kresge's, Kress', McCrory's, Murphy's and all other 5 and 10's, at Department and Hardware Stores.

MEN ENJOY COLLEGE INN ★ CHICKEN A LA KING

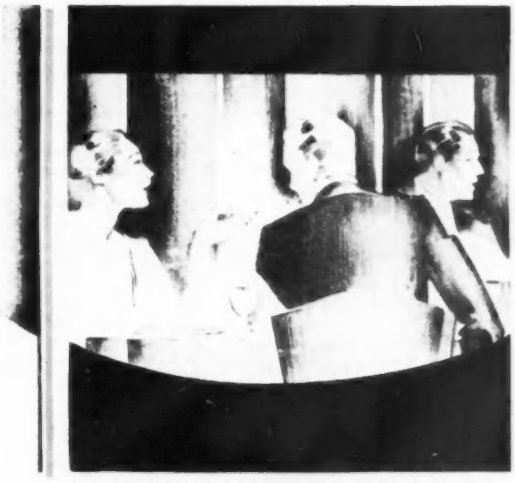
Husbands can't expect their wives to prepare elaborate meals every day... month after month. But any husband can expect that every meal... no matter how hurried the preparation ...should be flavorful and appetizing.

Now, madam... let us tell you how many wives get a day off, yet serve their husbands a really delicious meal. They depend upon College Inn Chicken a la King. Here's a choice food prepared after a recipe of famous chefs ... generous slices of tender chicken, rich, country cream sauce, mushrooms, spices and other good things. Doesn't that sound good? It is!

You'll find College Inn Chicken a la King ideal, too, for luncheons, and bridge parties—keep a supply on hand for unexpected guests. All good food shops carry it. College Inn Food Products Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Made by HOTEL SHERMAN CHEFS

You will enjoy any of these delicious College Inn Foods:
Tomato Juice Cocktail—Lobster a la Newburg—Cream of Tomato Soup—Chop Suey—Welsh Rarebit—Boned Chicken—Chicken Broth with Rice—Chili Con Carne—Clam Chowder



EVERY CHICKEN U. S. INSPECTED AND CERTIFIED

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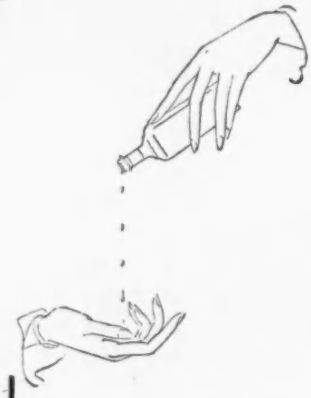


HAVE YOU TRIED THIS *NEW* CLEAR LIQUID HAND LOTION

Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter and ask to see a bottle of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. Note that it's a clear, sparkling, amber liquid . . . not creamy or gummy. Once you use it, you'll find that it penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, is not the least bit sticky. And, you will soon learn too, that it's really marvelous for keeping the hands soft, white and satiny-smooth. Chamberlain's protects the pores like "an invisible glove," safeguarding as well as revealing beauty. At toilet goods counters, in two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. Or, send coupon and we'll send our ten cent purse size FREE. Chamberlain Laboratories, 2109 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

*Chamberlain's
HAND LOTION
"The Invisible Glove"

Sign the coupon now and try the "invisible glove" at our expense

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES
2109 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa
Please send your ten cent purse size free.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Alibi

Avery stirred with a derogatory sound.

Holloway snorted in derision: "Johnny Tower? He wouldn't hurt a flea."

"He nearly killed Mr. Mortimer in swimming yesterday," she retorted, "and last night, when I went down to ask him to help you hunt for Gordon, he was—"

Again she paused, fighting against the queer sense of degradation, abashed against her will by the regard of the others

"Yes?" Haddonfield prompted tensely.

She plunged, defying incredulous disapproval: "He was washing that blood-stained shirt. And he came," she hurried on, "to the house this morning while Gordon was asleep."

"Why, Cynthia Kent!" Mrs. Avery exclaimed. "He came to the kitchen for milk!"

Committed to her rôle, the girl flared against disparagement. "That is what he *said*," she retorted. "Perhaps he went up to this room first."

Gordon Ashley thrust his voice into the brief silence with a strange commingling of relief and resentment. "You're ridiculous, Cynthia," he told her and, addressing the corporal: "It's impossible that Tower is implicated in this. He isn't the type that—murders."

"No?" Haddonfield returned. "But still he tried to drown Mortimer, eh?"

"He lost his temper," Gordon stumbled. "He—"

But no one heeded his protest. The state policeman spoke quickly to Holloway:

"Go up and search Mr. Ashley's room. Better take him with you. Where does this Tower live?"

The girl hesitated. Then, spurred by the obvious reluctance of the others, she said angrily,

"I'll take you there."

(*To be continued*)

The Daughter of Jairus

(*Continued from page 50*)

crowd pressed in and slowed their steps. Not only that, but another sufferer, a sick woman, saw in the passing of this great healer her only opportunity.

"If I may but touch the hem of his garment," she cried to herself.

It was her last hope. She had spent her all on physicians and was nothing better, but rather worse. That verse alone would be almost enough to persuade us of the truthfulness of the Bible narrative, for history records some of the prescriptions for suffering women in those days. That any of them ever got well is a miracle; certainly the doctors did not help. Her only chance was here and now. Edging her way through the crowd, unmindful of the harsh glances which were cast upon her as she elbowed people to right and left, she finally reached his side.

Jesus turned quickly. "Who touched me?" he asked.

His disciples were surprised. Jesus was forever surprising them.

"Thou seest the multitude thronging here," they answered, "and sayest thou, Who touched me?"

Yes, that was exactly what he said. There was to him a vast difference between the pressure of the multitude and the touch that was a mute appeal for help. Fearing and trembling, the woman confessed.

We have no picture of her; we do not know her age, but it is reasonable to assume, in view of her long period of invalidism, that she was not less than forty-five. With the early age of marriage in those countries she might almost have been his mother. Nowhere is the courtesy, the inherent gentlemanliness, of Jesus better shown than in his next remark. He called her "Daughter."

"Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace," he said.

It was a magnificent incident, but how costly!

"Be mama's brave little man"

Hiding under the bed never saved Junior. There was no escape from the noxious dose of old-fashioned castor oil. Today all that is changed—now Juniors are given Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

Tasteless because it is 100% pure—free from all flavoring, benzyl alcohol, saccharin. Kellogg's is the only refinery-bottled castor oil. This keeps it pure, fresh and wholesome.

KELLOGG'S
The Original
TASTELESS
Castor Oil

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PURITY

Never sold in bulk but always in the original bottles. 1 oz. (1 dose), 3 oz. and 7 oz. home-size bottles. Send for trial bottle enclosing 10c in stamps. Use coupon.

Tested and Approved 1923 by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of Good Housekeeping Magazine

Sold by all druggists.

Walter Janvier, Inc.
121 Varick St., N. Y.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me convenient size bottle of Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil

G.H 10-29

Name .....

St. and No.
or R. F. D. .....

City ..... State .....

© 1928 Spencer Kellogg & Sons, Inc., New York City

What a Pleasant Way to Have Clean White Teeth!

You may not be able to live on this diet but your teeth will sparkle like this South Sea Beauty's if you use the only Fresh Whitener Tooth Paste!

Nature's way to white teeth—healthy, unstained, beautiful—is to keep them clean with fresh fruit. You know how you rub your teeth with lemon after Huckleberry Pie?

If you want fruit juice whitener that will really whiten, you must get it fresh.

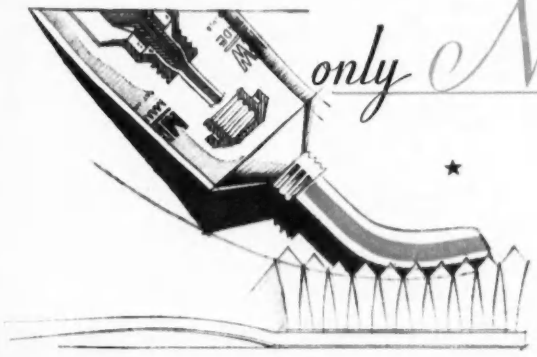
So New Mix alone of all the tooth pastes puts its "whitener" in an inner tube—and out it comes, fresh, full strength on your brush, a bright red cream in between the white creams.

You can *taste* its tangy tart freshness! After this fresh whitener has taken the smoking stains and yellowness off your teeth, the other creams do their health work of hardening your gums, protecting against decay, and leaving your mouth fresh, sweet, cool, fragrant.

Try New Mix once and you'll never use any other tooth paste. Just ask your mirror! It contains no scratchy abrasives to ruin your enamel. It doesn't need them. It does not foam. It tastes good because it *does* good, and it whitens, whitens *whitens*, because its whitener is fresh, fresh, *fresh*.

New Mix is waiting to please you at good stores all over the nation. Send us the coupon below! You will get a trial size tube by return mail which will prove the value of New Mix better than a thousand words.

SCIENCE sat at her feet (and you can't blame Science). By observing the glorious white teeth of the South Sea Island Beauties, Science learned that if a tooth paste is to keep teeth stainlessly white, its whitener must be fresh!



only New Mix *is fresh whitener toothpaste*

GILMONT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Dept. 3-A, 121 Varick St., New York City, N. Y.

So I can see how different New Mix is from every other tooth paste, you may send me your trial size tube. I enclose 10c to cover packing and shipping.

Name _____

Address _____

Town or City _____ State _____

In using advertisements see page 6

DENTONS Are Durable

Denton Sleeping Garments are out-grown before they are worn out. Extra-heavy, tailored, romper feet; flat seams; *flexible rubber buttons;* patented extra-full drop seat with strengthening tape, insure long service and keep Denton garments out of the mending basket.

Dentons Protect Health

Healthful sleep for children is only possible with plenty of fresh air and warm, comfortable bodies.

Denton fabric is made of *unbleached* double-carded cotton with which is combined some soft virgin wool. The result is a material that always remains wonderfully soft, warm and comfortable.

The loosely spun yarn and the open *Soft-Knit* fabric afford healthful ventilation to the skin. The tiny strands of soft wool carry off perspiration without chilling the body. Denton fabric is truly hygienic and is specially designed for sleeping garments.

All Sizes for Children or Adults

Sold in 5,500 Dry Goods and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer doesn't have Dentons, write us.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills

Centreville, Michigan, U. S. A.

The Daughter of Jairus

The little delay had been too much. Down the street came running messengers, each eager to be the first to break the bad news.

"Thy daughter is dead," they panted, "trouble not the master."

The spirit and hope of Jairus died. He turned with a gesture of heart-broken resignation. To his amazement Jesus paid no attention, but kept walking directly toward the house. Already the sounds of grief were making the air hideous. The mother was weeping, as women weep only in Oriental lands, and the neighbors were shrieking beside her. Added to this heart-felt grief were the wails of the hired mourners. It was an awful scene, and the sensitive heart of Jesus was repulsed by it.

"Why make ye this ado, and weep?" he demanded. "The child is not dead, but sleepeth."

Imagine, if you can, the loud laugh. The neighbors mocked. The hired mourners pointed their fingers in scorn. Had they not officiated at many death-beds? Did he suppose that they could mistake a living child for a dead one?

Modern physicians know that marking the division between life and death is less simple than some people suppose. By that miraculous wisdom which made him always so much wiser than his generation, Jesus knew what the crowd did not. With a firm hand he shut out the curious and, taking only the father and mother and his three best-loved disciples, stepped into the dark bedroom. There, on the white bed, the quiet little figure lay.

There was not a moment of hesitation; no instant of doubt. Jesus reached out and took the cold little hand in his own. "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise."

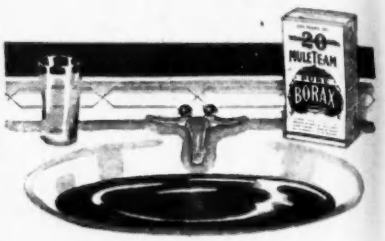
Those who listened were impressed by the fact that he spoke in Aramaic. "*Talitha cumi*," he said. Ordinarily it is to be presumed that he spoke Greek. But Aramaic was the language of his boyhood. In times of the deepest emotion he went back instinctively to the mother tongue. In this language he spoke to the little girl. In the same language he was later to cry out in agony from the cross.

AS TO just what happened, or how, we may leave to those who are not satisfied unless they can query and dissect. Jesus had said that the little girl was not dead but sleeping; that is to say, in a swoon. He was the Lord of life, and there is no occasion for us to advance our uncertain conjectures. The important fact is that the little girl responded to his first touch. The cold fingers felt the warmth of life in the clasp of his strong hand. What a moment for those who stood by and watched! A truant spirit, on the border-line between two worlds, heard his authoritative call and, turning, came gladly back!

Jesus gave two simple, common-sense instructions. First, care for the little girl. She had risen to her feet, but was weak; she needed nourishment at once. Second, he begged again that they would say no more about it than was necessary. His reputation was spreading too fast and creating a popular demand which made it increasingly difficult for him to work. When people wanted only miracles, they would not listen. Too great success could defeat him as surely as failure. By every possible means he must keep his teaching from being covered up with exaggerated reports of wonders and the demands for greater wonders.

That night a thankful father and mother knelt down beside the bed where their only daughter lay in healthful sleep. Down by the shore of the lake Jesus reflected wearily, but with deep satisfaction, on the events of the day. A maniac had been healed. A suffering woman had been restored to health. A little girl had come back to her parents from the very gates of death. A hard day; a tiring day; but a wonderful day. The Galilean stars looked down and smiled their benediction.

In the November Good Housekeeping "The Boy Who First Wrote the Story of Jesus"



YOU MAY NOT KNOW

these interesting and helpful facts about 20 Mule Team Borax. They are well worth reading.

First, Borax softens water, gives it a delightful feeling of smoothness and allows the soap to lather more freely. For use in the bath and in washing hands and face 20 Mule Team Borax is ideal —for it is cleansing, mildly antiseptic, deodorizing and beneficial to the skin.

Next, Borax as a sweetener for the mouth and breath is unexcelled. It may be used as a mouthwash, dissolved in water—or on the toothbrush. Borax banishes "tobacco breath," unpleasant morning taste and is truly refreshing. It is good for the teeth and helps to heal any lesions of the tongue or mouth. Try this for a week and you are sure to form a pleasing habit.

20 Mule Team Borax should be on hand in every bathroom. Send the coupon for our free booklet telling many of the personal uses of this health product.

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 413
51 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send free copy of your booklet, "Everyday Personal Uses of Borax and Boric Acid."

Name_____

Address_____

"What is fashion without fashionable toiletries?"

Lucretia Vanderbilt
answers this important question for the women of America

Fashion in toiletries is as essential as fashion in dress. And my modern creations, known as Lucretia Vanderbilt Toiletries, are fully in keeping with the mode of today and tomorrow.

Originally compounded for my personal use, these Aristocrats of Toiletries were but recently introduced to the fashionable women of America.

And now I will reveal the secret of their popularity! A seductive, provocative odeur that suggests all the mystery, the gayety, the charm of old France . . . an odeur with instant and lasting appeal . . . to milady . . . and to him who does her honor.

My perfume, powder, lipstick and compacts all breathe the same exotic scent. And each of these smart toiletries is encased in the rich blue and silver container that adds so much to the personality of these Aristocrats of Toiletries.

Go to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for 25 cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 107 Grassmere Avenue, Fairfield, Connecticut, mentioning dealer's name and address and shade of powder preferred. (Natural or Rachel).

PERFUME: The smartest of perfumes. Sensually oriental. Comes in a gorgeous blue Parisian crystal flask with silvered base, in fadeproof satin receptacle, lined in silver. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills: $5 and $6.

FACE POWDER: In White, Ochrepink, Rachel and Natural. Scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt Perfume. The downy velour puff is fastened in and kept separate from the powder. Price $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

DOUBLE COMPACT: Contains powder, Natural or Rachel, and rouge in Medium, Crimson, or Vivid. When opened, the thin metal case reveals powder, rouge and mirror, a handy and time-saving feature. Price, with metal mirror and two puffs of downy wool, in sheepskin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50¢.

TRIPLE COMPACT: Identical with my Double Compact, except that a dainty Lucretia Vanderbilt Lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

LIPSTICK: Four shades: Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbrite. The latter, when applied, changes from an orange tint to vivid red, according to skin texture. This stick moves in and out, pencil-fashion. Price, $1. Refills, 50¢.

PERFUME: *Purse Size;* My seductive perfume, in a dainty flask for the purse. Encased in soft leather of rich blue . . . quite the smartest and most intimate of beauty accessories. Price $2.50.

Lucretia Vanderbilt

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER: ★

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

Customer's Name _____

Address _____

G. H. Oct.

In using advertisements see page 6

PLANNING to DECORATE

These folios by the Studio offer the Ideas of Experts

WHETHER you plan to add a new note to a corner of a room or furnish a house complete, the staff of Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings & Decorations has thought it out for you. In these illustrated folios are ideas galore, tested in actual use, practicable and easily followed.

- ☐ Colorful Modern Bathrooms (New) 25c
- ☐ Making the most of Nondescript Rooms (New) 25c
- ☐ Furnishing a House for a Family of Five (New) 25c
- ☐ A Garden Calendar (New—for successful gardening) 50c
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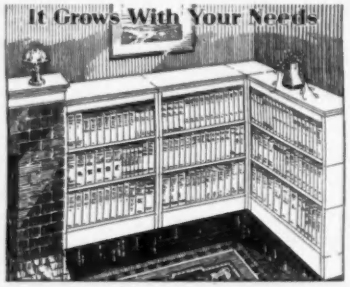
- ☐ Stenciling Furniture and Fabrics at Home 25c
- ☐ Lamp Shades and How to Make Them 25c
- ☐ Drapery Fabrics and Fashions for Windows and Doors 25c
- ☐ Smart New Slip Covers and How to Make Them 25c
- ☐ Hand-Made Rugs, Hooked, Braided and Woven 25c
- ☐ A Typical Colonial House—Dr. Shippen's 25c
- ☐ How to Equip the Clothes Closet 25c
- ☐ How to Paint Furniture—How to Refinish Natural Wood Furniture 25c
- ☐ Carpets, Rugs and Floor Finishes 25c
- ☐ Furnishing and Decorating a Five Room Home for Two Thousand Dollars 25c
- ☐ Decorative and Practical Treatments for Woodwork and Walls 25c
- ☐ The Ideal Living-Dining Room 25c
- ☐ The Principal Periods of Furniture Design Since the 12th Century 25c
- ☐ Early American—Living-Dining Rooms and Bedrooms 25c
- ☐ Artificial Leather Binder for Folios You Already Have $1.00

To order, check those you want; send stamps, check or money-order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Like a "BUILT-IN" Bookcase yet Sectional and Portable



Per Section: Lacquer $3.00 Unfinished $2.75

Lundstrom
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

A most desirable and economical bookcase for home or office; Sectional; never too large or too small; fits odd spaces and **grows with your needs.** Price 3 section case with top and base, style shown above, unfinished (for home painting) **$12.00;** imitation mahogany or walnut, **$13.25;** colored lacquer, **$15.90.** Other styles in oak, mahogany, walnut, etc., with doors, **at correspondingly low prices.** Shipped **direct from factory on approval** at a big saving TO YOU. Write for catalog No. 28.

The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899
Branch Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.
New York Show Room, 130 West 42nd St.

Thumb-Sucking?

THUMB GUARDS will cure thumb-sucking quickly and permanently. (Also adapted for fingers)

Sterling Silver. Safe. Sanitary

No. 0, $4.00 per pair *Age 6 to 11 mos.*
No. 1, $4.50 per pair *Age 1- 2½ years*
No. 2, $5.00 per pair *Age 2½-3½ years*
No. 3, $5.50 per pair *Age 3½-6 years*
Add 5c per pair for mailing

Nail-Biting?

"BITE-X" (formerly "No-Byte") quickly cures this persistent, unsanitary habit. When applied to the tips of the fingers, "BITE-X" instantly forms a tough, transparent coating, unpalatable to taste. Harmless. Effective. **Price $1.00** per bottle. *Add 5 cents for mailing.*

Shampoos?

SHAMPOO SHIELD is made of heavy flexible, transparent material, bound at the top and sides with rubber sponge, making the Shield water-tight when in position.

The Shield is adjustable—will fit grown-ups as well as children.

Price $1.75.
Add 5 cents for mailing.

All above articles approved by Child Specialists. Satisfaction Guaranteed by

THE CHILD WELFARE GUILD, Inc.
Dept. 201, 265 Church St., New Haven, Conn.

Leyla

(*Continued from page 21*)

Leyla's father did not trouble to answer. Men and women surrounded them.

"Get busy, Roms. There will be a wedding. Let these poor water-drinking, fish-catching Turks see a Gypsy wedding."

"I have spoken to you," Ilie cried out in harsh tones.

"To me?" Manu inquired. "I thought you merely remembered what Yorghi paid for a blind wife for his poor deaf-mute son. Five hundred gold pieces for Leyla, ha!"

The Gypsies, Manu's friends, laughed aloud.

"You will have to pay money if you want Leyla for a daughter-in-law, Ilie."

"Shall I begin by offering you a kingdom for that thin, naked wench splashing in the water?"

"Should you begin with one kingdom," Manu replied, "perhaps we could come to some conclusion in a week or two from now. Do you think I am a poor Turk selling cured fish, eh?"

Gregory sat down on the shore and waited for Leyla, while his father was bargaining for her. Tall, handsome, a pure Gypsy, brown-skinned, insolent, a little over twenty, he gave himself the airs of a man who knew life.

Ilie's friends said to Manu:

"There is no better husband for Leyla than Gregory. Look at him. No cold is too cold for him. No heat too warm. Naked in the dead of winter, in furs in the summer. She is headstrong. She needs taming. Gregory knows how to handle a woman. She doesn't obey even you. We have seen that. Come, sell her to Ilie for Gregory."

"Come out of the water," Gregory called to Leyla after a while, rising to his feet and turning his back to allow her to cover herself.

A splash and a loud laugh were the answer. She was farther away from him now than she had been when he had called her. He shrugged his shoulders and went to join a group of youngsters, but everybody knew that Leyla had earned for herself the first beating after the wedding. Gregory would never forget that she had not obeyed his first order.

There were two factions, Manu's and Ilie's. They quarreled, bargained, and insulted each other, stretching their long whips and lurching wildly right and left. Leyla joined her father, who whispered in her ear,

"He has already offered a thousand gold pieces."

"A thousand gold pieces," Leyla echoed, and ran back to her tent to gloat over the enormous price.

GREGORY looked on from a distance, talking to his friends and playing with the flexible handle of his whip, turning it this way and that.

So she was worth a thousand gold pieces to Ilie! She remembered how Gregory had turned around and looked at her when she had swum away from him. She remembered the manner in which he had danced with her at that wedding in Sulina. He danced beautifully and was strong. Only he took too much for granted. He was so young, yet he walked around as if he knew everything. She hoped her father would not sell her for that price. He had asked two thousand. They wouldn't give two thousand. She knew that. Ilie was a proud trader. He wouldn't want it known that Manu had set a price from which he hadn't been able to budge him. No. Ilie wouldn't give two thousand— But what if he did? She would become Gregory's wife . . . then . . . and go away with him and his people. Her father would be alone. Yes . . . but the whole world would know Ilie had paid two thousand gold pieces for her.

Gypsy girls, all their jewelry on their neck, hair, and arms, dressed ready for the wedding, came into Leyla's tent.

"Ah, Leyla. You are going away soon. Ilie offers a thousand gold pieces!"

"I know the Ilies," an older woman chirped in. "I know them. They are wonderful people, the Ilies. They know how to manage a

Leyla

woman before they have hair on the face. I married one of them . . . whew!"

Leyla pointed to a little dagger which she carried in the knot of her hair. "No one has ever touched me, and no one ever shall."

"Ha, ha, ha," the older woman laughed. "I thought so, too, when I was young—but when you are married to a real man, whew!"

The girls went out one by one to spread the news of what Leyla had said.

Ilie made believe he intended to leave there and then, to see what effect it would have on Manu.

GREGORY, the whip sticking out from the creased uppers of his boots, his black mustache waxed, his hair combed slickly back, walked toward Leyla, who had come out to sit on the seat of her father's wagon.

"My father has offered a thousand gold pieces for you," he said. "It is his whim to have you as a daughter-in-law. Why don't you tell your father to say the good word? Or is there somebody else, eh?"

Leyla made believe she hadn't heard him.

"I have been told," he continued, "that you have been playing with a dagger and saying things."

"I am playing with my dagger whenever I want to play with something," Leyla answered.

And suddenly she cried out passionately: "It is two weeks now that I have seen you every day, Gregory, both you and your father. You are always walking around with long whips and set faces. Both of you are always bending or breaking something. Your father wants to buy you something to break, something you would take pride in breaking. You want to break Manu's daughter. But you never will—never, never."

"Never! Wait and see . . ."

And, breaking the handle of his whip as he left, Gregory ran toward the group around his father and Manu.

"Eleven hundred," he shouted.

The Gypsies rose to their feet and began to shout. "Eleven hundred. Eleven hundred." It would be a wedding such as they hadn't seen in years. Ilie's son was taking the deal out of his father's hands.

"Two thousand," Manu answered.

"Thirteen hundred," Gregory cried out elbowing his way to the front.

The women began to dance around and around, beating copper dishes with their fists. Fiddlers began to tune their instruments.

"Two thousand," Manu said, turning pale at the thought of losing his daughter to such a man.

Gregory opened his mouth again, but his father put his hand over it.

"Leave me be, and count out your money, father," he ordered.

The old Gypsy brought out ten little bags of a hundred gold pieces from his leather belt and threw them on the ground. Gregory threw three more bags from his own copper-studded belt.

"Fourteen hundred."

"Fifteen hundred."

"Sixteen," yelled Gregory without looking at her.

The Gypsies wondered. They had seen Leyla and Gregory talk. Something had happened between the two.

"Two thousand," Manu repeated, taking his daughter's hand in his.

"Seventeen," Gregory called. "Is that enough?"

"Two thousand," Manu repeated without raising his eyes.

Gregory, who had emptied his father's pockets and his own, beckoned to a friend to come nearer and raised three fingers, asking for a loan of three little bags of gold. He threw those, too, on the pile.

"Here are your two thousand. When Ilie's son wants something, he gets it," and the young Gypsy looked at Leyla triumphantly.

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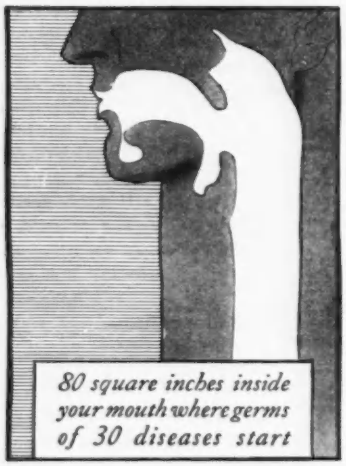
at mouth temperature, 98.6

FOOD DECAYS



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Leyla

The trembling hand of Manu covered the small pile of gold bags. The deal was closed. The Gypsies were wild. Such a deal! Tall fur caps went up in the air. Pistols were shot. Fiddlers began to play. However, before Manu had gathered the pile toward him, Leyla said something softly in his ear.

"But why didn't you tell me?" Manu asked sharply.

"I didn't believe Gregory would give two thousand gold pieces."

"And what now?" the old man asked.

"There has been no wedding yet," Leyla whispered. "Only a deal. Buy me back."

The Gypsies looked on, watching Manu and his daughter. What had happened?

Gregory was beyond himself with anger. "She is mine now, isn't she?" he asked his father. "Tell me, isn't she?"

IT WAS an old custom among Gypsies. Before the wedding was celebrated, the bride could be bought back. Until she was bought back, however, even if it took years of toil and saving, a girl was not allowed to marry, though the groom had married meanwhile.

Leyla took a hand in the proceedings. "Quiet, *Calos*, black brothers," she called. "I have told my father I don't wish it to be, and he is ready to buy me back."

The fiddlers stopped tuning the violins. The women began to cry. Gregory's friends took him away with them, while Ilie was asked to go to his wagon to give father and daughter time to talk the matter over.

Manu took his trembling daughter to his breast.

"What has he done to you? What has he said to you? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't believe he would pay two thousand gold pieces to break something . . . to break Leyla. He wants to marry me so he can tame me, beat me. I did not expect him to pay so much for that."

"I thought you loved him."

Leyla closed her eyes. "I thought so, too. I also thought that he loved me, me, me. But now I know that only his pride wants me. Two thousand gold pieces for that . . . and not because he loves me."

"Oh, Leyla! They will take everything we have."

"Give them everything," Leyla cried. "Leave us only the two horses and the wagon. You will be happier with me alone than with their two thousand gold pieces. Oh, *Tatuca*, father mine. The fairs that have given us more and more wealth have hung chains on our necks. The sixty horses we have, and the goats and the dogs and the cows, and the two old men to help take care of them, and the fodder we carry along are heavy chains, chains. We haven't been to half so many places this year as we have been before. We have had no time to talk, to play, to sing. We have become as sad as Gorgios. Give everything. Hang it all upon their necks, and let the two of us drive at top speed from one place to another, as we used to. We shall cross rivers. We shall cross the sea. Give them everything."

"I thought you loved him," Manu repeated meditatively. "I thought you liked the bracelets and the rings I bought you. I thought you loved the silks and the dresses and shawls I gave you. How is one ever to know a woman—even his own daughter? Be it so, then."

Manu's older brother approached them, and after filling his pipe and lighting it, he looked at Leyla's father and said,

"You have brought up your daughter with as much indulgence as if you were a woman, Manu."

"No, Stephen. I have brought her up to have as much pride as if she were a man. Call Ilie. Call them all."

Leyla sat herself between her father and her uncle. How proud she was of her father! She wouldn't change him for a thousand Gregory's. The twenty little gold bags were still on the ground. The other Gypsies formed

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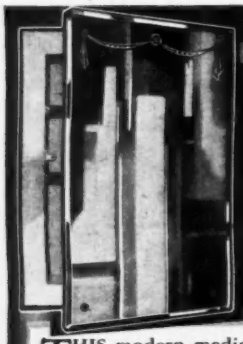

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Leyla

a circle all around them. Gregory was sitting near his father. His lips trembled. He couldn't take his eyes off Leyla. When all were silent again, Manu said:

"I have sixteen hundred gold pieces of my own, and I offer them to you, Ilie, to buy my daughter back. Such is my wish—and hers."

"If she is worth two thousand to me," Gregory's father answered, "she is worth more than that to you. You have driven a hard bargain, Manu. Try to outdo me now, if you can."

"It is all I have," Manu answered humbly. "If I had more, I would give more."

"Then let her wait," Ilie answered, rising to his feet. "Come, Gregory. Come, harness the horses. Let's go. Come."

"That isn't all we have," Leyla called out. "Don't go yet. Here is more."

And tearing off her bracelets and rings, and pulling the earrings from her ears, she threw them on the pile. Gregory had taken the deal out of his father's hands a while ago. She was doing the same now. Her trinkets were worth more than the sixteen hundred gold pieces.

As Ilie didn't show himself satisfied, Leyla laughed heartily!

"We have sixty horses and goats, and cows and dogs. Take them. There are two trunks of clothes that are mine. Do you want them? Take them also. Take everything, and leave us only two horses and the wagon. And all the Gypsies from the Carpathians to the Black Sea, from the Danube to the Pruth River, shall know soon how much it is worth not to be the mother of Ilie's son's children. Had I and my father twice as much, I would tell you, 'Take everything.'"

NO ONE had expected such a sudden turn of affairs. Brides had been bought back before that. The reputation of the groom had never been involved. It was a bargain between traders. It was like buying back a horse one regretted having sold.

Gregory's knees sagged under him. Cold chills traveled up and down his spine. Leyla had slipped away from within his grasp. The light of her eyes blazed like torches. He had never seen her so happy, so terribly happy. He had never thought a woman could be so beautiful. He had never known she was so beautiful. Why had he spoken to her so stupidly? What had he done—what? He loved her. Life without her was a dreary waste. It had all happened because of the talk he had heard for years and years about how one should treat women. . . .

His father looked at him, tempted by what offered to come to his purse so easily. He would buy another wife for his son. He would split the profits with Gregory. Eight hundred gold pieces and thirty horses apiece—bracelets, rings— They were partners in this deal.

"What say you, my son?"

But Gregory did not hear. He was only thinking of the woman he had lost.

He looked at Leyla. She looked at him. His pride was gone. His head hung on his chest. His eyes were like those of a sick man. He had wanted to break her, and she had broken him . . . He still heard her ringing voice— "All shall know how much it is worth not to be. . . ."

Leyla's uncle, Stephen, rose to his feet and said: "Let there be quiet and peace. Leave them, alone, brothers. Come away, *tzigans*. Let's leave them alone."

Even Manu rose and went to his own wagon.

The two youngsters remained alone. Leyla looked at the young Gypsy. Was it only his hurt pride, or did he really love her? He was only a boy now. His stupid pride had bloated him until he had appeared much older. She felt so much older than he was. He seemed like an orphan who had lost his mother on a lonely road; so hopeless, so forlorn! She drew nearer to him.

"There will be other girls, Gregory," she consoled. "More beautiful and kinder than I

Leyla

am. With the wealth you now have, you will soon be married. Do not grieve so."

He did not answer.

"Another moon and you will forget, Gregory. Believe me, you will."

He smiled forlornly.

"You don't love me. You only wanted to break me, Gregory. I am not worth two thousand gold pieces. I am not. I am not worth two thousand gold pieces as a toy, Gregory, do you hear me?"

He sighed, and tears sprang into his eyes. "I didn't know what it feels like to be broken . . . I didn't."

He broke her heart. Gregory in tears! Tall, proud Gregory in tears! She had more than evened her score with the boy. He had nothing. She had nothing. They were both free. He was handsome and young. She loved him. She had been afraid of him, but she loved him. He had hurt her pride, and she had paid him in the same coin. He would never again attempt to show his superiority. Now they knew each other well. They both knew how ready each one was to stake everything against humiliation. There was not another man like him within a thousand miles. On fast horses they could be across the Danube, far from everybody, in a couple of hours. They could be across the Carpathians before winter had started, far from the voices of his people advising him how to treat a woman. He would be hers and hers alone. They would live together like two equals and not like master and slave.

"Gregory, these two white horses are the fastest of father's herd. There are no faster horses in your father's herd. No one would be able to overtake us, once we get a little start from here. Let the Gypsies celebrate a loud wedding without bride and groom. Will you come with me now, all alone?"

The same voice that had shattered him galvanized him back to life.

"Leyla!"

Two powerful arms lifted her on to the back of a horse. He was on the other one in an instant. The Gypsies looked on, shouting, not understanding what had happened.

Leyla and Gregory were soon out of sight. Manu understood. "Peace, peace. No harm has come to Leyla." And he shook hands all around. "Peace, peace. My daughter has closed the deal."

Fiddlers tuned their instruments.

The women sang, "There is not another woman like Leyla."

The men sang, "There is not another man like Gregory."

IN THE center of the circle, the two fatners were still bargaining.

"You take the money, and her bracelets, and everything you have offered me to buy her back," Ilie said. "It's yours."

"No! No!" Manu protested, even as he took the things and stuffed them hastily into his pockets.

There was no saying when Ilie would change his mind.

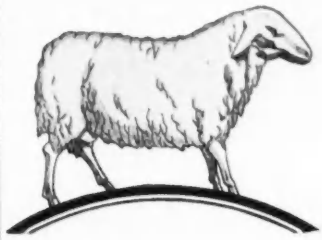
"We shall be grandfathers of lions," Ilie improvised a song. "Come, *cobzar*. Play a tune to my words."

"No, *cobzar*. Play a tune to my words. Here is a gold piece for you.

"Grandfathers of eagles flying from one crag to another," Manu sang as tears streamed down his bronzed, weather-beaten face. "She had lived in my nest until her wings had grown strong enough to raise her to taller peaks. And now . . . I shall be alone . . . forever alone."

Suddenly Manu raised his head.

"Hey, ho, Roms, come all, let's show these poor Turks how Gypsies celebrate a gay wedding! Watch them come out of the mosque . . . Here they come. Bowed heads, heavy feet. Hey, ho, Roms! Play, sing, shout, dance. Let's show them how we can celebrate the wedding of Leyla and Gregory!"



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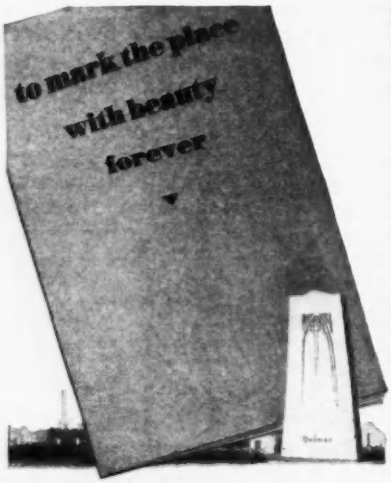

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The White House Gang

(*Continued from page 23*)

Dividing our forces as evenly as possible, and at a signal from Q, we would battle fiercely for possession of the standard. Any and all kinds of fighting went—punching, kicking, hair-pulling, clothes-ripping, choking, mud-throwing. The side securing the guidon and holding it for three minutes by Q's dollar watch also won the right to dictate what should be done for the rest of the afternoon. Often the party in power would elect to fight again for the guidon—and then lose it.

Strategy, too, was permissible to effect a capture. Statements to the effect that the roof of the State-War-Navy Building was afire; that a man was seen to be falling down from the top of the Washington Monument; that TR was coming out into the garden—or any other which served to divert the enemy long enough to permit the snatching away of the guidon to some prepared position where it could be defended for the time limit—were in order and general. Some signal acts of individual gallantry resulted.

Supreme strategy was achieved when Charlie Taft, with a genius partly explained, possibly, by the fact that his father was Secretary of War, placed the guidon about five feet from the suggestive nozzle of a garden hose, and sent Slats to turn on the water while he and one other boy defended the standard.

Q and his command, completely occupied with a direct frontal attack, were most unexpectedly washed away by Slats in an enfilading water action which was both effective and humiliating.

Gritting his teeth but falling back in a resilient somersault, Q shouted to his side:

"Keep it up! Keep it up! I'm going to sinister this, immejitly!"

He vanished out of the *mêlée;* presently the force of the water slackened, and then the nozzle ran dry. Q had not attacked the problem at the base; he had solved it by cutting the line of communication, severing the squirming hose into sections, with the vicious strokes of a fire-ax, after the manner of St. George's final attack on the Dragon.

THERE was a deep, bellowing shout and a rush of feet from another quarter, and TR, his frockcoat fluttering behind him as he ran, charged down upon us.

The battle ceased abruptly, and all troops came to stiff attention except Q, who, transfixed at this sudden turn of events, remained motionless, bent over with the ax in his hands, just as he had severed a length of hose.

TR surveyed him and us.

"Too late! Too late, by George!" he said in a voice broken by his gasps for breath. "Quentin!—I mean Georgie Washington—come here with your incriminating hatchet!"

Q came, dragging the ax behind him, but manfully making no explanation whatever. We grinned, not with especial sympathy for Q, because our part in this phase of the proceedings was luckily negligible. That, however, was because none except Q had thought of the ax.

"In the heat of battle," TR said vigorously, yet with a judicious fairness, "many acts, which would not be countenanced at other times, may be excusable—or, at least, subject to sympathetic interpretation; of course you understand that, boys?"

"Sure," Q said, quickly brightening. "You mean that's the reason why I did it? I did it because *something* had to be done immejitly."

"That's exactly it!" TR agreed explosively. "The point is always to do *something* quickly, because if you don't, the other fellow will. You may be wrong—you were here—but you have, at least, initiated action. When the action is wrong, you must admit it and correct it by some further action."

Q looked at the entirely dead and well-mutilated body of the hose. "I don't see

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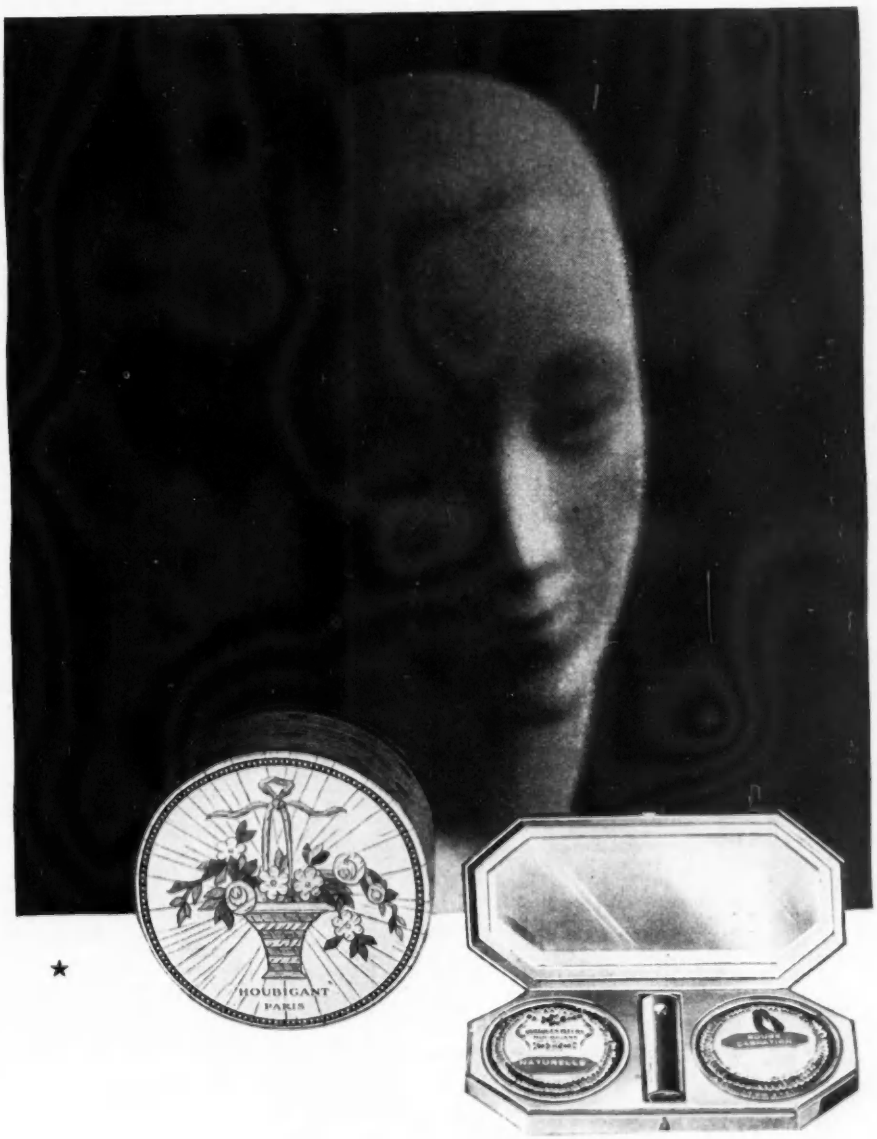

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The White House Gang

how *this* can be corrected," he said thoughtfully.

"Only by an entirely new garden hose," TR said. "It was Government property, still is, but also is no longer. You can not imagine the difficulties involved, and the things required to be done, in order to replace it. It will even cost money, part of which I am earning—or was earning when interrupted by a dispatch regarding the progress of this war, and left hurriedly for the field."

"Well," Q said, "of course, you're right; but we've learned our lesson, you know."

"We?" TR asked. "Don't you mean yourself? And what have you learned?"

"Not to cut up garden-hoses," Q said promptly.

"And not to use fire-axes," TR added, "on anything but a fire."

"We're not so likely to have a fire," Q said with a touch of wistfulness.

"Not with all this water around!" TR said. "You escape, Quentin, only because of the extenuating circumstances arising out of the heat of battle."

TR turned upon his heel and walked away from us even more impressively, somehow, than he had come.

Charlie plucked the guidon out of the ground. "Here," he said to Q, "it was really my fault; take it. Gee, you deserve it."

Possession of the guidon now gave Q and his side the decision as to further immediate action.

"I guess we're through with this just now," Quentin suggested, waving the battle-flag abstractedly back and forth.

We were, for we were mud-dyed from hair to heel and must, we knew, make some attempt at drying and cleaning before going home.

These needs led us through the long East Corridor used for Presidential receptions, where the sun streamed through the broad expanse of glass at the entrance, and finally into the main part of the White House downstairs, serving as a formal foyer.

HERE were, and still are, a number of cabinets containing various sets of White House china. Different Administrations affected different designs, all of them prominently displaying the crest of the United States. These objects are, of course, not only beautiful, but priceless, as intimate historical exhibits. But to the Gang the fact that the cabinets were locked gave them a particular charm. This was especially true in the instance of Slats Stead, whose major passion at that time was collecting keys.

He had an enormous key-ring made out of a piece of telegraph wire, which he carried, secreted upon his person, always and everywhere. Give Slats a key and he would whistle for a quarter of an hour. It was a matter of no consequence that he could find no lock to fit it—at the time. For he possessed the sublime faith that eventually that key would be brought into contact with its own lock.

"Slats," Q said hopefully, regarding one of the cabinets. "Your keys! Maybe—"

Slats tried many keys, being very professional and careful not to try one twice. Eventually a slim little key opened two of the cabinets.

"That's *perfect!*" Q said, reaching in with muddy fingers and taking out three cups and saucers. These he piled one on top of another and exchanged for three from the other cabinet.

The effect amused us vastly, and we proceeded to effect further exchanges. The cabinets looked now as though there had not been enough pieces of a kind to make a complete exhibit, and that any old thing had been used to round it out; or that possibly the cups of one Administration had been set upon the saucers of another. We were fortunate in not causing permanent mischief. Five or six small, careless-handed boys could scarcely have effected that removal job again without breaking half the fragile things they touched. Mud, too—added quite without malice afore-

thought—had been smeared plentifully upon the china, shelves, and glass.

The startling condition of these exhibits must have been remarked by White House visitors, foreign and domestic, streaming through the corridor every day at certain hours, for some ten days elapsed ere official rectification was made. Q knew, and instantly reported to the Gang, when the cabinets were unlocked and their contents put to rights. He had passed nonchalantly before the cabinets every day and noted them guardedly.

We never made fun of Slats' keys; we understood them as being his own collecting specialty, and almost all boys collect something. Q collected milk-tops at that time and so did we all. We possessed examples from most of the Washington dairies, many from Baltimore, and Dick had even written to cousins in Boston for the cream of the tops there. We laid them in piles upon the rugs of the upper hall, matched them, and in long disputes bargained for coveted specimens.

ONCE when one of these swappings had become too loud for us to hear his approach, TR came suddenly upon us.

"Why," he asked, pointing to the tops, and as though he had been listening alertly, "is this one worth four of that?"

"Because," Q answered, "this dairy has busted—gone out of business—and that one is still making milk. Consequently they have more milk-tops to go on top of the bottles."

"That's clear enough," TR said, "but why are you taking three of this, for another of the same thing?"

"It *isn't* the same thing," Q explained. "Three milk for one cream—"

"Why," pursued TR, spreading the tails of his frock-coat and sitting cross-legged upon the rug, "do you want three of any special one, when *one* of each would represent a complete collection?"

"Because," Q replied, "with two extra ones of this kind"—looking for the top from a special dairy—"I can get two of these. At least, I could yesterday from Johnny Wirt; he said so."

"How do you know," asked TR, "whether Johnny Wirt will exchange at the same rate tomorrow?"

"Because," said Q, "he said he would, and a swap holds good for three days."

"Oh, I see," TR said. "Then this, also, is a matter of honor?"

"Of course, it is," Q rejoined stoutly, "else none of these collections would be worth a darn."

TR rose to his feet. "Does it take long to acquire a representative collection such as I see here?" he asked with genuine seriousness.

"Oh, weeks and weeks of the *hardest* kind of work—really," Q said.

His father grinned. "Bully!" he said, including all of us. "Let me know without fail, please, if any of you get hold of something really rare."

This conversation about the milk-tops is pertinent to all small boys and their parents. My personal feeling about the incident is strong, because I was an eager collector, those days, of things I liked, and still am. So are all boys, all men. Our interests and the character of the collections change with the changing years, but at heart we still remain collectors. Our progress is from things which seem trivial now, but which were important then—smooth, bright-colored stones, leaves, marbles, lizards, frogs, toads, snakes, birds'-eggs, butterflies, nests, pets, postcards, letters, cigar-bands, stamps, autographs—right up to things which troubled us little then, but are all-important now—material possessions, money, knowledge, influence, power, experience, honors.

So it is relevant to express the main idea the Gang had when TR considered the milk-top collection with them. That idea is exactly the same today. Briefly, it was this: we were assured by TR that our collecting was quite

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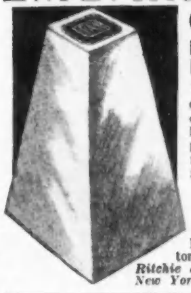

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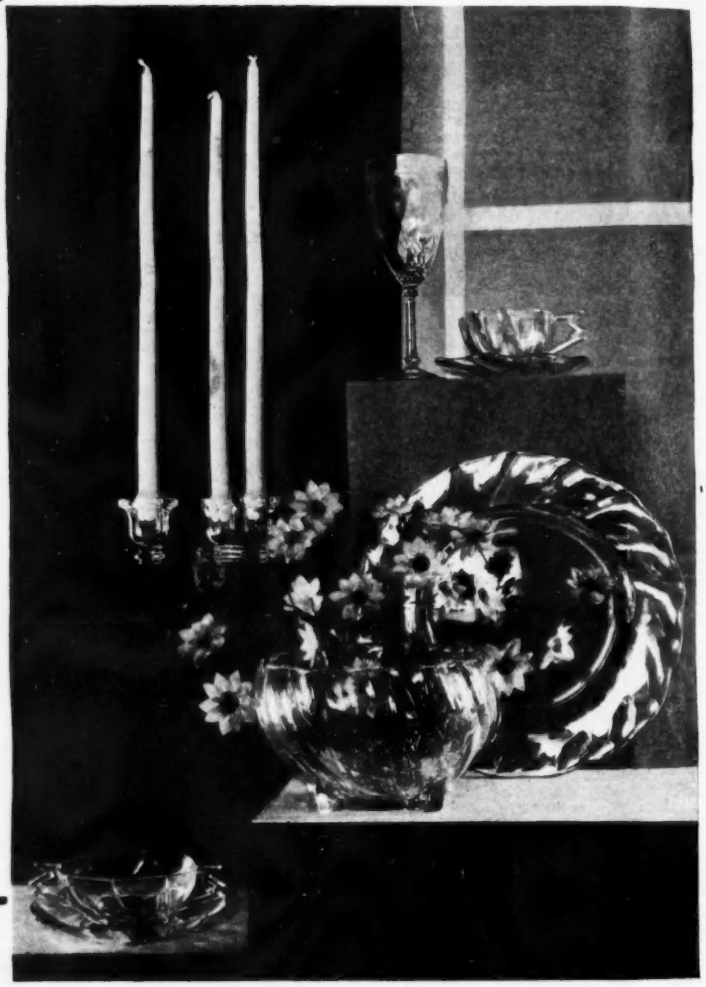

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THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

The White House Gang

as important as our instinct for it had led us to think it was, and we were set wondering whether this particular collection upon which we were engaged was the very best possible sort. That was all, and it was enough.

This TR suggested to us with the utmost subtlety; his strategy was after the manner of an orator who declaims in his full voice until he reaches a climax, when he lowers his tone, and the contrast leads his hearers to lean forward, anxious to understand the more clearly the point he desires to convey. In like manner, TR spoke to us ordinarily of truth, fair play, and determination, in ringing, full-voweled words; when he came to a matter which he took to be a point of particular importance to us, he stressed it, simply and emphatically, by speaking of it confidentially—in almost a whispering tone. Thus it was with our milk-top collecting, and by the extension of his intimate personal interest, he set the seal of his approval upon our undertaking.

Doubtless, either he had explored this matter for himself or with his older sons, and therefore instantly divined our position at the moment, or else he exercised his knowledge of the boy-mind, saw its real objective, and instantly took the best ways and means to secure it. Only later, years later, did we come to understand that he had seen an opportunity for us to exercise our choice and to take a forward step. He had directed us toward that step—the next better collection—knowing that if it were to possess any sort of value, it would have to be taken of our own free will. TR knew a boy can not be told to go and collect pieces of knowledge and thus become wise; the boy might prefer lizards; but in the quest he might come to learn a great deal about determination, courage, observation, and resourcefulness and be richly benefited thereby.

For the Gang, there was a peculiar contradiction about TR, even after he ceased to startle us. We realized that he was the President, yet we felt somehow that we were also his equal. To Quentin, he was Father; yet Q felt that he was also TR's equal. These are fine distinctions, but it is necessary that they should be made, for TR did not meet us with lofty condescension. At the point where we met, we were given to feel that we had risen up to him, and that he had descended only a little way to us. To do that successfully, a man must have a rapidly sliding scale of values in his mind, arising from an unerring knowledge and deep appreciation of boys and men. And despite these boys' words, acts, appearance, and roughness, TR knew a great deal about their souls.

CHAPTER VIII

FOR testing the texture, quality, and endurance of any sort of clothing give it to any boy to wear for a few hours. The seat must be strong, unsnagable, preferably of armor-plate; the elbows must be of triple thickness; the knees of some miraculous material which will continually replace itself.

At the end of a regular Gang meeting, a boy might hardly be recognizable, except to his own mother. For having been inspected, at least for cleanliness and a certain conventional completeness of attire, before starting off for the White House, he might fall desperately from grace and return in far less reputable guise. His mother would see that her son's collar—we wore Eton collars then—was fresh. The Gang, with or without intent, would see to it, before the afternoon was over, that the collar was returned, together with the boy, both rather shopworn and soiled.

Especially were those Eton collars the subject of attack. At school they were considered effete symbols of undemocratic opulence, and we were unmercifully ragged about them. But with something akin to caste pride we refused to hide them under the collars of our jackets, as some boys did, but wore them flagrantly, right outside, as they were intended

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The White House Gang

to be worn. Within the Gang they had still to be defended, for with joyous battle-cries three or four of its members would turn upon one, tackle him, get him down and hold him there long enough to permit an insulting inscription being written or a funny picture drawn upon the stiff, starched surface of his laundered adornment.

I once carried a two-cent stamp, affixed by Quentin, together with my name and address scrawled all across the back of my collar, and on the side of it this legend, "If not delivered, return to White House, Wash., D. C." To my intense anguish I was forced to take a street-car home in order to avoid being late for supper. As a consequence, I had to endure the stares, smiles, remarks, questions, and laughter of a car-load of afternoon shoppers, coming back from F Street, together with a number of business men and Government clerks.

Had I been alone, it would have been a simple matter to hide my collar under my coat; but unluckily two other members of the Gang were with me, highly delighted at the sensation I was creating. My pride in sticking it out, therefore, was just a trifle greater than my suffering, since they told everybody within earshot that Quentin Roosevelt had personally addressed me home and that the inscription was in his authentic handwriting.

THE commotion caused, however, was nothing compared to the great collar riot which occurred, one snowy Saturday afternoon, in Chase's "Polite Vaudeville," a theater which stood on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, near the Treasury. We had arrived in state, all properly collared, in a White House carriage. Reader was to call for us at the end of the performance, as we all were wearing our good clothes, and the sidewalks were rivers of slush.

The weather had been damp and chill, and the theater was thoroughly warmed. As we entered and were ushered to a box, provided, as Q informed us, "at great expense by my mother," the heat of the place was similar to that of a Turkish bath.

To our surprise and Q's evident annoyance, some one in an orchestra seat recognized him. There was an instant craning of necks, a murmur, and finally a ripple of applause, as we seated ourselves endeavoring not to notice the demonstration.

The vaudeville progressed politely, and as our excitement rose with the thwacks of a slapstick comedy we began to drip with perspiration.

"Take off your coats!" Q said, being host, and we removed them.

Presently, our enthusiasm being enhanced by a juggling act and a precarious, chair-balancing tower, our collars began to wilt.

"Take 'em off!" said Q, commencing to remove his own.

So we removed our collars.

The jugglers took their bows, the asbestos curtain was rung down, and the lights went up for the intermission. The sudden illumination discovered to the audience five Eton collars perched in a row upon the wide velvet edge of the box. Their owners had vanished. There was much laughter and tremendous applause from the audience.

Suddenly realizing its coatless and collarless state, the Gang had dropped, as one boy, to the floor of the box. Which action, of course, was born of an accurate understanding of the proprieties of the occasion.

"By buzzard!" Q said, still on his hands and knees, and reaching up for his collar from behind the solid edge of the box. "That wasn't *polite* at all! They just shouldn't have noticed it!"

One by one the collars disappeared from the view of the audience, which loudly applauded each fresh disappearance, as the Gang crawled across the floor of the box in single file and out through the curtains hung behind it. There we waited, more or less stunned by the furore

The White House Gang

of the ovation, yet secretly pleased by it, although not showing this to each other. We stood behind the curtain until the intermission was over, and the lights were turned low, before venturing back to our seats, to be met by a round of applause more prolonged than before. This was the end of *our* act, and the actors upon the stage had to wait until the audience was through with us, before they could resume.

"Sit still," Q advised, speaking out of the side of his mouth, and looking straight ahead of him, into the sea of faces. "If we get up and bow, as everybody expects us to, we'll be blamed for the whole thing!"

As the show continued, there were a number of impromptu lines directed toward us and the collars, to the huge delight of the audience. We were rather fed up with that sort of thing long before the end was reached. When it was, we rushed out to the White House carriage and the protection of Reader, gladly enough. Reader, seeing that something had gone wrong, wheeled his horses away from the theater entrance and the outpouring, laughing audience upon the sidewalk in an abrupt but beautiful arc.

There was another occasion, on which the Eton collars proved embarrassing—this time, however, not in public. We had taken them off in the comparative seclusion of the great upper hall and were busily engaged writing a new password in the neckbands for permanent record combined with great secrecy. Nobody in the Gang knew exactly what this word meant. It was obscure but euphonious, and Q, its discoverer, told us he had "got it out of a solemn fat history from the Congressional Library."

He added, "Father reads every single book they get—right off." (Utterly impossible, even for TR!)

This secret word which the Gang was industriously engaged in spelling out immediately became common property, for an usher managed to sneak up behind us, and look over our shoulders. We could not forgive his rude guffaw and in high dudgeon immediately changed the word. Yet the word made the rounds of the White House Staff, and was often used by them—to our humiliation—in future conversation with us.

SOME retaliatory measures, although not directed against the offending usher, but, boylike, against any available member of society, made Gifford Pinchot, then Chief of the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture, and, later, Governor of Pennsylvania, the unsuspecting victim.

Mr. Pinchot—privately called "Pin-shot" simply because we knew it to be the wrong way to pronounce his name—had appeared in our midst in company with TR and James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, called "Jimmy," instantly, because we took to him on the spot. The grown-ups had come up to the attic and joined us in a scrimmage with a medicine-ball.

The attic was warmish, and all the men—they were in formal evening dress—took off their collars and ties, as we had done in Chase's, and placed them, with their dress-coats, upon a convenient chest. There they stood, in white shirt-fronts and black vests, tremendous targets for the medicine-ball, which eventually rolled out of sight into a dark corner.

While the ball was being sought for and recovered, Q, who had been struck by the difference in the size of Mr. Pinchot's neck as compared with his father's, seized upon the smaller collar, and, under pretense of helping to search for the ball, stuffed it down a special hole we all knew about, under the eaves. After which he innocently rejoined the players.

As dinner-time approached, TR ordered a halt, the three men turned to the chest, and of course Mr. Pinchot found his collar missing. There was an exhaustive search led earnestly by Q.

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The White House Gang

mark,'" TR said finally, "and I smell it most pungently when I am near Quentin Roosevelt!"

The men had had much too good a time to be much annoyed by the loss of the collar—least of all Mr. Pinchot, although left with his Adam's apple completely exposed.

"Mr. President," he said with an unsmiling pretense at formality, "I do not know if there is any precedent for a guest who has received an invitation to dine at the White House suddenly tendering his regrets on account of his not having a collar to his name?"

"Not at all, Mr. *Pin*-shot," TR responded in the same vein, "because your predicament is due, probably, to the mischievous and ungentlemanly behavior of my youngest son. Therefore, you would be welcome even without a shirt!"

Mr. Pinchot bowed.

Q, his fair skin suddenly flushing, saw the enormity of his offense. TR regarded him sternly, but disregarded the opportunity for a reprimand—perhaps making it more pointed by refraining—and taking the elbows of his chief forester and cabinet-member, walked them from the attic with great dignity. We could, however, hear their suppressed laughter, as they went down the stairs.

"Whew!" Q said. "That was a close one! I think it was a dirty trick for me to do that, don't you? And that collar's so far down in the wall, it'll never be fished out."

Whether Mr. Pinchot was able to borrow a collar of proper size from one of the ushers, or whether—as Quentin heard—he went to dinner with a handkerchief about his neck, I do not know. I remember, however, that Mr. Pinchot's friendliness for the Gang was in no way affected, except that the humorous twinkle in his eye was possibly more pronounced when we met again.

IT may be that I have given a false impression of the Gang's familiarity with grown people—especially with TR. The Gang met him many times over a considerable period of time, yet at each meeting he made some practical, unforgettable contribution—something by which he could be remembered. Some men manage, by an effort, to make a favorable impression upon boys; others—TR was A No. 1 among these—can not possibly help succeeding. It is not too much to say that had TR been stripped of all the glamour of a hero—made, for example, a simple clerk among many hundreds in any of the Government departments in Washington—his relation to us would have been just as important as it was. Similarly with Mrs. Roosevelt. Of her the story is told that one of her sons, with the casual clarity of truth, once remarked,

"When Mother was a little girl, she must have been a boy."

The influence of his splendid parents, strong as it was, could not always control Q when out of their sight, but TR and Mrs. Roosevelt both knew that the independence of Q and of other members of the Gang was as precious as their own, all boys being created free and equal. Q knew it, too, and showed it in this expression, doubtless picked out of a remark of TR's—"We *all* pay taxes." Young as he was, it was his constant effort to keep fair in this respect, yet this very resolve brought about one of the Gang's early disagreements.

On a certain afternoon—from the outside looking in—members of the Gang might have been seen streaming across the garden behind the iron picket fence, like a pack of puppies in full cry, falling down, rolling over in the grass, kicking up their heels to the sun, getting up, disappearing with an idea, like a dog with a bone, behind shrubbery, reappearing, ten minutes later, silhouetted against the long "good running roof" of the corridor extending toward the Treasury.

Q suggested abruptly, "How about bicycle racing in the hall?"

There was a dead-wind silence for a moment;

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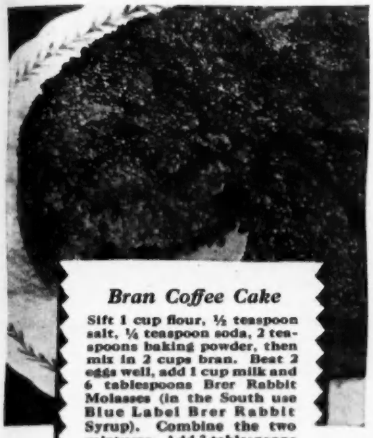
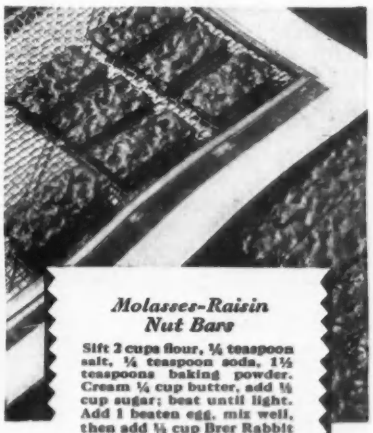


Bran Coffee Cake

Sift 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, then mix in 2 cups bran. Beat 2 eggs well, add 1 cup milk and 6 tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses (in the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup). Combine the two mixtures. Add 3 tablespoons melted shortening and ¾ cup raisins. Pour into greased shallow pan. Sprinkle top with cinnamon and sugar mixed. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). If served warm tear apart gently with forks.

Gingerbread Upsidedown Cake

Melt 1½ tablespoons butter in iron skillet. Add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses*, heat to boiling point. Remove from fire. Strain juice from can of sliced pineapple and fit slices into bottom of skillet. Fill spaces with broken nut meats and raisins. Sift 1¾ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each, cloves and nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt. Cream 3 tablespoons shortening and ½ cup sugar. Stir in 1 beaten egg and ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses*. Add dry ingredients, mix. Add ½ cup boiling water, beat well, then pour over slices of fruit. Bake 30-35 min. in moderate oven (350° F.). Turn out on serving plate, fruit side up. *(In the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup)



Molasses-Raisin Nut Bars

Sift 2 cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda, 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Cream ¼ cup butter, add ½ cup sugar; beat until light. Add 1 beaten egg, mix well, then add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses (in the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup). Add alternately sifted dry ingredients and ½ cup milk. Add 1 cup chopped nuts and 1 cup chopped raisins or dates. Spread thinly in shallow pan. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Cut in bars 3 inches long and 1½ inches wide. Makes 4 dozen.

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Send as many recipes as you wish. Where recipe is an old one give history, if possible.
2. Write each recipe on separate sheet of paper. Print name and address in upper right hand corner of each sheet.
3. Write in ink or use a typewriter. Write on one side of paper only.
4. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.
5. It costs nothing to enter this contest. Just send in the label from the can of molasses you generally use.
6. Contest closes December 1, 1929. Letters postmarked after 12 midnight, December 1st, will not be considered.
7. Prize winners will be announced by mail early in March. Local newspapers will publish the prize recipes together with the names of the women who sent them in.
8. Address all entries to Recipe Editor, Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La.

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$150 first prize; $100 second prize;
$50 third prize; $25 fourth prize;
35 prizes of $5 each

OF COURSE you have at least *one* molasses favorite among your pet recipes—perhaps several! Send them in! You have just as good a chance as anyone to win! Here's a contest you'll love—a chance for good cooks everywhere to share their favorite molasses dishes with others . . . and win a prize at the same time!

What to Send: Send in any sort of recipe you please provided it is for a tempting *molasses* dish *practical* and *economical* to prepare. Cookies, cakes, puddings, breads, muffins,—any of the good foods molasses helps to make! Original recipes you have worked out yourself . . . old-fashioned favorites your family has treasured for years. Send them in—new—old—or both!

How the Prizes will be awarded: All recipes will be selected by the following committee of cooking experts: Katharine A. Fisher, Director Good Housekeeping Institute; Alice Bradley, Principal Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Cooking Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Director McCall's Department of Food and Household Management.

Prizes will be given for the recipes which best fill these five points: 1. Originality. 2. Flavor. 3. Ease in making. 4. Economy. 5. Attractiveness.

The recipes will be judged entirely on their own merits. Just send with your recipes the *label* from the can of molasses you always use.

Send in your recipes early: December 1, 1929, is the closing date! Read the simple rules on the left and get your recipes in *early*. Remember, it costs nothing to take part . . . and you have 39 chances to win a cash prize.

In using advertisements see page 6

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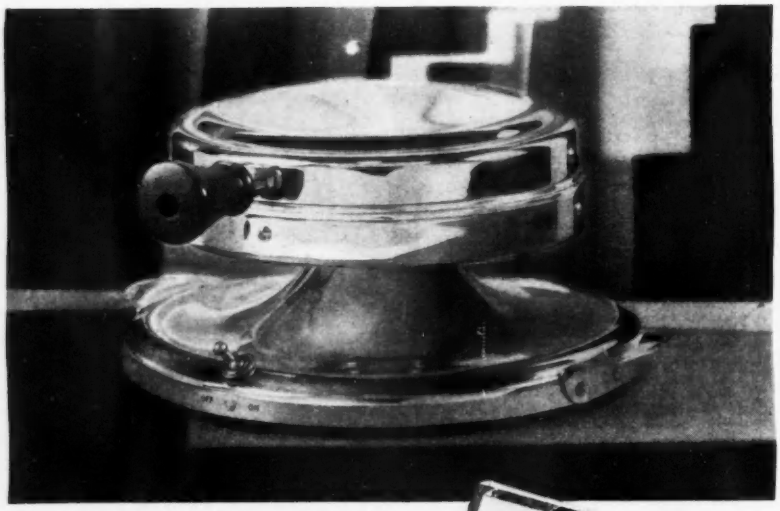

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The White House Gang

then some one said with disgust and finality: "Oh gee! I'm sick of that!"

"Well, whatever *you* say, we'll do," Q assented.

"Why should *I* say?" asked the other, irritated because he had no immediate idea.

"Well, why not?" countered Q, flushing red.

"Because I don't want to. Isn't that enough?" the other boy snapped. "Just because this is your place, you needn't think—"

"Aw, shut up!" Q returned indignantly. "Let's do what *you* want to do. That's fair, isn't it?"

"No," the boy said, "it isn't. Because that's what *you* want to do, *now*."

Q remained silent; the logic of the statement seemed unanswerable. The Gang regarded the two disputants with heightened interest and extreme seriousness. What the argument was originally made no difference now; it had developed into a question of each boy standing up for what he considered his rights.

Q looked at his friend with blazing eyes and then ran his hand uncertainly through his own tousled hair. The friend glared back, defiant, fanning his anger. Neither wanted to strike the first blow. The rest of the Gang, however, took action; they shoved the two disputants together and each instinctively struck out.

Two furious, snarling wildcats they were now, rolling in a struggling ball of arms and legs about the hard roof, panting, pulling, biffing, wrestling. Filled with delight, the rest of the Gang stood aside like gentlemen. It was a fine set-to, neither boy gaining anything, as far as we could see, except bruised knuckles, a ripped collar, draggled clothes, and a streaked face. It was a long, tough fight, ending finally in mutual exhaustion, both boys making weak, ineffectual passes or landing blows that no longer hurt. Eventually separating, they regarded each other with solemn, unblinking pleasure, respecting each other vastly. Each had maintained his right and dignity; each had demonstrated he was no weakling. Quentin, like the other boy, had entirely forgotten the subject of dispute, which was that, as host, Q had insisted that the other do whatever he wanted; they were firmer friends than before and had knocked all prejudice and nonsense out of each other.

"My gollies!" Q said. "I bet," he went on, indicating the whole Gang with a sweep of his arm, "one of us could take on two of anybody else!"

We nodded in agreement. Through disagreement we were really becoming knit together.

"How do you feel?" Q's late opponent asked him, as he rubbed the back of his own head, where it had smacked the roof.

"Refreshed!" Q replied, and immediately went on to quote:

"There was an Old Person of Ewell,
Who chiefly subsisted on gruel;
But to make it more nice,
He inserted some mice,
Which *refreshed* that Old Person of Ewell."

In the pause that followed, Q had another of his quaint ideas. "To make this thing stay this way," he said, "we must all kiss the 'buzzard-stone' on the floor in the front hall."

So the Gang proceeded by the shortest possible route, devising ceremonial as it went—which turned out to be that which is followed when the Blarney Stone is kissed. Quentin had heard all about it from "Gen. Information." The Gang held each of its members by his legs, suspended head downward over the brass Seal of the United States. The blood ran to the boy's head, and sometimes things fell out of his pockets on the marble floor. Each of us finally succeeded in kissing the eagle directly upon his brass beak—nowhere else would do—an initiation which was attended without invitation by several of the ushers, which detracted somewhat from the solemnity and pertinence of the occasion.

(To be continued)

Entirely Happy

(*Continued from page 95*)

we live in this bungalow, Tony. A bungalow upon the ground is only a house. A bungalow close to the stars takes on an aspect of achieved impossibility. All this is part of the spell by which I retain my hold upon the imagination of the public. One must fit the pedestal, you know."

Anthony regarded her with a sensation of awe. Such clear, sharp thinking for such a pretty head! He began to see why Jacinth at twenty-five had her own theater, why the Jacinth who had apparently no more than any other pretty, talented girl to offer had conquered New York. Also he perceived that the unreal quality he had sensed about their life together was the product of deliberate creation. Jacinth wouldn't, perhaps couldn't, meet life on the same terms on which other people met life.

THE play opened, and Jacinth spent the long day preceding its initial performance alone in the room which was to enable her to express her real self.

Gathering mysterious strength of personality for forthcoming conquest, reflected Tony, eating his solitary dinner. No doubt she was right, but he was feeling lonely and out of things in spite of himself, when he went to the theater, and inclined not to use the stage box provided for him, but to purchase an inconspicuous seat where he would be lost among the masses.

Second thought changed this preference. Jacinth would expect him to be in the box. Might even, at some hazardous moment, be either subtly steadied by his presence or subtly unsteadied by his absence.

After he had seated himself in the box, he saw that any attempt to purchase a seat would have been ridiculous in that the theater was packed to overflowing.

Brennan, the stage manager, dropped into the box briefly before the curtain went up. "Nice crowd, eh, Clavering? But Jacinth's first nights always draw a crowd."

Shrewdly he studied Tony's impassive face.

"You'll find it none too easy, being married to a celebrity, Clavering. There are times a man simply has to take second place with a great personality like Jacinth."

He hesitated, looking closer into Tony's impassivity.

"I'm saying this only to be kind, you know. I like you, Clavering—we all do! We were uneasy when Jacinth married, but you seem to be the right man. I never saw her more glorious than she is tonight."

The lights went out. Brennan went away. The play began, and because he was familiar with the play, Tony watched the crowd, while his heart listened to every note of Jacinth's voice. How she swayed them with that marvelous voice! How she built with that voice and some magic of her own a creation with which the audience laughed and suffered gladly. It was as though the packed house had but one heart, and Jacinth pulled upon the strings of that heart at will with gaiety, with sweetness, and with light sorrow, as she did upon his own.

Sitting there in the semi-gloom, Tony saw tired, unhappy people escape from their wearying selves and slip over into a new world. Escape, that was what Jacinth gave them, and a haunting knowledge of beauty, because Jacinth herself was lovely. Escape, and something with which to fight away that disillusionment which is a crumbling of the soul.

He had never given particular thought to Jacinth's talent, because Jacinth herself had intrigued him so utterly, but now he was forced to give it consideration as something entirely separate from Jacinth. A responsibility which they shared, that talent. Something which they must struggle mutually to give to the world.

The play came to an end. The lights flashed on for the last time, and he saw that the audience was still under the spell. Near by a woman with the heavy, yellow-gold wedding ring of a past generation turned to her clumsy

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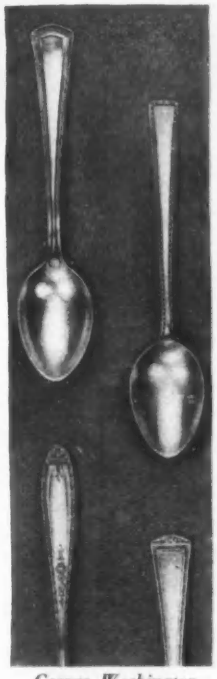

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The **BICKNELL**
Folding Ironing Table

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Worcester, Mass.

Entirely Happy

inarticulate husband with renewed tenderness, and all over the house he saw the same sight: new tenderness called forth, the tribute of silence, the tribute of tears!

Jacinth was waiting for him back stage, still in costume, still in make-up, her eyes feverish between heavily beaded lashes.

"Was it good, Tony?"

"It was perfect!" he assured her.

"Not perfect," denied Jacinth, relaxing with a sigh of content. "Weak in spots, but *good*."

He saw that she was intensely weary, as though vitality had departed from her in a remarkable degree. She was perceptibly trembling, and Sarah, her plump, middle-aged theatrical dresser, came from behind the dressing screen to shake her head in warning.

"Miss Jacinth's worn out, Mr. Clavering."

He would take her home at once, stated Tony firmly. Jacinth must rest. Tomorrow held another performance.

"*And* a rehearsal," sighed Jacinth ruefully.

"But I can't rest yet," she added repentantly. "We must attend a supper with the producer and the author. The author expects it. He would be greatly hurt if we didn't go."

She dressed.

Sitting outside the screen, in an atmosphere which was becoming familiar to him, Tony waited with closed eyelids. The scent of flowers, with his own somewhere among them. The scent of powder. Of perfume. Of new costumes. All blending into one harmonious whole which was the very soul of the theater.

The author, joining them, was radiant.

"Your greatest success," he pronounced. "The only play you have ever had which was just right for you!"

The producer, remembering other triumphs, lifted bored eyebrows protestingly, but Jacinth was generous. The play was wonderful, she declared warmly, and she loved every line of it. As well she might, thought Tony with a smile, remembering how many lines Jacinth herself had written into the play.

"Don't mind *him!*" urged Jacinth in a swift aside to Tony as they went outside into the pleasantly sharp air of late evening. "This is his big moment, and he may never have another. That's sad, isn't it?"

PERHAPS it was sad, but as the boy author talked interminably through supper, and the producer withdrew farther into silent boredom, and Jacinth exhausted herself in the rôle of sympathetic listener, Tony grew savage.

"My wife must have rest," he insisted at last, standing up in brusk inability to endure longer the sight of purple smudges of weariness beneath lovely blue eyes.

"But, of course—" yielded the boy author reluctantly. "I am being selfish."

"You *are!*" declared the producer brutally, encouraged into frank rudeness by the prospect of release. "I've been dead the last hour."

Through a gray dawn Anthony Clavering and his famous wife went home.

He must leave at nine to fill an important appointment, remembered Tony. That meant he would see Jacinth only at dinner. Then would come the evening performance—desolately he looked into an immediate future in which he and Jacinth could spend little time together.

"You'll give me Sunday?" he inquired of a Jacinth resting limply against his shoulder.

"But, my darling, *of course* I will give you Sunday!" promised Jacinth, opening her eyes. "Nobody shall rob us of that!"

In spite of the eager reassurance of her reply, Tony lay awake long after Jacinth had fallen instantly asleep in the bed beside his own, wondering what possible need of himself Jacinth could have. Jacinth was sufficient to herself. That was why she had climbed so high. Only people who *were* sufficient to themselves *could* climb high. And he wanted so urgently to be necessary. *Any* man in love wanted to be necessary . . .

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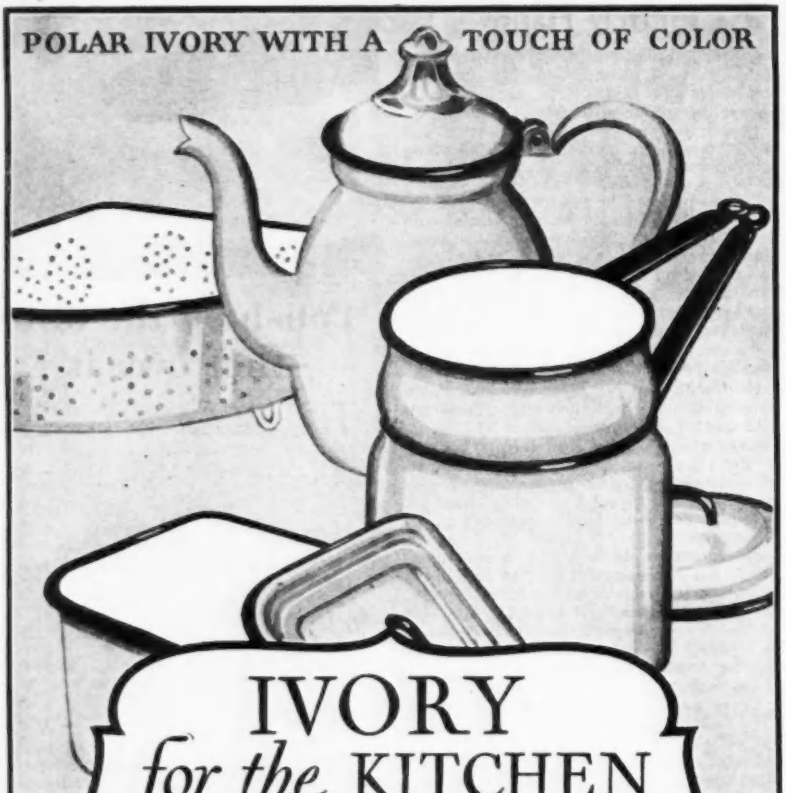
POLAR IVORY WITH A TOUCH OF COLOR



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SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN

POLAR
White and Colored ★
ENAMEL WARE

Entirely Happy

WINTER went slowly by. Tony grew accustomed to waiting in Jacinth's dressing-room. To departing mornings without waking Jacinth. To making frequent public appearances as the husband of his famous wife.

"You don't mind it too much?" demanded Jacinth deprecatingly.

"Not *too* much," he assured, and that was true enough.

What he minded was feeling that he could so little serve her, that he could so little protect her—or, rather, that Jacinth so little needed protection.

Added luster to the crown of fame, glittering notices of the play in the newspapers, long files of people in line before the ticket office of the theater, long lines of carriages discharging jeweled freight at eight-thirty, the public incessantly surging in between Jacinth and himself . . .

He returned from the office slightly earlier than usual, one day, to find Jacinth stretched full length upon the sofa in the huge living-room.

"We're closing the theater," announced Jacinth calmly. "You'll have me with you quite a lot now, Tony."

Closing the theater—with all the throngs still jostling for admittance— Slowly Tony understood.

Now the lacking element of reality was to be added to his marriage. Now he was at last to be necessary to Jacinth, but perceiving that love, for Jacinth, had been a trap, his own joy became slightly uncertain, and uneasily he reflected upon the amazing cost of his child.

No king's son had ever been so costly! There was a queer pride in the thought, until he wondered if Jacinth would think their love worth what it was costing. He didn't know. He really didn't know very much, after all, about the Jacinth who was so gay and light-hearted even in her most solemn moments.

He remembered how she had laughed during their wedding, explaining later:

"The ring's entirely too large, darling. And I kept thinking that if I lost it, nobody would believe we were married, and that would be quite too bad, wouldn't it?"

He remembered his solemnity as opposed to her lightness, and that he had tied the ring on tightly against the possibility of losing it, because no other ring would ever be the same . . .

No, he didn't know a lot about Jacinth. He'd never known beyond doubt that she loved him. People could be fooled about love, and people *were* fooled sometimes. But if Jacinth had been fooled, she would know it now. Nobody could pay so heavy a cost for something which wasn't love, and not *know*.

AFTER a time the theater was dark, and Tony took a little hope from inadvertently overhearing Brennan's raging protest and Jacinth's quiet reply.

"But *any* woman can have a child, Jacinth!"

"Any woman can't have *my* child, Brennan."

And, of course, that was true, and if Jacinth felt like that about it, perhaps she was neither counting nor minding the cost of love.

Long evenings of happy companionship then, with fire leaping gaily upon the hearth, and roses, pink, white, yellow, and red, standing about in tall vases, and the public barred out.

Almost Tony could convince himself now that his marriage was like other marriages.

"You're happy, aren't you, Tony?" said Jacinth, laughing at him.

"I'm happy," acknowledged Tony past a lump in his throat.

He wanted to say more, much more, and couldn't, perhaps because Jacinth had laughed at him, perhaps because he wasn't entirely happy, not being sure his happiness would last, nor being sure their marriage had come down at last to the plane of reality.

He couldn't even ask if Jacinth herself were

Entirely Happy

happy, although that was really so much more important than his own happiness.

And then, right in the middle of that time of quiet peace when Tony came home every night whistling and used his latchkey to let himself in instead of ringing, because it gave him so much more the feeling of being a happy householder, the bottom dropped out of things for Tony. Jacinth went away, shutting him out of her life and proving to every one—and to Tony most of all—how little he had mattered in her life.

One morning she was there, that night she was not there, and after that she was only a voice calling him every evening to demand an account of his activities, but refusing steadfastly to disclose her whereabouts.

"I'll come back to you when this is over, Tony."

"Come back *now*, Jacinth."

"Not now, Tony. Later!"

"But *why?*"

A pause. A silence. An incredible answer. "You've loved me because I was gay, Tony, because I was charming. *Everybody* has loved me because I was gay and charming, and perhaps I shall not be able to be gay and charming . . ."

"That's not true!" he managed, then came the click of a replaced receiver, and next evening the bright, laughing voice talked to him again.

This went on and on, until the night he waited in vain for the laughing voice, walking the floor queerly conscious of roses in the tall vases, of fire on the hearth, just as it had been when Jacinth was there, of fingernails driven deep into his palms, and of what his frenzied thought said over and over.

"Jacinth—Jacinth—Jacinth—I send you strength—I send you love— O God, let it count!"

Perhaps it was a prayer. It must have been, because at daylight the phone rang sharply, and another voice than Jacinth's murmured an address. Not two blocks away, just around the corner, so near all this time and yet, by Jacinth's will, a million miles removed.

Lights burned all over the house to which his eager feet carried him. Not high up in the air, this house, but on ground level, as though Jacinth, removed from contact with life, had pathetically desired to contemplate it.

A smiling servant admitted him, but he forgot the servant at the threshold of the room to which she led him, for there was Jacinth in a room also filled with roses, red, white, pink, yellow.

He had expected her to be mysteriously different, but Jacinth was so exactly the same Jacinth that unaccountably rage gathered in Tony's throat.

A white-clad nurse brought forward a bundle which was his son, carefully wrapped, carefully held as though unbelievably precious. Jacinth's eyes. Jacinth's perfect chin in miniature. A fuzz of hair which would be dark . . .

"Quite a creditable job!" said Jacinth of the baby, belittling the miracle by her complacency.

"Quite!" said Tony out of stormy young pride.

The nurse withdrew.

Tony fixed upon Jacinth eyes which were stern with accusation.

"But I gave you the moment when you came through that door!" said Jacinth, answering his silent reproach.

And so she had, of course, and he dropped beside her on his knees, anger forgotten, his face buried in her shoulder.

"We'll be home soon now," comforted Jacinth. Then, a little tensely, "Have you missed me, Tony?"

Had he missed her? At this altogether ridiculous question Tony lifted his head. Their eyes met, and Jacinth smiled.

EVERYTHING would be different because of young Anthony, Tony was certain of that during the next few days. Young Anthony had brought reality and sane existence as gifts

IN THIS AGE *of* FASHION

—little folks' clothes must be as up-to-date as those their Mothers wear. Notice how these modern Minneapolis "M" Undergarments follow the short, simple lines of smart little suits and frocks of today.

MINNEAPOLIS GARMENTS

Correct underwear and sleeping garments for every age of childhood

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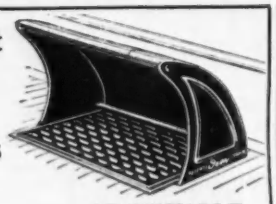

Three Attractive Finishes—Dull Brass, Oxidized Copper and Black Japanned

Every home heated by a warm air furnace needs a "GEM" Register Shield for each wall or floor register to protect walls, ceilings, curtains, draperies and furniture from dust, dirt and soot.

The "GEM" deflects heat down into the room instead of up at the ceiling, reduces decorating costs, lessens housecleaning labor, keeps the curtains and furnishings fresh, clean and attractive, and, users claim, saves fuel.

ADJUSTABLE 10" to 19"

This wide range of adjustability enables "GEM" Register Shields to fit any size register. Made from heavy, durable steel. And the new dull brass finish seems destined to be as popular as the handsome, permanent black or oxidized copper finish now to be found in thousands of homes. "GEM" Register Shields are adjustable from 10 to 19 inches to fit any size register. **Prices:** "GEM" FLOOR Shield, Black $1.25, Dull Brass or Oxidized Copper $1.50; "GEM" WALL Shield, Black 65c, Dull Brass or Oxidized Copper 75c. Sold by hardware, housefurnishings, department stores, and furnace dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, USE COUPON BELOW.

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Test the Durham Method on your own floors. Durham Waxer, with pound of wax free, sent on 30-day trial. Don't keep it unless you want it. Write for details of this special offer, and for free booklet, "Making Floors Live Longer." **Donald Durham Co., 868-24th St., Des Moines, Ia.**

The DURHAM *the Waxer with the Cup*

Wanted—Capable men for sales service work.

IRON GLUE

Mends Celluloid

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, books, leather, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores, or 15c size by mail. Tubes and bottles.

McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Entirely Happy

in the palms of his two pink hands, and was to be valued for this as well as for his own engaging self.

No more uncertainty, no more of the public endlessly coming between them—but when Jacinth came back, and they were three who had been two, Tony found that he was wrong. Nothing was to be different, after all. Except for young Anthony himself, installed in the room which had been Jacinth's in which to be herself, with a small bedroom for the nurse added on, it was soon quite as it had been.

There were the crowds, dividing into actors, producers, managers, authors. There was the inevitable public, inexorably exerting the pressure of its demands. And there was the day Tony came home to find Jacinth poring over a new play upon the huge sofa in the living-room.

"It's really *good*," said Jacinth contentedly. "I shall *love* doing this."

Instantly the old bewildering fear that life and the public might eventually take Jacinth away from him, which he had counted upon the baby's driving away forever, came back to Tony.

But then, he admitted wretchedly, he hadn't known Jacinth would accept the baby so nonchalantly. She liked young Anthony wholeheartedly and had an entirely friendly interest in him, but never once had she shown any stress of emotion over him.

No, the baby hadn't mattered any more in Jacinth's scheme of things than he himself mattered, decided Tony, and went to his dressing-room to prepare for dinner in a heaviness of defeat which lasted all evening.

It was, fortunately, one of their rare evenings alone, and Tony was glad. Jacinth needed more quiet and more rest than she was getting, and if she were going back to the theater—the heaviness of defeat deepened.

"You're not happy, are you, Tony?" said Jacinth, as they left the dinner table.

"Is anybody ever really happy?" countered Tony, smiling above the betraying misery in his candid eyes.

"I want *you* happy, Tony. I want you entirely happy!" persisted Jacinth gently.

He had to turn away from her. To talk of something unimportant and far removed from what lay in his heart. Because happiness, at just that moment, was something he couldn't discuss.

IT WAS a little thing, after all, which gave him the complete happiness Jacinth desired for him. So little a thing that it would have been absurd, except for the power of enlightenment it carried with it.

Late that night Tony was roused from reluctant sleep by Jacinth's precipitate departure from the room. Not the usual sort of departure certainly, he was drowsily sure of that, but a spring which carried her clear into the hall outside in one bound.

Startled and alarmed, he followed.

Jacinth was in the nursery, leaning over young Anthony's crib in an absolute panic.

"He made a queer sound!" she explained. "I heard him!"

The nurse appeared from her bedroom. "He coughed," she explained, smiling. "Even very little babies cough."

From her matter-of-factness Tony was aware that in the eyes of the nurse they presented an appearance bordering on the ridiculous.

"Come, sweetheart," he urged, leading her toward the door.

But in the hall outside Jacinth clung to him with tears running down her cheeks.

"*I thought*—" she sobbed—"*if I should lose him, if I should lose either of you!*"

He had never known this Jacinth. Had never even guessed that she existed, but immediately Tony loved her more than he had ever loved the gay, brilliant Jacinth he had known.

IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES, AS IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S INDEX

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UTILIVAR, the utility varnish, belongs on a convenient shelf along side of the most important of your household supplies. You will like to use it for finishing all surfaces thruout the house. Easy to apply; dries over night with a waterproof durable finish. It makes varnishing a certain success. Made in clear spar varnish, clear dull and in colors that stain and varnish in one operation.

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LIFE is so much more fun when one is not afraid. It is her happy courage—the zest with which she welcomes every new delightful freedom—which is the charm of the modern girl. What mother can bear to stay in the drab shadows of middle life when such a daughter beckons back to youth?

Youth—which will not tolerate senseless drudgery, the slavery of old-fashioned ways. It is to this demand of youth for the best that Modess owes its remarkable success.

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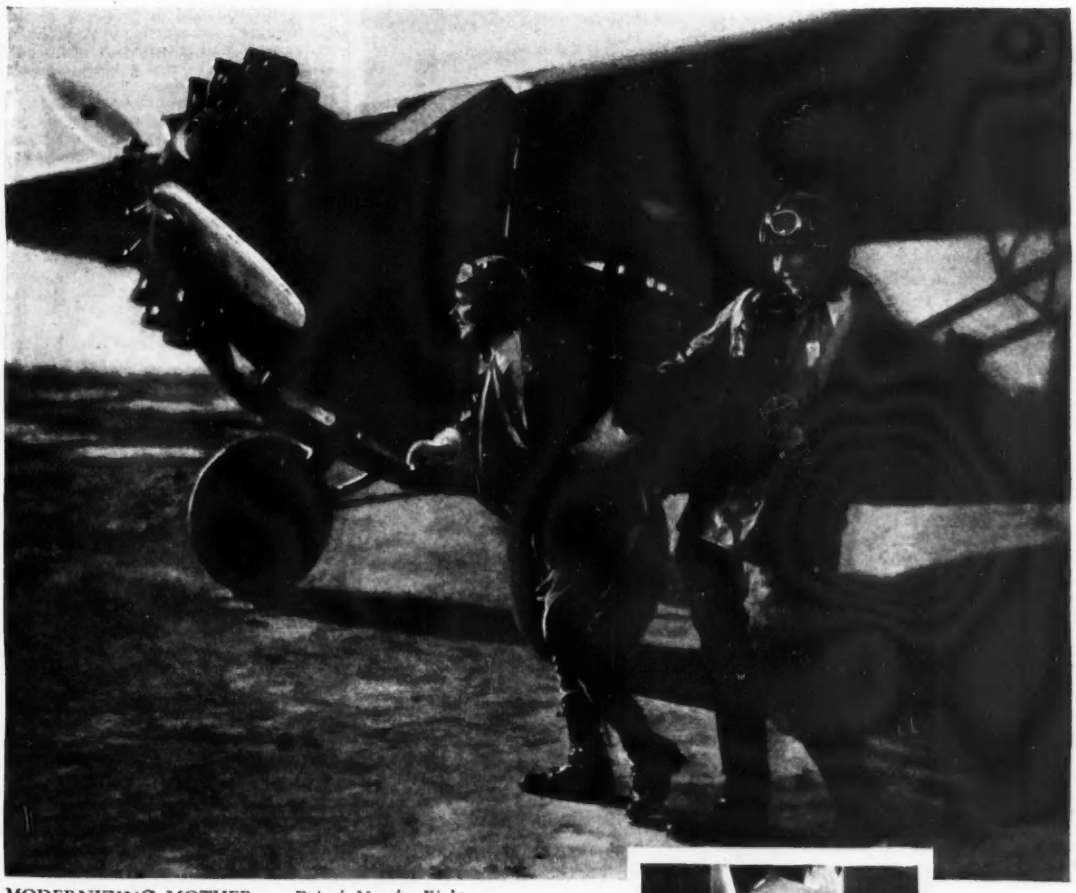


MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Eight*

Modess

(Pronounced Mō-dess')

SO INFINITELY FINER

In using advertisements see page 6

"Listen dear.... it's Okay, he's coming..

....has the plumber sent the man to fix the bathroom?"

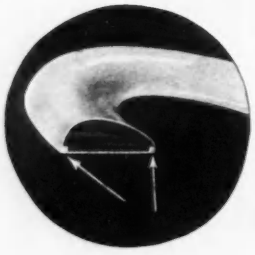
THE invitation was accepted. That was the big thing. Fine! This was the chance he had wanted a long time. Now he must make a good impression. Was everything at home okay? You bet! Trust his wife for that. But wait a minute. What was it she had spoken of? By George, yes! and she was right. Positively that change must be made today. A very simple change that thousands have discovered does more than any other one thing to improve and modernize a bathroom—replacing the old-fashioned wood toilet seat with a handsome, new, all-white Brunswick.

This big improvement can easily be made in any bathroom. The new Brunswick White Seat is especially designed so you may install it yourself if you wish. It usually takes less than fifteen minutes.

The Brunswick is made with a new patented 9-ply reinforcement feature enabling us to guarantee it for a lifetime, yet it costs no more. Its white pyralin sheet covering will not crack, split, wear off or discolor. It always looks white, clean, modern.

For many beautiful new homes destined to have charming bathrooms decorated in colors according to the latest vogue, the new Brunswick Seat is made in pearl-finish pyralin in nine lovely colors.

Phone your plumber today and ask for the new Brunswick. Send the coupon below for a free copy of our interesting booklet, "Bathroom Magic," which gives full details of white and colored seats. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Chicago.



In this cross-section, "Two Little White Squares" are all you can see of the Brunswick patented 9-ply reinforcement feature. They mean tough, wear-resisting pyralin at the critical edges 9 times thicker, 800 percent stronger!

Brunswick

WHITE SEATS

MADE BY THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY, CHICAGO

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Please send me a copy of your new booklet, "Bathroom Magic."

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Entirely Happy

Lifting her as though she had been the baby they had left in the other room, he carried her back to bed, valiantly seeking comfort for this Jacinth so completely shaken and tremulous.

"But you *can't* lose us!" he assured magnificently, in some strange way entirely convinced of the truth of his own statement, as though by some means he had glimpsed immortality.

He was so certain of it that Jacinth herself was convinced. Her arms relaxed. She looked up, smiling, terror vanished from her eyes.

"*Gibraltar!*" said Jacinth, and anybody would have known then that she loved Tony and why.

Even Tony himself knew, and was at last entirely happy.

Castles in Spain

(*Continued from page 29*)

and I swung out of the city in a burst of borrowed glory: our car carried license plates with the significant inscription "U. S. 1492"; on the right of the radiator flew the Stars and Stripes; on the left the flag of the Department of Commerce—a white ship on a blue ground; on the radiator cap, the crown-encrusted red and yellow banner of Spain. All this made an impressive showing; hidalgos riding on horseback and peasants driving small, laden donkeys turned to gaze as we flew past; laborers in the fields dropped their implements; members of the *Guardia Civil*, wearing olive-drab uniforms and shiny black hats with brims turned sharply up in the back, saluted gravely; and when we came to a stop before our first *consumista*—the local customs officer who stops each vehicle upon its entrance into a village to ascertain whether it is carrying provisions from one town to another—he gave one swift glance at our decorations and, raising his hand, cried,

"Go with God!"

It was easy to feel that we were conforming with his instructions, as we sped on our way. Andalusia is the most fruitful part of Spain, and the country through which we passed was beautiful with productiveness. Great, burnished fields of wheat lay ripening in the sun, alternating with olive groves which stretched in seemingly endless acres ahead of us. In many of these groves rosy *campanellas*, very like pink mallow, spread a tinted carpet of bloom contrasting delicately with the silvery green of the branches above them. The perfume of oleander and mimosa, growing wild, pervaded the air at bend after bend in the road; and thinking of you, my dear, I stopped the car for an instant and picked some of the golden sweet blossoms that gave you your name. Long after their tiny golden balls had begun to droop their fragrance persisted; and I folded them away in the one book which I always carry with me, unable to bear the thought of casting them away.

In the midst of so much beauty it would be easy to overlook any other aspects of Andalusia, but no one should be so blinded by its loveliness as to disregard the tireless industry which has so developed its natural fertility. We are too apt to think of the average Spaniard as indolent—the result of impressions gained through observing the easy graciousness of the life we see in the larger cities. But leaving this behind us, we find a rural population that toils unceasingly. Plowing and reaping are done simultaneously, for the climate permits both planting and harvesting several times a year; and long lines of mules and oxen, driven two abreast, plod patiently away from before sunrise until after sunset. They look sleek and well-cared for, and usually there are gay tassels on their bridles; they share the endless labor of their masters, but apparently they also share the humble abundance that comes to these men.

On and on and on they go, these acres of wheat and olive trees; the tight little towns are so far apart that many laborers must have to travel long distances to their work, for there

Castles in Spain

are few scattered farmhouses. After seeing no sign of human habitation for miles, we would come suddenly upon a village clinging to the top of a hill that had been concealed by the winding road, or sunk in a hidden valley. These villages are less colorful than those in Portugal; there are fewer bright tiles, fewer shades of pastel-tinted plaster, fewer flowers. For the most part the houses have white walls and roofs of soft brown; they cluster closely together, separated only by the narrowest of cobble-stoned streets; and above them rise the steeples of the church and the turrets of a stronghold built of tawny stone that has turned to sepia with age. This harmony of quiet tones blends exquisitely with the quiet landscape; and no one having passed through these villages will ever again deny the existence of castles in Spain! They are real, my dear. Will you come sometime and visit one of them with me?

Afternoon found Elisabeth and me nearing the end of our day's journey. Our road began to climb as it twisted, until it gained the high plateau which is crowned by Ronda. This was our destination for the night, and with amazement we watched Angel turning the motor toward the driveway of a building that might have been lifted—gables, dormers, shutters, and all!—out of some secluded part of Worcestershire.

But Ronda, aside from the spotless and pleasant inn, is anything but English. The great range of rugged mountains spread out before us when we opened our shutters—for the inn has a magnificent location—are wholly Iberian in their grandeur; and sunset, moonrise, and daylight revealed them as increasingly superb. This splendid view would in itself repay the trip to Ronda, but we lingered long enough to see the Roman gate and the three bridges—one built by the Romans, one by the Moors, and one by the Christians—before we went our way again on the morrow.

Granada

Afternoon found us installed in marble-floored, balconied rooms facing the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, and looking down upon the domes and turrets of Granada, the city of the pomegranate, in the valley that lay at our feet. It is a place of varied fascinations too often forgotten because of the supreme fascination of the Alhambra; and I shall always be glad that we took the winding road to the hill of the gypsy quarter, where, in caves dug out along the roadside, the *gitanos* still live as they have lived for centuries. Also that we went down into the city to the cathedral where the crown and the jewel box from which Isabella took her gems to give to Columbus may still be seen; and where, in the royal chapel, she and Ferdinand lie side by side in marble state.

But, after all, much as we enjoyed the gypsy quarter and the cathedral, our footsteps, like those of every other traveler who comes to Granada, were turned most eagerly toward the great "door of justice," surmounted by a carved key, which leads to the Alhambra gardens and the palace of the Moorish kings. Just beyond this entrance lies the chapel where Ferdinand and Isabella attended the first service of thanksgiving after the Christian conquest—a chapel barricaded and neglected now for some incomprehensible reason.

The baroque monstrosity of a palace, begun under the orders of Charles V but never finished, looms clumsily beside this plaza. How futile and ugly it looks beside the imperishable grandeur of the corridors and courts into which we presently entered through slender pillars of ethereal grace!

Their splendor, as first seen in the golden sunshine of late afternoon, is dazzling; by moonlight, it was almost overwhelming. The hurrying tourists and the officious guides were gone; there was no one, besides myself, in the building, except Elisabeth and the venerable archæologist, wrapped in a flowing black cloak, who accompanied us. I could descend

does your mirror say "powder" or "beauty"

If only powder were magic! If you could use it to achieve JUST BEAUTY! Marvelous if possible. To have again the undimmed, velvety skin of childhood loveliness, to have your mirror say "beauty" and not "powder"

Well, then, Princess Pat does give just soft, powdery beauty without the slightest hint of chalky appearance, and your intelligence will grasp the reason. Then you will want to try.

As you ordinarily powder—and peer into your mirror—you now observe a chalky effect. Try as you will, you cannot altogether banish it. Your mirror still says "Powder" and it always will—until you use powder without the usual ingredients that give the undesirable chalky appearance.

Such ingredients are banished from Princess Pat. Precious almond replaces usual starch. Instead of harshness there is softness. The very feel is a caress to the skin. Watch as you apply this utterly different powder. Subtly, magically, it transforms the skin. It merges, blends, and touches the surface of your skin with a delicate powdery bloom.

Now then! After you have powdered what happens? Oil comes upon the skin, gradually yet surely. Usual powders become patchy and unlovely. You have to use more powder—with not the happiest results.

On the contrary, the almond in Princess Pat powder has an affinity for oils from the skin glands—usually called pores. As oils appear—and they do on every skin—they are absorbed by almond. Thus distressing shine is prevented—even on the nose. Powder is no longer disturbed nor beauty marred. Wonderful! Yes, of course.

And think! This almond in Princess Pat, giving untold powdery beauty, likewise assures you a fine-textured skin, the oil glands never sealed, never choked, never distended. If already distended Princess Pat gives every assistance to make them normally invisible again.

But it is beauty without an artificial look that is the first thought of every woman. That is why women who know choose Princess Pat for make-up of more than natural beauty. Of course, though, the added virtue of *improved skin texture* is equally well loved as time passes . . . as pores appear superbly fine, as the skin feels delightfully soft and pliant, as blemishes vanish.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat almond base ★ powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the "drawer" box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base, and in seven flattering shades, including the newest *Summer*tan.

FREE *Send for a generous free sample of Princess Pat almond base face powder in purse size enameled box. Plenty for a thorough test.*

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For that modern sun tan make-up use Princess Pat Creme *Summer*tan on face, neck, limbs and back. Enjoy the thrill of beautiful "burnless" tan instantly. Now, gaily accent the cheeks with that glowing, dusky Princess Pat *Summer*tan Rouge. Glorious! Then follow with exclusive Princess Pat *Summer*tan Powder. You will be amazed at the heightening of your beauty through this marvelously perfect tan make-up.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 89-A, Chicago
☐ *Summer*tan ☐ Olde Ivory ☐ Flesh
☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve
Print Name.....
Street.....
City and State.....
One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

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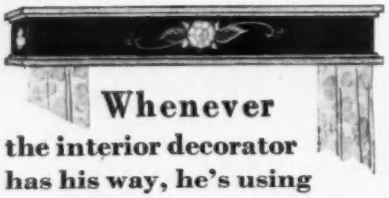

Whenever the interior decorator has his way, he's using *window cornices!*

The very latest note in interior decorating today is the window cornice. Very expensive if done by the professional, but very, very low in price if you do it yourself—the Thayer & Chandler way.

We furnish the wood cornices, cut to size and shape, shipped flat and all ready to be put together **easily.** We even furnish the necessary hooks to hang the cornices. Suggestions for selecting the exactly right cornices for **your** room are given in our new Idea Book—our 1930 catalog, just off the press. Instructions for decorating and hanging the cornices are sent with every order.

And, remember this: the cornices supplied by the interior decorators cost between $5.00 and $16.00 a window. Our prices are much lower. The cornice shown in this advertisement, undecorated, costs only $1.90 postpaid. On the average our cornices will cost you less than half what you would pay in the stores, yet you always get exactly what you want and can easily change the color harmony as often as you desire.

The new window cornice is one of many novelties shown in our fine new handsomely illustrated catalog for 1930—

"IDEA BOOK"

Our catalog for 1930

Novelties in new lamp shades; rug hooking; velvet, satin, oil cloth pillows; art furniture; leatherettes; boxes of all sorts; screens; pictures in wool; plaques; tie-backs for drapes; satin and velvet wall panels—all to be decorated. They are all pictured and described in the Idea Book. Full details, as to the materials you need to make these interesting novelties—and new low prices—are in the new Idea Book. Ready now. **Send today!**

THAYER & CHANDLER

Dept. O-20, 913 Van Buren Street · Chicago, Illinois

—THIS COUPON WORTH 50c—

Good until Dec. 31, 1929

THAYER & CHANDLER,
Dept. O-20, 913 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, postpaid, carefully packed, 3 single-window cornice boards—exactly like the one shown in the advertisement. Also send me tracing pattern for marking design on cornice. My windows are.....inches wide, measured from outside of frame to outside of frame. I enclose $5.20, which with this coupon makes up the usual price of $5.70, for the three cornices.

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

Note: **You can use any oil paint or lacquer on the cornices—or you can make your selection from our big 1930 "Idea Book," copy of which will be sent free.**

WINGY PLANE Amuses the Child for Hours

A most captivating, spring riding toy with a smooth, springy, wavy action that delights and thrills the child like riding on air; easy to mount and stay on; easily carried wherever wanted; will not mar finest floor. Better than hired help in amusing children when mother is busy.

Pat. Appl'd for

ROLY RIDERS **IN FOUR MODELS**

All in beautiful colors—Buckee Horse, Jacky Rabbit, Go Goosey and Wingy Plane. Your choice of the first three, $4.75. Wingy Plane, $5.75 at dealers or direct from factory postpaid. For the youngster of 2 to 5 years ROLY RIDER provides hours of safe body-building play each day. Order from this ad or write for circular.

$5.75 POST PAID

JANESVILLE PRODUCTS CO.,
Dept. 14 Janesville, Wis.

Makers of Janesville Ball Bearing Coaster Wagons—world's finest

BERTHE MAY'S MATERNITY

CORSET, DRESSES, LAYETTES

A trying period rendered safe, comfortable and unnoticed. Write for free illustrated catalogue No. 6. BERTHE MAY, 10 E. 46, New York.
Complete Line of VANTA Baby Knit Underwear

Wedding INVITATIONS—ANNOUNCEMENTS
100 hand-engraved $13.50
including two sets of envelopes
100 Imitation Engraved $5.00
100 Visiting Cards - - - $1.00
Write for Samples

G. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1062 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Castles in Spain

into the gardens and mount the towers and stand beside the myrtle-bordered pool in which the radiance of the skies is reflected, unhastened and unconfused. And this was as I had longed to have it. For the Alhambra is a place already so peopled with the past that we must see it in solitude, unattended except by thoughts and memories of those whom we love the most. To see it in any other way is to mar unforgivably its poignant and ineffable beauty.

Cordoba

There is always danger, after having gazed at matchless loveliness, in seeking other glories; they are apt to seem dim by comparison. Therefore, if our best road back to Seville had not led through Cordoba, we should have passed that city by. I shall be everlastingly glad that we did not, for the *Mezquita* which is its outstanding ornament repeats the wonders of the Alhambra in another form. This Moorish mosque, converted into a Christian church, is unique in the world. The conversion, alas, was not accomplished without destruction: of the fourteen hundred columns which it originally contained, five hundred were torn away to make room for the choir and for other "improvements." But even in its damaged form the *Mezquita* gives the effect of an impenetrable forest of columns. The columns are made of marble and jasper and porphyry; they are crowned with arches in which the predominating colors are cream and dull rose; in the dim interior of the church they seem to stretch endlessly in every direction; while the fact that they lack loftiness strengthens the impression that a great wood is closing down overhead.

Leaving the "forest" reluctantly behind us, we took to the open road again for Seville.

The telephone in my room was crackling as I went down the corridor toward it, and picking up the receiver, I discovered that Mr. Hammond, the American Ambassador to Spain, was endeavoring to speak to me from Madrid.

"I was talking to the King about you last night," he said. "Yes, that's right, the King. He would be very glad indeed to see you again. But he is leaving for Barcelona tonight. Will you start for there immediately, and let the Duke of Miranda know as soon as you arrive? No, I don't suppose you can get in at any hotel with the Exposition just opening. No, I don't suppose there are any railroad reservations. Well, I'm glad everything is turning out so nicely for you. I shall hope to see you again myself. Goodby. Goodby."

There are three outstanding world personages with whom, having talked once, I should seize any possible opportunity to talk again. Alfonso XIII is one of the three. Using the form of persuasion that I have seldom known to fail, I secured a compartment on the *wagon-lit*. Then I wired to Mr. Stewart, the American Consul General. I had already had the privilege of knowing him in Tokyo, and I had perfect faith in his resourcefulness; but I was not prepared for the agreeable form that this took.

"No hotel rooms available," he wired back with incredible promptness, "but Mrs. Stewart and I will be delighted to have you and Miss Shirley visit us during your stay in Barcelona."

I packed until three in the morning, and at three in the afternoon, thirty-six hours later, Elisabeth and I alighted on the platform of the station in Barcelona. A few minutes later we were comfortably installed in the Stewarts' delightful apartment, where the warmth of our welcome was equaled by the attractiveness of our surroundings. And the all-important letter to the Duke of Miranda having been despatched, we sallied forth to see the town.

Its charm is instantly apparent: the flower markets and the bird markets in the broad avenue of the Ramblas are fascinating; the view from Tibidabo is one of melting loveliness; the tall column surmounted by a figure of Columbus overlooks a smiling harbor; the wide streets are shaded by fine trees and bordered

She is washing these dirty clothes whiter than snow—and yet the water which filled the tubs was hard.

But the hard water in these tubs was softened with Melo. Such water becomes a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. Soap becomes much more effective. Scarcely any scum forms.

Use Melo wherever you want soft water. One or more tablespoonfuls in the dishpan save hands. As a dishwasher, Melo is remarkable. Two or more tablespoonfuls in the bathtub discourage the dirty ring.

Melo costs only 10 cents a can (slightly higher in far western states). Buy 3 cans and keep one in the kitchen, the laundry and the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 *cents*

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

$800 IN 5 WEEKS selling "CAMBRIDGE" Christmas Cards..

Miss Hardy earned it. Read what she says. Cambridge "Exquisite" Christmas Cards include 70 beautiful designs, gorgeous colorings, steel engravings, hand etchings, magnificent envelopes. Verses interchanged FREE. Many combinations.

Annett Hardy, Illinois, writes: **"With no previous training, The Cambridge Line earned $800.00 in commissions and bonuses for me in five weeks."**

Everybody Buys! No experience necessary. Just show the line—write orders. Full or spare time. We deliver and collect. Big daily commissions—liberal bonuses. Send now!

$10 OUTFIT FREE

Cambridge Press, Inc.
230 W. Huron Street
Dept. 167 Chicago

write for it Today!

CONSULT PAGE 6

Good Housekeeping's index to guaranteed advertisements is a splendid buying guide. Consult page 6 before you make up a shopping list. It protects your pocketbook.

YARNS pure wool worsted for knitting and weaving, also for hooked rugs and needlepoint. Free samples. Orders sent C.O.D. Postage paid.
Concord Worsted Mills, Dept. X, Concord, N.H.

This ONE FACT *well learned may save you years of disappointment*

OF ALL the *things* that enter into your life, none is more intimate than furniture; none has the capacity for enduring satisfaction or for lasting disappointment.

You can be sure of enduring satisfaction by insisting upon genuine American Walnut in any furniture that you buy. Choose your style carefully — a style that attracts you, that is simple, chaste, the sort of thing that you will want to live with as a friend, day in and day out, through the years.

Then be sure that the beauty of that style is enhanced by the beauty of genuine American Walnut. It is your best assurance of good value and of excellence of workmanship—for furniture builders put only the best workmanship on the best materials.

There is no finer cabinet wood than American Walnut—any reputable dealer will verify this for you. No other is more proof against the ravages of wear. American Walnut's color is grown in the wood itself, not painted on its surface. And no other wood will be so easy to keep looking its best through all the long years of its life.

You can always identify American Walnut by the pores. They show as dots, as fine pen lines or as short dashes—depending upon direction in which the wood has been cut; but the pores are always evident.

You can learn to identify genuine American Walnut quickly and easily, simply by learning the tell-tale appearance of the little pores which are always visible to the naked eye in genuine American Walnut. Just fill in this coupon and send it to us for your copy of the beautiful 48-page "Story of American Walnut." It will show you how to distinguish American Walnut from its substitutes. It will give you invaluable advice on furnishing your home. And it contains a most instructive chapter on the care and finish of furniture. A copy is yours, just for the asking.

AMERICAN WALNUT

American Walnut Manufacturers Association — AMERICAN WALNUT — Room 2809, 616 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your brochure "The Story of American Walnut."

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

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Health Giving Sunshine from your fireplace

Free!

Here's a book all parents should have. Write for this amazing story of Heat and Health.

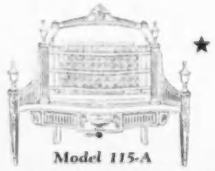
HERE'S a priceless gift for your children — Sunshine all year 'round! Well enough through the summer, when they can romp in its golden beams while their little bodies absorb the vital rays which are essential to growth and development. But what of the darker months, when school and the rigors of winter keep them indoors? That's when a Radiantfire can help them, for its comforting rays supply many of the vital health giving rays of the sun.

The Humphrey Radiantfire contains an abundance of the vital infra-red and some of the ultra-violet rays of the sun. It fills a two-fold purpose in your home. The wonderful heating efficiency which has made it the standard, modern fireplace equipment of the world has been immeasurably enhanced by its health giving qualities. Select from 32 beautiful models.

Visit your local gas company or Radiantfire dealer today.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN
44 W. Broadway, N. Y. C. 135 Bluxome St., San Francisco, Cal.

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire


Model 115-A

FIRESIDE CHARM WITH SUNLIKE HEAT

Castles in Spain

by handsome houses. But Barcelona is more than charming; it is impressive. It is a cosmopolitan city, giving an immediate effect of size and importance.

Having no Alcázar in which to house the King on the occasion of his visits it has recently built him a palace, and challenged Seville to look this over. Single-handed, it is staging a magnificent commercial exposition which in size surpasses that of the Ibero-American Exposition. But we lack perception if, in admiring the spirit of constructive arrogance which has made all this possible, we overlook the less obvious claim which Barcelona has to our attention. It is a mistake to think of it as a new city. It is a very old one, where the modern has been combined with the ancient to the beautification of both, and where the pageantry of medievalism was quite as gorgeous as in other parts of Spain. Columbus was received here by the Catholic Kings upon his return from America; the Archives of Aragon, now treasured in the building where this reception took place, contain one of the most valuable collections of ancient manuscripts in the world; the splendid *Diputacion*, where the local parliament meets, has served that purpose for centuries; the Order of the Golden Fleece was organized in the dim and mystic cathedral; and high in the monastery church of Montserrat—"the serrated mountain"—the "Black Virgin" is still an object of veneration as it has been since early Christian times.

An Audience with the King

It was late in the afternoon when we reached home again; and as we entered the front door, we discovered, lying on the hall table, a black-bordered envelope addressed to me, marked "*muy urgente*" in large letters, and bearing the seal of the "Mayordomia Mayor de Su Majestad." I tore it open and read:

"The Majordomo in Chief, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty, kisses the feet of Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes and has the pleasure to inform her that His Majesty the King will receive her in audience today, Thursday, at half past seven in the afternoon.

"The Duke of Miranda is pleased to take this opportunity to reiterate the assurances of his distinguished consideration."

It had not occurred to me that the royal summons would come so soon or on such short notice. There was barely time to change from the rumpled blue foulard which I had worn all day to a black and silver afternoon dress; and fifteen minutes later my motor swung into the pleasant shady park which surrounds the Royal Palace. The officer stationed at the entrance of the Palace itself bowed, smiled, and indicated that I was to accompany him. He led me through several immense and imposing apartments hung with superb tapestries, past numerous saluting guards, to a large antechamber where another officer was waiting.

This gentleman greeted me agreeably in French. Then, saying, "I will see if His Majesty is ready to receive you," he crossed the polished floor and opened a door that lay beyond it. A moment later he turned with a gesture of welcome.

The room into which I was ushered was a pleasant study with comfortable upholstered furniture, a large, serviceable desk with leather furnishings and a telephone upon it, and photographs, books, and periodicals scattered about. The King rose from his place by the desk, where he had evidently been occupied, shook hands cordially, and, inviting me to sit down on the sofa, seated himself in a big chair beside it. Knowing how crowded his days were, I had not expected the audience to last more than a few minutes; but the King had, it seemed, nearly an hour at my disposal; we could converse unhurriedly. He asked me if I would not have a cigarette, and when I declined, inquired whether I would mind if he smoked hir self. The officer had, in the meantime, withdrawn. If I had been calling upon

Castles in Spain

some friendly Democratic Senator for enlightenment concerning a policy which, as a Republican and a writer, was puzzling me, and had been shown into his private office by his secretary, the procedure could hardly have been more simple, or the atmosphere more kindly.

In spite of his wholly hospitable and delightful manner, and his abounding energy and vitality, my first impression was that Alfonso XIII was rather tired, and that his courtesy in receiving me was all the greater on that account. He had gone at top speed from Seville to Madrid, and from Madrid to Barcelona; that very afternoon he had motored two hundred miles to dedicate a monument; and besides opening the two expositions and attending all the official functions in connection with these, he had not, for a moment, permitted his attention to be diverted from affairs of State. He is a monarch who takes his responsibilities seriously and conscientiously; he drives himself hard; his working hours are as long as, if not longer than those of his humblest subject, and his alert and intelligent mind is constantly searching to enlarge its store of information and knowledge. His grasp of any subject is so swift, his understanding so complete and so penetrating, that it is a privilege and an inspiration to watch his mental processes. Those who think of him only as a dashing and fearless motorist, a "crack" polo player and yachtsman, have formed an incomplete picture of him. He puts into his amusements the same spirit that animates his work. He is always a "good sport," in more senses than one, always dashing and fearless; but it is work and not amusement that dominates his life.

A Royal Mother

My second impression was that he was graver than six years ago; and recognizing the reason for this, as I glanced at his mourning, I wished there were something I could say to express my sympathy. The King has recently lost his mother, and the whole world must have bowed before the magnitude of this bereavement, for no woman of modern times—perhaps no woman of any time—has performed such a superhuman task, in such a spirit of devotion and dedication, as Queen Maria Cristina. As a young Austrian princess, more inclined toward a life of religious seclusion than any earthly pleasure, with a high sense of duty and obligation, she married the widowed and childless King of Spain, Alfonso XII, who was already a semi-invalid. Her two first children were daughters; and it was not until six months after the death of her husband that she became the mother of a king—a tiny, delicate baby upon whose survival hung the fate of a monarchy. The judgment with which she prepared her son, both mentally and physically, for the task before him; the wisdom and justice with which she reigned during the years of her regency; the sweetness, serenity, and strength which she showed, not only during this whole period but throughout her life, entitle her to a high place in the annals of history.

I was conscious of the great part which the King's mother had played in his life, as I sat in that little study talking with him; conscious of the effect which her loss had had upon him. But before long his gravity gave way to increasing animation, and he began asking questions with the eagerness and enthusiasm which are so wholly characteristic—questions about everything I ordinarily do at home, about everything I had done in Spain, and everything I proposed doing in South America. These questions indirectly revealed a knowledge of international affairs that was almost staggering in its comprehensiveness. I could not change the character of the conversation by trying to ask questions myself, nor did I wish to do so. I was not seeking an interview with the King, but an impression of the King which would help me to interpret him to others; and he was giving me that, with a generosity and a completeness which surpassed my every expectation, though it was only when I spoke

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

New UNIVERSAL Model 58 Motor-Driven-Brush Ball-Bearing Cleaner $39.50 Without Attachments
Others $19.50 Up

Save your rugs from needless wear

USUALLY premature holes and worn nap in relatively new rugs are not reflections on the rug maker's craftsmanship but rather upon the cleaning method being practiced. You must have cleaning speed, of course, in this, our fast-moving age, but it is wisely economical to assure yourself of *cleaning safety* with your cleaning speed—a precaution simply taken by using a UNIVERSAL Cleaner.

The New UNIVERSAL Model 58 Cleaner, illustrated above, represents the very latest development in vacuum cleaning. Its triple vibrating-whisking-sucking action, resulting from a scientifically designed rotary brush working in unison with an extra powerful suction, cleans thoroughly, speedily and safely—magically restoring the sheen of the nap. Because this beautiful machine cleans in so superior a manner with so little sound and effort, it is rapidly becoming one of the most popular cleaners on the market.

UNIVERSAL Cleaners, which are a part of the famous line of UNIVERSAL Household Helps and the highest quality cleaning machines you can buy, are made in a complete variety of styles, priced attractively, and fully guaranteed to clean your home as you believe it should be cleaned. Ask your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer to demonstrate their worth to you.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Master Metalsmiths for over three-quarters of a century

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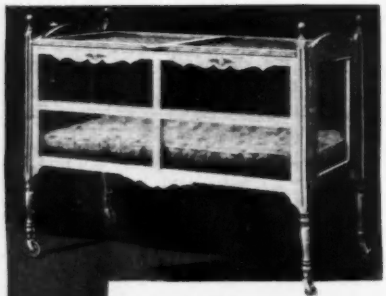


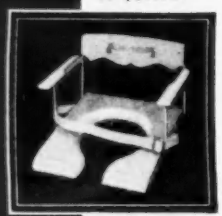
You'll Want To See the New Comfy Cribs

BEAUTIFULLY enamelled, more artistic than ever before, and easy to keep clean. Screened to prevent accident and keep out insects. Carefully designed to insure baby's health and comfort. Over 30 styles of cribs, screened and unscreened, from $12.00 to $35.00.

. . . and the

Kiddie Toylette

Portable. Comfortable. Safe—because it attaches instantly, securely, to adult seat and has a safety strap to keep the child in. Inexpensive, costs only $2.75. Others from $1.50 to $15.50.



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If he hasn't them, write us, stating his name, and we'll be glad to send you our FREE catalog.

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Formerly Mt. Clemens Corporation
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MASTER METAL COLORFOIL

Here's a fascinating, new way to beautify your home with useful, decorative articles. Easy to make and sell at sight. COLORFOIL Craft is a profitable pastime—**no special skill necessary.**

Let us show you how to beautify your home and earn easy money with COLORFOIL. Send for our book, "How to Make Money at Home with Colorfoil," containing color photographs of fifty articles easily made from COLORFOIL patterns. **MAIL COUPON TODAY. Reynolds Metals Company, Colorfoil Dept. 43, Louisville, Kentucky.**

GET THIS

REYNOLDS METALS CO., COLORFOIL Dept. 43, Louisville, Ky.

Enclosed is 25 cents for Book, "How to Make Money at Home with Master Metal COLORFOIL," including **FREE PATTERN,** Lesson and COLORFOIL with each book to make two Curtain Tiebacks (Wrap Coin Securely).

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Castles in Spain

of "understanding Spain" that he furnished me with a quotation.

"You have spoken of the industry of my people as you observed it during your trip through Andalusia," he said. "Do you think, in the United States, it is generally known that this is a working country, a country which recognizes that to survive, to advance, you must labor? I am afraid that it is not. And I am afraid—excuse me—that Spain is regarded as being illiterate as well as indolent. Do you know that in the last two years ten thousand new schools have been opened in Spain, the salaries of teachers increased on a sliding scale, the number of pupils whom each teacher has in charge limited in order that every child may have proper attention? That is the sort of thing that I wish you would think of us as trying to do—and doing."

(I did know, though I did not tell him so, that when it was proposed to erect a monument to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, he had asked to have the money used for a new university instead!)

"I wish you would think of a monarchy as a government of responsibility rather than display; of a king not as a remote personage wearing a scepter and a crown, but as a human being in clothes like these"—and he touched his black serge sleeve. "Pomp and ceremony, of course, where it belongs. It has its proper place in the scheme of things. But largely as—"

The King did not add aloud "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." But I knew, in substance, that was what he meant.

He went to the door of the study with me, opened it himself, and walked out into the anteroom before he bade me goodby.

"Have a good time in South America," he said, "and afterward—come back to Spain again!"

The officer was waiting to escort me to my motor, and as we walked through the tapestry-hung rooms I exclaimed spontaneously, "You have a wonderful King!"

The answer came with unmistakable admiration and conviction, "There is no one like him in the world!"

A Dominating Personality

I am inclined to think that this is true. Alfonso XIII is unique. He has a personality which is all his own, and it is the dominating personality of Spain. I thought, as I motored through the park again, of the visitors' book which the *bombardero* who took me over the *Santa Maria* had shown me with such pride. Don Alfonso had been the first to sign this, and the signature read simply, *Yo, el Rey*—"I, the King." Anything else would be superfluous. The phrase, like the individual, is all-sufficient and all-significant.

And, this being the case, no careful observer of conditions in Spain can doubt that as long as Don Alfonso rules, the monarchy is secure. Slight disturbances may occasionally arise, but these are transitory; a military dictatorship may, for the time being, serve as a form of government; but this is a temporary and not a permanent arrangement, and one designed to restore normal executive and legislative functions, not to destroy them. Have faith in Spain. Her heritage is glorious; her destiny, more glorious still.

A Spanish playwright, Benavente, a Nobel prize winner, has said: "There is something more sacred than a grave; a cradle. There is something greater than the past; the future."

Turning from the graves of Spain to her cradles, turning from her past to her future, we will find that her supreme fulfilment, for which the foundations are now being laid, still lies beyond the present day.

Viva España!

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Doctors urge

PYREX Nursing Bottles

Won't break in boiling water

PHYSICIANS all over the country are urging the use of the boil-proof Pyrex Nursing Bottles.

They write us that it means a real step forward in infant health standards because it keeps the regular feeding schedule from being upset by breaking bottles.

Won't break in cooling

Don't risk having your baby's schedule upset by bottles that break when you are heating his milk.

Use this boil-proof, easily sterilized bottle that doctors recommend.

6-sided—Pyrex Nursing Bottles cannot slip from your hand or from baby's. There are no sharp angles on the inside of the bottle, which is rounded off broadly and is very easy to clean.

Flat-bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half-ounces are plainly marked.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

Get enough Pyrex Nursing Bottles for a full day's feeding from your druggist. They are made by the makers of Pyrex ovenware. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why crooked legs?

Guard baby against possible deformity—develop his leg muscles gradually without the full weight of his body. Let him jump, bounce and amuse himself in this scientifically built Tetertot—with its flexible but controlled springs, washable seat and protecting rail. Approved by baby specialists. Helps prevent digestive troubles and constipation. Easy to move. A delight to baby—4 mos. to 2 yrs.—and a blessing to mother. Pink, blue or ivory $5.00 (east of Rockies)—at dealers or mailed prepaid. Protect baby's health—order today

Wm. E. Stewart Manufacturing Co., Flint, Mich.

TETERTOT

The modern infant exerciser seat

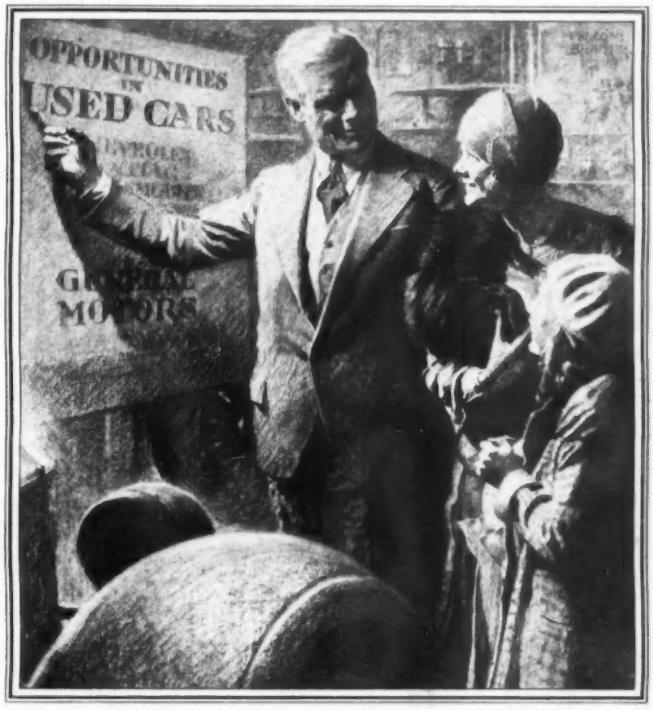
Earn Christmas Money Easy

by taking orders for our magnificent **Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments.** 21 Artistic Cards and Folders in Florentine, Old English, Water Color. Engraved and Embossed designs. Superb creations in ribbons and parchment folders of costly paper. All with harmonizing envelopes in a beautiful Christmas Box. **Actual value $2.00—Sells for $1.00—Costs you 50c.** No selling experience necessary. Clarice Walker made $440. Lillian Spies made $280. Just show the cards—they sell themselves.

Samples FREE *Write for free samples and particulars*

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 15, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

"We bought a used car for our *second car*"



"MAYBE you will be glad to hear that your advertising has sold us a second car," a southern woman writes. "We recently bought one from a General Motors dealer.

"It was only a few years ago that one car seemed like an extravagance for a modest family like ourselves. But we quickly discovered that it put more satisfaction into our lives than any other investment we ever made.

"The only trouble was that the car couldn't be in two places at once. When my husband was using it on important business, I couldn't market, or meet the children at school, or visit friends. When I was using it, he was sometimes seriously inconvenienced.

"We could not make a large investment so we bought a used car, and I have it all the time. I want to thank you for the suggestion that solved our problem so happily, and to compliment you on the courtesy and service of the General Motors dealer who sold the car to us."

General Motors dealers sell so many new cars that they have a variety of used cars, taken in trade. These cars offer opportunities to families to enjoy the service of a second car at low cost. Whether you purchase a new car or a used car from a General Motors dealer, you may pay for it on the GMAC Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE The Automatic Refrigerator
DELCO-LIGHT Electric Power and Light Plants · DELCO WATER SYSTEMS

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco Light products may be purchased on the low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan.

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party Every Monday evening, 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.

In using advertisements see page 6

so quiet...

You can scarcely hear it...

yet its cost is low

BUILDING a new home? Replacing that old toilet fixture? Building in extra bathroom or lavatory? Then see your plumber about the T/N. It has everything you want...extremely *quiet* yet powerful flushing action... special non-overflowing feature...new, distinctive beauty... at a cost much less than other quiet toilets. Has no wall-tank . . . can be installed in a corner or under a window. Mail the coupon now.

ONE PIECE WATER CLOSET SILENT NON OVERFLOW

Patented, Pat. Pend.

T/N

ONE PIECE WATER CLOSET

W. A. CASE AND SON MFG. COMPANY,
Dept. 2016, 226 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Founded 1853

Please send me free descriptive literature on the T/N One Piece Water Closet. I am interested in ☐ REMODELING ☐ NEW HOME

Name .....

Address .....

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Forest Folk

(Continued from page 41)

addicted to it. The older bears take to trees less readily than cubs, but are good climbers. When a man climbs a tree to escape from a bear, he should remember that the bear can climb, too—and much faster than he can. Nevertheless, I believe that, if a man is really being pursued, he is less likely to be attacked in a tree than on the ground.

To reverse the order, I experimented one day on one of the largest black bears I have ever seen. We had met suddenly face to face on a path. Just behind the black was a large dead tree. I figured he would run if I scared him, but wanted to see if I could force such an immense animal to climb. Using an old cowboy trick, I "rushed" him straight up that tree at an amazing speed. With hind legs set under him and with great jerking jumps, up he went well among the branches. Then he turned about and faced me, apparently more surprised than angry, and looked down as if to say, "What in thunder is the matter with you?" He still wore the expression when I walked away.

The trick I used is a good one to remember, for in wild-game country—especially in the rutting season—wild and semi-wild animals may attack at any time. The trick is to take your jacket by the neck, wave it in circles around your head, yell your loudest, and charge the animal. Cowboys and guides stop charging bears and wild steers this way. I once used it to ward off an attack of half-wild cattle which threatened to maul me when they caught me afoot. Cattle fear a man when he is mounted, but when he is off his horse he must watch his step.

With the same trick I saved a fourteen-year-old boy from a black bear. Upon rounding a curve in the thick woods, I saw the boy racing toward me. Close behind him was a black bear, gaining on him rapidly. It was no time for mock heroics. I had my jacket off in an instant, swung it wildly round my head, and with the mightiest of yells bore down on the bear. Did it work? That bear skidded yards to stop! His hind legs passed his ears in his frantic endeavors to escape. I do not recommend baiting bears to try this trick, but when life is in danger it is useful.

Bears are large and bulky, and they look clumsy because of their wallowing, head-swinging walk. Some of them have a curious way of sliding or scuffing their hind feet instead of lifting them. To the uninitiated they seem slow and cumbersome, but they are quick enough to stop a squirrel, a mouse, or a gopher with a paw movement so swift that the eye can scarcely follow it. A bear can easily outdistance a human. I once had a splendid chance to race a bear along parallel woodland trails. Although we started together and I did my best, I was soon left far behind. Twice I have heard bears wheeze when running fast.

Grizzlies

Grizzlies prefer a walk to a run, and being great wanderers, they think nothing of lonely little side jaunts of twenty or thirty miles. Not that a grizzly can't hurry—the speed with which he follows up a decision is equaled only by the quickness with which he makes up his mind. A wounded or pursued grizzly will always climb a hill. Frequently, when he is being followed, he will watch for a thicket and, once having entered it, will double back on his own trail to watch or to come up behind his pursuer. Another of his tricks is to slip behind a fallen log and wait for his pursuer to approach. Comically enough, he does not seem to realize his own bulk and that the log trick is useless unless the log is large enough to hide him.

Grizzlies like to keep to themselves and are rarely found with brown and black bears except in good feeding grounds. A dead whale, a number of winter-killed elk, or masses of salmon ascending a stream will collect bears of all species. So long as the supply of food is

Forest Folk

sufficient for them all, they get along together harmoniously.

I once witnessed an amusing incident which showed the fear and respect in which the grizzly is held by other bears. An immense silver-tip grizzly was feeding on a carcass, when along came a small brown cub. His destination was probably that same carcass but he couldn't see the grizzly on account of a rise of ground. As he neared the spot, his eyes suddenly fell full upon the feeding monster. With terror and fright expressed in every hair of his body, he wheeled and fled to the distant woodlands. With unbelievable speed the cub rushed up a tree, hugging the trunk and whimpering and trembling at what he thought was a narrow escape. And all this while the grizzly, having neither turned nor looked in the cub's direction, calmly continued his meal.

Humans sometimes fear bears less than they themselves are feared. Another man and I walked one afternoon past a black bear's den under a cedar root, deep in the snow. After we had passed it we heard a bear rush out and away. Although it was twilight and we were fifteen miles from home and five miles from our horses, we decided to explore the den and capture any possible cubs. While I stood guard, my companion crawled into the deep hole. About two minutes later he emerged with two little black bears, which started a terrific squalling as soon as they reached the outer air and light. My companion descended into the den again, for there was another cub. I stood in the cold north wind holding a squealing cub in each hand and wondering how soon the noise would bring the mother bear back. We had no firearms, and I didn't relish the thought of the mother's return. Suddenly there was a crack! crash! and then a deafening roar. I was paralyzed until I realized what had happened—the crisp cold had broken a limb from a tree-top and sent it sailing down through the branches to the ground! It was with relief that I recognized the dark shape that then approached me as my chum with another cub. The chorusing trio was silent only when my friend had dropped them down his shirt front and they snuggled against his warm body.

Several times after that night we went back to see if the mother bear had returned to her lair. The trackless snow showed us that she had deliberately deserted her cubs. Had she not been so unreasonably afraid of us, we should never have known about her; and if we hadn't taken the cubs, they would have died. Incidentally, for weeks to come, those cubs woke up at all hours of the night and bawled for the nursing bottle. At no time were they all hungry together!

And Their Dens

These hibernating dens, which are winter homes for frequently as long as five months, are sometimes lined with bark stripped lengthwise from evergreen trees, though some bears use leaves, sticks, and trash. Grizzlies winter at higher altitudes than blacks and browns. Seldom are dens located below five thousand feet; from that level to ten thousand feet is the usual height. For several days before "denning up" the bears do not eat, and their stomachs close up like hard, deflated rubber balls. The young are born during the hibernating period. At birth they are about the size of squirrels and are blind. When spring comes, the bears emerge with brand-new claws and footpads. A little water is the first thing they take, and they do not eat for several days. They like to lie about on rocky ledges in the sunshine.

The winter fast is made up for soon enough, and by summer the bears are well fed and lazy. At this time they shed hair in quantities and have a moth-eaten look. Shedding must cause them much misery, for they are everlastingly scratching against logs, stumps, and rocks. One trick is to "ride down a tree"—rear up against a small evergreen, push it to the ground by sheer weight, and then straddle

Childish hurts are easily mended

Bumps and Bruises, cuts and scratches, they're an inevitable part of childhood's activities. Let the children race and play—it's good for them—but keep a jar or tube of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly handy to mend the little hurts that are sure to come.

"Vaseline" Jelly is a pure mineral substance that is particularly healing and soothing. Here are directions for its use for many of the emergencies mother must meet every day.

Minor Cuts—Sterilize with an approved antiseptic and apply "Vaseline" Jelly.

Burns and Scalds—Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, spread on clean gauze. Change dressing daily.

Blisters—Prick the edge of the blister with a sterilized needle, press out the water and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Bumps and Bruises—Apply cold compresses immediately, then dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Chafing—After the baby has had a bath, smear a little "Vaseline" Jelly over the chafed parts. This treatment relieves the soreness, helps heal the irritation.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1929

Vaseline*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PETROLEUM JELLY

In using advertisements see page 6

CLOTHLIKE-

SPOTLESS WHITE

A dainty tissue that is both soft and strong—absorbent and pure. There is no toilet tissue *at any price* to surpass Texlin. Sterilized in the making, it is dust-proof wrapped for your protection. And in every roll a thousand *full sized* sheets—closely wound to fit either open or recessed fixtures. Try it now—you'll like it! Also on sale in colors—blue, green, lavender, pink.

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F. W. WOOLWORTH CO
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10¢ 1000 Sheets

Texlin

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Use only the safety pins sold on the blue and gold card—they will not rust.

Look for the guard on the *inside* of the coil—the sharp points that *do not bend*—the tongue in the head that keeps the point *from sliding thru*. Send for free sample card.

STEWART'S
DUPLEX
SAFETY PINS

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.
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Ask for Century SHEET MUSIC

The richest child is poor without Musical Training.

Say "CENTURY" and get the world's Best Edition of the world's Best Music by the world's Best Composers. It's 15c (20c in Canada). 2500 selections for Piano, Piano Duos, Violin and Piano, Saxophone, Mandolin, Guitar and Vocal. Get free catalogue at your dealers, or write us.

Century Music Publishing Co.
227 West 40th Street
New York City

Certified Edition

15¢

The richest child is poor without Musical Training

Forest Folk

the length of it. The elastic branches give a good rubbing and evidently a pleasant one, as the bears seem to enjoy it. I have seen blacks and browns do this, but never a grizzly.

Most bears are vegetarians. They like roots of plants, grasses, lily bulbs, berries and fruit, acorns and nuts—they will rob a squirrel's nest for its winter stores. I saw a grizzly nip a piece of bark out of an evergreen, stroll along with it in his mouth, and then drop it to nip out another piece. Occasionally the bear will stand up against a tree and, reaching as high as possible, rake his claws down the trunk to the ground. When bears eat honey, they include the bees and grubs. Apparently the stinging does not bother them. The diet is varied with a dead bird or two and sour ants routed from their nests. A turned-over log offers mice, beetles, chipmunks, gophers, or squirrels—a good feast. To get at a marmot or a gopher, a bear will dig through half a ton of rocks and earth. The size of the rocks indicates that the wary marmot, knowing that a soft earth burrow spells danger, deliberately erects a barrier.

When a bear has a big feed before him, like an elk or a cow, he will frequently lie down to eat. If a grizzly develops a taste for mutton, veal, or beef, he becomes a killer. The habit spreads, one grizzly teaching another. Blacks and browns are less likely to kill for food, although the latter occasionally become pork eaters and pay night visits to farmers' pigsties.

Cattle are not alone in liking salt; bears and deer will wander far afield to find a salt lick. Whenever we had a salt-pork barrel near camp, "Porky" would gnaw the staves for the flavor. Many birds, especially the crossbills, are fond of salt.

Bears Do Not See Well

After watching wild bears over an extended period I have come to the conclusion that their eyesight is not good. I have proved it times without number. I question seriously whether bears can see at a distance at all. Close up, however, they see microscopically. Likewise they can see in the dark and are great night prowlers. I have often stood perfectly still at close range with grizzlies, blacks, and browns and, although in plain sight, have not been seen.

A wild brown bear and her cub were approaching in the thick woods. I was standing on a fallen tree which had lodged on another and so lay several feet off the ground. As they drew nearer they were hidden behind a rise of ground, and in that moment I lay down on the log to hide and watch them. Utterly oblivious to my presence, they came up to the log, and the mother went under it, hunched up her back, and swung her body sidewise for a good scratch. With her left paw she turned over bunch grass and ate the bulb-like roots. Meanwhile my situation was becoming uncomfortable; the cub, having wandered past me to the windward side, might get my scent at any moment. The situation was luckily changed by the cub making a playful dash for the mother. She affectionately brushed her muzzle over her child. At this display, the cub, which was about a third grown, stood on his hind legs and hugged his mother's head to his breast. The result of this error in judgment was instantaneous, for she cuffed that big cub and knocked him end over end. The cub had covered his mother's eyes, and her short temper showed itself promptly.

A hunter once saw a bear with two cubs crossing a stream on a log. He fired, the ball striking the bear low in the body. She instantly flew into a rage, hitting first one cub and then the other and knocking them both off into the water. She then proceeded to cross the stream, thinking—as she hadn't seen the hunter—that she had meted out punishment for the sting of the bullet.

What bears lack in sight is made up in the senses of smell and hearing. They can readily

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WITT CANS provide fire protection in the disposal of hot ashes. Made of *extra heavy* gauge steel, banded top and bottom. Riveted (not spot welded). Locked seams. Hot-dip galvanized with heavy, rust-resisting, zinc coating. Guaranteed to Outlast from 3 to 5 Ordinary Cans. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Sold by Hardware and Department stores.

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ROUGH TRADE MARK ON RATS
THE OLD RELIABLE
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

Sold at all Drug Stores — Refuse Substitutes

Used the world over for generations
E. S. WELLS, Chemist — JERSEY CITY, N. J.

MEN and WOMEN
IT'S EASY
EXTRA MONEY! WRITE TODAY
Piece Goods!

to make a good income, full or spare time. Nearly 1,000 sample fabrics, silks, rayons, percales, dainty prints. Write for exclusive territory and sample outfit today.
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and tender toes—relieved in 1 minute by these thin, soothing, healing pads. Safe!
At all drug, shoe and dept. stores.

★ Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

Make Money Spare Time!

With Master-Guild Personal Christmas Cards
Take orders from friends, acquaintances and business houses for America's finest line. Exclusive French etchings and original creations. Commissions daily, also liberal bonus. No special training needed. Congenial leisure-hour work, dignified, with surprising results. Write today to this old reliable manufacturer to reserve your free sample outfit—No obligation.

FREE Sample Book

DRUCKER & KELLY STUDIOS
223 W. Madison St., Dept. 1006, Chicago, Ill.

smell odors miles away when the wind is blowing fresh and strong. I know of actual instances of bears scenting carrion at a measured distance of twenty-five miles.

Their sense of hearing is almost as acute. They have heard me at a considerable distance just scuffing through the grass. While I was sitting on a log one day watching a big brown, I decided to sharpen my pencil. At the first scrape of my knife on the lead the bear raised his head, looked squarely at me, and sniffed the breeze. After waiting a moment, I again drew the knife across the lead. This time he stood in listening attitude. Again I made the sound. At that he swung about and came straight at me. When he was ten feet away, I thought the investigation had gone far enough. I purposely moved, and how that bear did run!

In ordinary circumstances bears make no vocal sounds. A wounded bear bawls and squeals and makes a great fuss, much as a hog does. Only once did I hear a grizzly go on a rampage. It was a young silver-tip, probably between one and two years old. I heard it coming, luckily, for it was angry through and through and was telling the whole universe about it in a series of grunting roars. I never found out what had rubbed him the wrong way.

Hazards of Wild Life

Those unfamiliar with wild life may be surprised to know that accidents are not infrequent among animals. Falling trees and broken branches maim or kill; lightning exacts a heavy toll, not from the bolt itself but from the fire it spreads. With the spring thaws come avalanches, which always catch a certain number of the unwary. Winds and tornadoes are also a menace. I saw seven trees fall almost simultaneously. They were all over two hundred feet high, and any one of them could have killed an elephant. I have seen tornado-swept areas where trees fell so fast they were stacked up house high. In one instance many elk were trapped and killed outright.

Man-made structures offer further hazard, to birds particularly. The blinding light of lighthouses, appearing like the moon in a fog, leads hundreds of thousands of birds to their destruction every year. Telephone wires, wire fences, and the automobile add to the death toll. I have seen pheasants and ducks fly to their deaths against overhead wires and Chinese pheasants against wire fences. Quail, pheasants, grouse, and on one occasion an owl have hurled themselves against my windows and been instantly killed. One evening at dusk a full-grown grouse tried to fly through the house via a front and rear window through which he could see the woodlands. There was a terrific crash, and the bird fell to the floor and died after a moment of thrashing about. Of course, these accidents are comparatively few.

We have always believed that wild game is too sure-footed to be injured by falling. This is not the case, however. In Maine one morning after a heavy fog and mist from a lake had frozen into a glaze along the shore, a two-thirds-grown moose was found dead on the ice. Backtracking revealed the story of his death—he had slipped on the icy cliff in attempting to descend to the water and had fallen with a crash to the ice below.

Another story, told by eye witnesses and backed by photographs, is more incredible. The mountain goat is considered the most sure-footed of animals, but even he takes an occasional tumble. Two men, paddling along the edge of a lake close to shore, saw a mountain goat feeding on the steep hillside above them. It was summer, and there was, of course, no snow or ice. Suddenly the goat slipped and fell; he partly recovered himself, only to go end over end down the mountain. As he did not rise and run off, the men went ashore to investigate. They found the goat, a full-grown male, caught between two logs. There he lay, helpless, his four feet in the air. After taking his picture, the men pulled him out and set him on his feet.

Good as New are cracked walls and ceilings when mended with Rutland Patching Plaster. You can easily do it yourself in a few minutes. Just mix with water, then fill the crack or hole. Makes a *perfect* patch as permanent as the wall itself. At all paint, wall-paper and hardware stores. Be sure you get *Rutland* Patching Plaster, made by Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vt.

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The satisfaction of knowing you are dainty, fresh and clean comes at once with the use of Stirizol. It is easy and pleasant to use and also eliminates body odors quickly.

For more than twenty years Stirizol has proved its value. It is very soothing and healing — extremely effective — yet not harmful. The $1.00 jar of Stirizol Powder will make many quarts of solution of the strength best suited to your individual needs.

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Immaculately clean!

Your toilet bowl can be sparkling white . . . safe from germs . . . sanitary. And it needn't be scrubbed and scoured and labored over. Sani-Flush will clean it quickly and easily.

Just pour a little Sani-Flush into the bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. Marks, stains and incrustations vanish. Odors disappear. The toilet bowl is left spotless.

Sani-Flush reaches the hidden trap, purifies and cleanses the whole toilet system. And it's harmless to the plumbing.

Use Sani-Flush frequently. Always keep a can of it handy.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

Sani-Flush

Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

Wonderful for **HOT STARCHING**

ELASTIC STARCH

Simply add hot water to dissolved Elastic Starch and your mixture is ready—complete—nothing to add. No fuss or bother as with lump starch. Makes ironing easy, lends new beauty and freshness to all your washing.

MYERS Electric Iron Cord Holder

★ A wonderful invention. Keeps cord out of way while ironing. Grips the ironing board. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

AGENTS WANTED
Sample 50 cents postpaid

C. A. MYERS CO.
6322 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

In using advertisements see page 6

Distinguished Women Saw First Showing of Master Automatic Sunbeam Iron when numbers of those attending national convention of American Home Economics Association in Boston in July, visited the Sunbeam headquarters in the Statler Hotel. Picture shows Dorothy Gatton of Rayon Institute (right) demonstrating Sunbeam's Heat Control to Miss Lois Guck, newspaper writer.

Automatic Control instantly set—brings iron to any heat
LOW
MEDIUM
HIGH
or any temperature between
And It Stays There!

$7.95
Complete with cord and plug

Cannot Cool–Cannot Overheat

Stays at the Ironing Temperature at Which You Set It

Housekeeping experts flocked to see this Master Automatic Sunbeam—Priced below many automatics—only 45c higher than non-automatics

NOW comes new accuracy in an automatic iron—an iron that holds heat evenly without attention. In laboratory heat-recording tests its temperature does not vary three degrees.

Set it at HIGH—and when wet, heavy clothes start drawing out the heat, the current instantly switches on *automatically*. Set it at LOW, or at MEDIUM for lighter pieces. Again if the iron starts to grow cooler—on comes the current. If it starts to overheat, the current switches off.

Your laundress will say: "It's the simplest I've seen, ma'am." She cannot get it out of order, and cannot wear it out. It irons faster and saves no end of current.

And only the Sunbeam has the famous Air-Cooled Handle, and All-Over Heating Unit that brings the entire bottom to desired heat—edges and point included. Engineers made drastic attempts to burn it out and failed.

Large quantity demand and utter mechanical simplicity make this Master Automatic Sunbeam with durable back-rest cost only 45 cents more than many irons without heat control. Send to us if you do not find it at your dealer's.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
39 Years Making Quality Products · 5640 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago

THE BEST Sunbeam ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

Forest Folk

Another story is about a big bull moose with a broken leg. A rancher on an Oregon farm saw him standing before the cabin door one morning. Moose are scarce in Oregon, and as the farmer did not wish to frighten this one away, he remained still and awaited developments. When the moose moved it was evident that his hind leg was broken. The farmer approached him slowly and talked to him soothingly. After he had examined the injury he called the game warden and a veterinary. All the while the leg was being set and placed in a cast the moose was gentle. He remained in his stall until the leg was healed; but on the day he was to be released the back-firing of an automobile frightened him and he slipped and fell, breaking the leg again in a different place. The work had to be done all over again, but eventually the moose was sent back to his natural haunts. Weeks later, when the game warden was fishing on the lake, he saw a bull moose on the shore, testing the summer breeze with his big muzzle. Then he walked into the lake and swam out to the boat, snorting welcome to the warden. Recognizing his patient, the warden scratched the moose's neck and patted his muzzle; then the big fellow turned with a contented grunt and swam ashore. Only a week later the same incident occurred again.

Elk Are Dangerous

Strange as it may seem, the most dreaded of all game is the wild bull elk. Unlike a bear, who will leave you alone if you step aside and give him the right of way, the bull elk travels about with a chip on his shoulder. In fact, the general character of the bull elk might be summed up in the word fighter. No matter how peaceful your intentions may be, the moment he spots you he is likely to charge. Only a tree or a horse can save you. He is extremely quick and light on his feet, for his legs are slender and he is built for speed. When he runs he holds his nose in the air, tipping his long horns backward along his shoulders. Moose do the same thing.

One morning while I was riding through the woodlands, I heard a shrill, high-pitched voice calling among the trees. Thinking at first it was an eagle's scream, I dismounted to investigate. It was a female elk calling much as a horse does. A short distance away from her was a big bull elk. He seemed good-natured as he slowly came up to me; but I had my doubts as to how good his intentions were, so I scrambled into a tree above his reach. He came close and, lifting up his magnificently antlered head, sniffed at me. The antlers were full grown but still in the velvet, and one of them had been scratched and was bleeding. My first inclination was to annoy him and see what he would do, but I thought better of it. Soon he turned away and sauntered over to sniff the pony. A pair of flying heels met this familiarity.

Another time, several cow elk had been wandering about, and a guest took a walk before breakfast to see them. We had just seated ourselves at the table when wild calls from the woods sent us rushing to the windows. Our guest had strolled near a cow elk, and she had turned on him in fury, striking viciously at him with her forehoofs, which clacked together close to his ears. The man succeeded in clambering up a tree, which the elk butted with all her might. Figuring that things had gone too far, the captive swallowed his pride and yelled lustily. Two other men grabbed long poles and ran out to teach the elk better manners. To the glee of the watchers at the windows, she succeeded in a few minutes in hustling the rescue force up into neighboring trees! By this time some cow-punchers had heard the fracas. They bore down on the scene, and the elk heard them coming and fled.

Baby elk are extremely reddish in color and so can be seen easily. Wolves and coyotes kill a good many of them. The killers must act stealthily and quickly, however, for a mother

Forest Folk

elk will fight viciously for her young. Generally each mother has one fawn, although about one in every hundred has two. When the young are born the mother hides them in the deep thickets while she browses near by. Baby elk under ten days old keep with their mothers, but after that time they run with the herd. They are fine swimmers. On one occasion a mother elk, accompanied by her calf, was swimming a lake over a mile wide. Evidently she became distressed by the struggles of the little one. Although she had nearly reached the opposite shore, she turned about and re-swam the entire distance of the lake. The young one swam along easily by her side and gained the bank apparently none the worse off.

Eagles

Although I could never quite believe all the eagle stories I have heard, I am not beyond telling a few myself. Once, when I was in the mountains, I saw a bald-headed eagle flying down the lake at a terrific speed. Just ahead of him was a mallard duck also going at an almost unbelievable clip. So close were the birds to the ledge on which I stood that I could distinctly hear the swish of their bodies cutting the air. Never had I seen such speed developed by any bird in flight. The end of the race came beyond reach of my vision. A few moments later back came the eagle, with the limp body of the mallard drake in his talons. So promptly was the capture made that the eagle must have overtaken the fleeing duck and picked it from the air in full flight!

Another unusual experience with a bald-headed eagle occurred on top of a cliff to which a small boy and I had gone to watch a gathering storm. To avoid the high winds we hid in the heavy brush and lay on the ground a short distance apart. Suddenly from the cliff below us darted a full-grown bald-headed eagle. In rising it passed over us not fifteen feet away. The white feathers of the head, the yellow legs, and the long talons were plainly visible. This alone was a sight worth going miles to see. And a few moments later a second great eagle appeared, coming along behind me and not thirty feet overhead! He raised his wings, stretched his long legs down at full length, and taking aim for an instant, dropped to some object which had attracted his attention. Immediately realizing that the object was my young companion, I jumped to my feet, yelling and waving my hat. The bird changed his intentions and unhurriedly flew away. I do not believe for a moment that the eagle intended to attack the boy. Probably a slight movement of his head attracted the bird, who took him for some small animal.

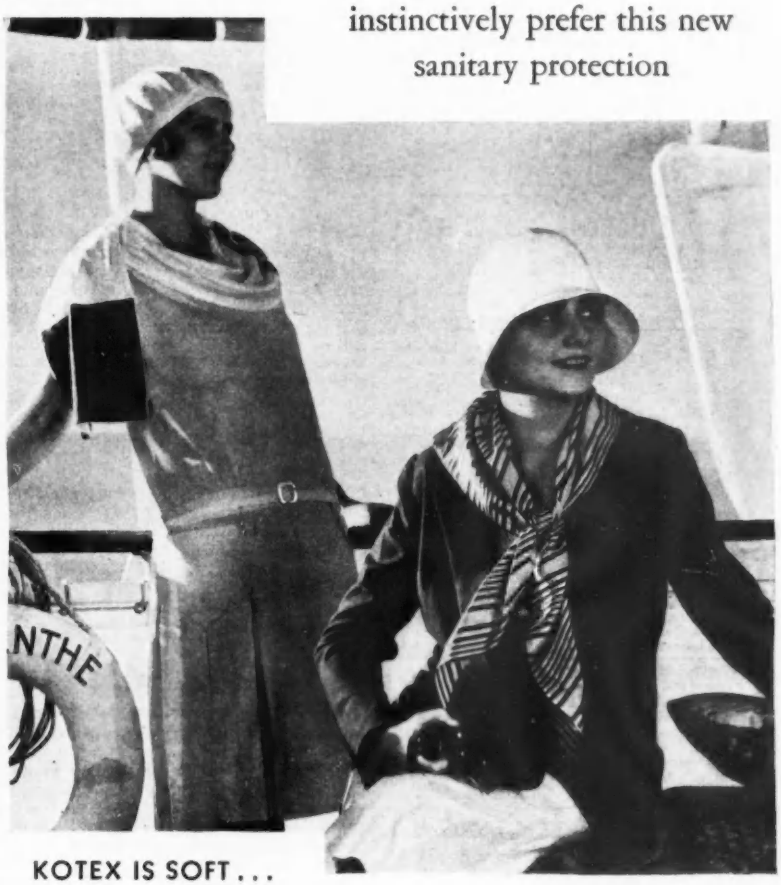
A few years ago while I was canoeing in New Hampshire near the foot of Mt. Monadnock, I rounded a sharp bend in the stream and came upon a full-grown gray eagle close to the edge of the lake. The wind was blowing in my favor, for in order to rise the eagle had to come directly at me—all large, heavy birds must rise against the wind. The eagle recognized immediately that he was in a tight fix, and perhaps as a ruse or in anxiety he hopped along the beach away from me. I kept the canoe steadily in place, and every minute the eagle's predicament grew worse. At last, knowing that he could do nothing else, he faced me and tried to rise; but because of his recent fish meal and the lack of elevation, he could not get under way.

By this time he was thoroughly frightened. With great double-legged hops he went along the beach in search of an elevation. He finally found a large boulder and reached the top of it with much difficulty. Once there, he launched himself into the air. With great wing flops he came directly over my head, not fifteen feet away, just as I had intended he should. Up and up he soared, until he was lost in the blue and I could see him no longer.

Of all my wild friends perhaps I am fondest of the conies. They are such busy, intelligent little creatures. Whenever I cross the mountains I stop to call on the conies of the shale

WHY 9 OUT OF 10 SMART WOMEN

instinctively prefer this new sanitary protection



KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 SAFE, SECURE . . . keeps your mind at ease.

3 KOTEX FILLER is far lighter than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

4 IN HOSPITALS—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

5 DEODORIZES . . . safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store; singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

IT is easy to see why the use of Kotex has become a habit among women who set the standard of good taste. For such women have young ideas, young minds.

Often, it is the young women of a household who introduce Kotex. Or a doctor, a nurse . . . recommending it to safeguard health. But, in any case, once it is used no substitutes will ever do.

Today, Kotex is so inexpensive that home-made cheese-cloth and cotton pads actually cost more . . . one need not bother to make them.

Why, think of it! Kotex filler is used by surgeons in 85% of the country's hospitals, not only for sanitary pads but for all surgical dressings! Can you imagine a more eloquent tribute to Kotex?

"I started to use Kotex because of my children," said a smart woman recently. "Now I wouldn't go back to the old way. This is so much more civilized—how did we ever get along without it?"

You will ask that same question, once you've tried Kotex. Study its features, listed right here. Then buy a box and try it.

Kotex Co., 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

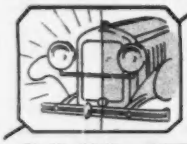
In using advertisements see page 6

This MAGIC POWDER REPLATES with STERLING SILVER

Sprinkle a little SILVERFILL on a wet cloth and apply to the article to be replated. SILVERFILL plates as it polishes. Adds a new coat of pure silver with each application.

Your table silver, toilet articles, jewel boxes, etc., will shine like new with SILVERFILL. Builds up worn and scratched surfaces with a gleaming coat of silver. Removes tarnish.

For restoring the finish on electric irons, toasters, percolators, etc., use SILVERFILL. It will keep them like new—shining with the lustre of pure silver.



Headlights, bumpers and nickel trimmings of your motor car can be kept lustrous with SILVERFILL. Dull, tarnished, or scratched surfaces disappear under a plating of new silver.

SILVERFILL

IT PLATES AS IT POLISHES

Sold by Department, Drug, Grocery and Hardware Stores in U. S. Canadian Distributors, Fred J. Whitlow & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

50c

If you cannot obtain SILVERFILL *use coupon below*

SILVERFILL MFG. CO., Dept. H, 80 Federal St., Boston, Mass. { Cable Address SILFIL, BOSTON }

Enclosed find 50c. Please send me one-ounce can of SILVERFILL.

Name_____

Address_____ City_____ State_____

My dealer's name is _____

My dealer's address is _____

EXPECTING A BABY?

Get this book FREE

READ how future shape of baby's face, set of chin, spacing of teeth, can depend on work of baby's mouth while nursing. See how flabby rubber nipples can keep bones and muscles from developing as nature intended . . . The Hygeia Breast Nipple is *firmed* to cause same facial development as the natural breast. Doctors recommend it. *Send coupon today* for "Nursing Habits" in plain wrapper. Address, Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Dept. G-3, Lancaster, N. Y.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

The Perfect Gift for Mother and Baby

The Trimble Bathinette—a Tub and Dressing Table combined—the Trimble Bathinette has those exclusive features which satisfy discriminating mothers—Write for a FREE copy of "Nurseryland", a booklet full of helpful suggestions for mothers.

E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. Co.
167 Jay Street Rochester, N. Y.

Forest Folk

rocks. One late afternoon, as my pony clattered noisily over the stones, a series of low whistles attracted my attention. I reined in my horse to listen. I well knew that my friends were about. This day all was excitement; the mountain seemed alive with the whistling little rustlers. As I had never seen such a rush and commotion among them before, I dropped cautiously from the saddle to investigate.

The cony lives on vegetation, mostly grass. In summer he cuts it down with his sharp teeth, dries it out in the sun, just as a farmer dries his hay, and when it is fully cured, drags it down into his den for food and a nice warm winter nest. Here before me were hundreds of conies, each one busy on an errand of his own. Every one of them was rushing down his burrow with a mouth full of hay. Whistle! bustle! bustle! whistle!

I kept perfectly still, and they soon forgot I was there. They were all about me, so near I could almost touch some of them. One ran across my boot and another scurried over my knee. When one bright-eyed little cony dragged a bunch of grass across my hand, I closed my fingers on it so quickly that the little chap turned a somersault. Then he began to pull on it; the harder he pulled, the tighter I held on. He even stood on his hind legs, tugging away. Then he had a bright idea—he let go, cut the tough piece of grass with his teeth, and picking up his end of it, away he went.

Next morning when I pushed open my cabin door, I looked upon a new world, all silent and white, with great flakes of snow softly falling. Then I knew that my little friends were not only more industrious and conscientious than humans usually are, but better weather prophets. The soft-furred, bright-eyed little fellows knew enough to gather hay while the sun shone!

Coffee

(Continued from page 85)

enjoy good coffee every time, make sure that your coffee-pot is properly cared for. Empty it as soon as possible after using to prevent discoloration. Wash it thoroughly in clean, hot, soapy water, rinse in clear water, dry with a clean towel, and leave open to air. When washing a percolator of the valve type, unscrew the valve each time and clean all the parts thoroughly with a percolator brush. Do not put together until it is absolutely dry.

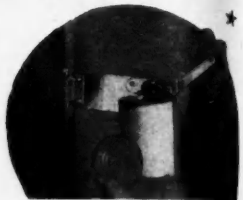
A coffee-pot kept closed develops a stale odor which affects the flavor of the coffee. For this reason it should be kept open whenever possible and scalded each time before using. One manufacturer of electrical appliances tells us that in his home the percolator is never put together until time for using. This is not always possible. However, if you have a percolator that is used only occasionally, wash, rinse, and air it thoroughly, early in the day that it is to be used. Then scald it just before making the coffee.

In some communities it is the pleasant custom to serve after-dinner coffee in the living-room, making provision for a few neighbors that might drop in. The service is entirely informal and is centered about the fireplace wherever possible. Before dinner, a coffee-table or other small table is placed near the fireplace and the chairs are grouped about conveniently. After dinner, the coffee service is brought in on a tray and placed upon the table, and the coffee is poured by the hostess.

The perfect cup of coffee? Clear, sparkling, and amber-colored as it is lifted in the spoon; deliciously fragrant as the cup is raised; and finally, mellow . . . smooth . . . and full-flavored as it is tasted. Coffee such as this it must have been that drew from a philosopher of old this thought:

"Every care vanishes when the cup-bearer presents the delicious chalice to our lips."

New Million Dollar CAN OPENER



No More Stabbing and Hacking! Just a Twist-of-the-Wrist Opens Square, Round or Oval Can.

Brings Big Money to Agents

Full or Spare Time

IMAGINE a little automatic machine that opens any shape can, round, square or oval, in a couple of seconds at a mere twist of the wrist! Holds the can for you, and cuts out the entire top, slick, smooth and clean, **inside the rim**—juices can't spill! No jagged edges to snag your fingers! All food pours right out without scraping or spooning! No wonder Speedo representatives often sell to every house in the block! J. Williamson, Wisc., made $5 his **first** hour. Mrs. Spain, Kans., made $9 her **first** afternoon. Duncan, Mont., cleaned up $17 his **first** day. Ornoff, Va., $522 his **first** month. You, too, can make big money with Speedo.

Write for Demonstrator

Whether you have ever sold anything before or not, learn the facts about this new wonder-worker. We furnish everything including most novel demonstration outfit you ever saw. No experience needed. Not sold in stores. Three special selling plans for full-time or part-time workers. Act at once and you can test your profits FREE!

$2,000.00 PRIZES In Cash Given to Agents. Write for Details.

CENTRAL STATES MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. M-1053, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Central States Mfg. Co., Dept. M-1053, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Rush me facts and details of your Free Test Offer.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Town . . . . . State . . . . .

( ) Check here if you only want one for your home.

SUBSCRIBE to

Good Housekeeping

by the safe and convenient Two-Payment Method of the

Periodical Service Company
Andrus Building
Minneapolis, Minnesota

After you have made part payment to the representative and mailed the balance to this responsible agency, you may be sure of prompt, accurate service on your subscription.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, New York

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Pant-ease
Side Pinning DIAPER

Soft, knitted, cotton material. Neat, comfy, easily put on. Especially convenient when training the baby. Sold at Dept. Stores & Shops or direct from us when not found at store. Small $2.50, Large $3.00. Extra Large $3.50 per doz. Free booklet. Infant Wear Co., Dept.109, Perry, N.Y

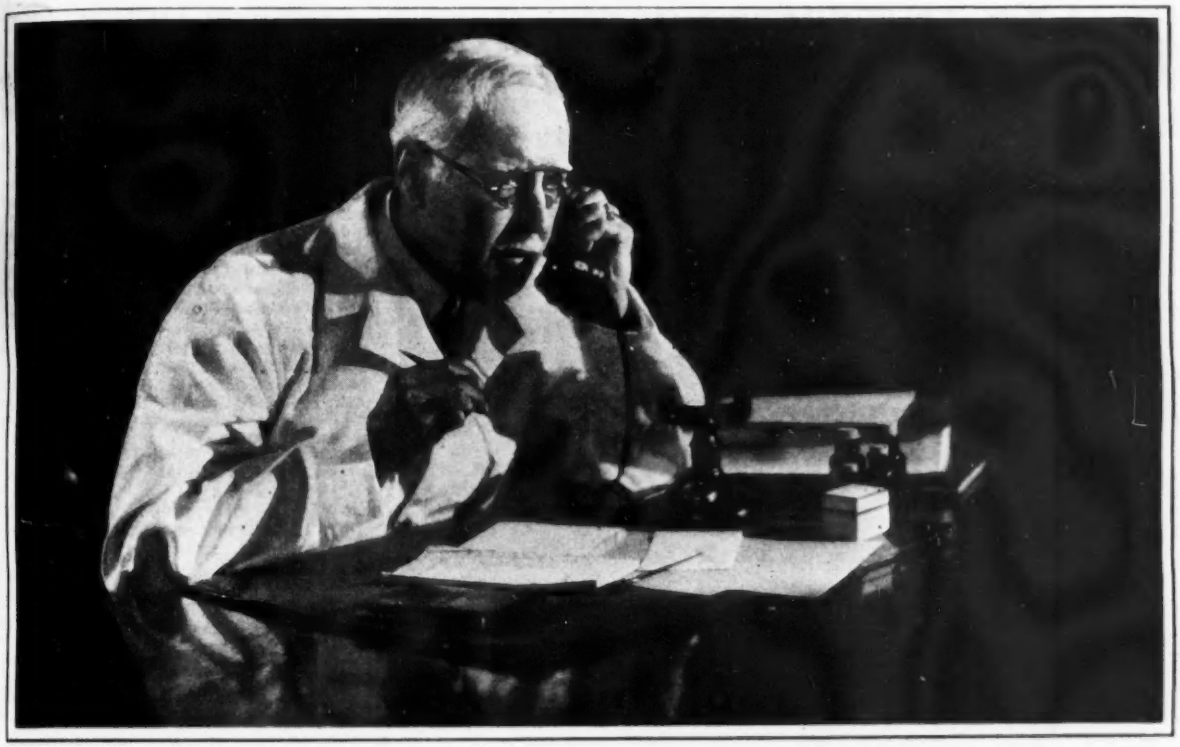
HELP WANTED

MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME
SHOWING—INDIVIDUAL CHRISTMAS GREETINGS, PERSONAL STATIONERY, CALLING CARDS, ETC. WRITE FOR DETAILS.
INDIVIDUAL STATIONERS, INC. CORRY, PA.

HAND WEAVING

from the Highlands of the South

Household linens, table runners, baby blankets, dress and coat materials, bags, scarfs, rugs, etc. Write for information and price list.
THE PENLAND WEAVERS AND POTTERS, PENLAND, N. C.



"I Earnestly Warn You Against Contact With Infectious Cleaner-Bag Dirt"

Mrs. Bennett—Doctor, I'm not feeling so well again this morning. I am wondering if I ought to have a change of medicine. I seem to have the same symptoms I had when I called you the other day. Can you send me something?

Doctor Gray—You should be feeling better. Tell me what you have been doing recently.

Mrs. Bennett—Well, I felt so much better yesterday. I even tidied up the house a little. Oh yes—I remember now I went outdoors to empty the cleaner bag. But I bundled up.

Dr. Gray—A little fresh air never harmed anyone. But I think I see another reason for your relapse. I earnestly warn you against contact with infectious cleaner-bag dirt. The dust and dirt collected in the home must be handled with utmost caution, as it is likely to contain germs that cause disease.

Mrs. Bennett—Why doctor, I never thought of such a thing before.

Doctor Gray—Well, you remove the dust and dirt because you know its presence in the home is a menace to health as well as comfort. Is it any less dangerous after it is so collected?

Mrs. Bennett—No, it's the same dust and dirt, but how is a woman to dispose of it?

Doctor Gray—My dear lady, there is one safe way—get the cleaner that provides a safe and easy method for sealing up and disposing of such collected refuse. Get the cleaner that has no bag to empty.

Mrs. Bennett—Why doctor, I never saw one.

Doctor Gray—Surely, you have heard of the Air-Way Sanitary System. It not only does a truly amazing job of home cleaning, but all collected refuse is sealed in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container which you detach bodily and burn or cast away. There is no possibility of contact with the refuse after it is removed from floors, walls, or furnishings.

Mrs. Bennett—Now that I come to think of it, a friend of mine has an Air-Way.

Doctor Gray—Air-Way is the modern home-cleaning equipment. It has established a new and higher standard of sanitation in the home because the user avoids all contact with the infectious dust and dirt which it collects.

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch of (your city)." Sold direct—not in any store. A telephone call will bring a trained, gentlemanly, bonded representative to demonstrate Air-Way in your home.

Air-Way SANITARY SYSTEM

If you do not find an Air-Way Branch listed in your phone book we will gladly supply you with complete information about The Air-Way Sanitary System. Just write your name and address on the corner of this page, tear off and send it direct to the factory.

No Cleaner Bag or Container to Empty

AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. - AIR-WAY LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

In using advertisements see page 6

the WHITEST teeth your mirror has ever seen

Just Remove Bacterial-Mouth (you have it)

This Safe, Easy Way Prescribed by Leading Dentists . . . Achieves Remarkable Results. Try It.

Beauty is endangered so long as you neglect bacterial-mouth (you have it now).

For this condition is the cause of discolored, decayed and tartar-covered teeth. It infects gums and makes them sore, spongy and soft. Even health is jeopardized.

No ordinary tooth paste can combat this condition. It is due to germs that throng the mouth and thrive—germs that your dentifrice must destroy if teeth are to remain sound and glistening white.

That is why leading dentists urge the daily brushing of teeth and gums with Kolynos. This dentifrice destroys germs, guards against bacterial-mouth and cleans teeth white like no other dentifrice you have ever used.

Its Antiseptic Foam Works For 3 Hours After Each Brushing

On entering the mouth Kolynos instantly multiplies 25 times. It becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that penetrates every nook and crevice.

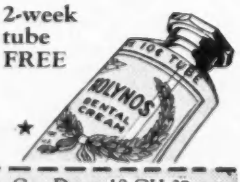
Germs are destroyed, tartar is quickly dissolved and acids that cause decay are neutralized. Gums are firmed and strengthened. Teeth are cleaned and polished without injury. (*There's neither grit nor pumice in the smooth Kolynos foam.*)

This marvelous Kolynos foam continues to clean teeth and destroy germs for 3 hours after each brushing, thus guarding you from bacterial-mouth.

Look for Results in 3 Days

Dull, yellow teeth are not natural. Like sore, spongy gums and decay, they betray the presence of an insidious condition that Kolynos easily removes—bacterial-mouth. Every morning and every night scrub teeth and gums with Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush. In 3 days your teeth will look whiter. Your gums will look pinker, firmer, healthier. Your mouth will feel clean, cool and fresh as a mountain stream. Results will delight you. Get a tube of Kolynos today — all druggists.

2-week tube FREE



KOLYNOS
the foaming antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 10-GH-28
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name .....

Street & No. .....

City ..... State .....

October 1929 Good Housekeeping

Books for a Tired Woman

(*Continued from page 59*)

tradition and its refusal to compromise with reality. Never, I am sure, has it been so revealed as through the eyes of this adolescent boy. It has all the romance and the beauty that Hergesheimer gave us in his "Swords and Roses"; but here the underlying pathos and the ignoble compromises are not ignored. Never more delicately has a boy's inmost soul been laid bare. It is a model of how the fundamental things in human beings, the dark impulses of life, what realists call "truth" may be presented without offense to those protecting barricades which we have built up to hide from us their ugliness.

Emily, with her appreciation of rich sentiment as contrasted with its sickly twin, sentimentality, will be moved by Lucius' suffering when he faces the realities of life. Although in no way a problem story, it does suggest a problem present to every mother who wonders what to do about those ideals of chastity, loyalty, and altruism which she wants her child to follow.

Success as a Theme

Alice Beal Parsons' "The Insider" (Dutton, $2.50) contrasts a brilliant woman artist of Bohemian New York with a man who went West to make his fortune. Both were products of the doctrine of Success. The woman won it at a price. The man thought he had won it, but died a failure. They had loved in their youth and separated. The book opens with their meeting years afterward in New York. The man knew that he was soon to die and so went back to his New England home and built him a house upon a farm which he tried to make pay. It failed, and when he died it was found that it had eaten up all he had in the world. Like so many of the books of recent years, this one is a story of futility. The man's life seemed entirely a failure, but it was so, the author seems to say, because he was not true to the finer things in himself. He was not made for success but for self-realization, and when he struggled he became gross, his dissatisfaction with life led him to drink, to other "compensations." Back on the farm he "found himself" again.

The book inspires not the questions: "Could this have happened? Are there such people?" but rather, "Is this true of living? Does it reveal things to me about people?" And this "The Insider" does. As soon as we read it, we think of some man and suddenly understand his insobriety, appraise his success; we recall some woman whom we have half-disliked but did not know why, and now we know. For this reason Emily, who always "wanted to know," will find this book interesting.

"Vivandière!" by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye (Liveright, $2.50) treats of a sentimental French love story, and one must remember that the French are as sentimental as they are realistic. They, too, have their illusions behind which they hide from reality. I do not share the enthusiasm with which Arnold Bennett, Frank Swinnerton, and the London newspapers have greeted this book. I agree rather with Rebecca West's opinion that it is "as mawkish and missish as could be."

For me, however, I must confess that Tolstoi's "War and Peace" has described too well for any lesser to please the Napoleonic *débâcle* which is known as the Moscow Retreat. But I realize that this description of an army on the march, the burning of Moscow, and the terrible retreat is vivid; that Julie, the *vivandière*, is a real creation—we actually see her in her sabots, her faded dolman jacket and red-and-white striped petticoat, with her barrel strapped to her shoulders; and there is distilled from her love for the callous young Lieutenant Gervais St. Syiac the very essence of romance. Only, alas, for me there will intrude the thought that Julie would no more have been possible in that environment than the Lieutenant's impossible proposal to marry

Books for a Tired Woman

her. Yet so dexterously does the author entangle the impossible and the real that an illusion is created which to most readers, I think, will carry conviction. The book—with its martial music, indubitable atmosphere, and fine eloquence of dialogue is slated to be a great success.

After this book about the volatile French a book by a Dutch writer about the stolid Dutch, "The House of Joy" by Jo Van Ammers-Küller (Dutton, $2.50), affects one like touching solid ground after a wild ride in an aeroplane. For the Dutch character—the faith in stability, in continuity, in the morality of thrift, of loyalty, in actuality as opposed to representation—shows through almost every word of this story of the stage. The teller is Margaret Schepp, a woman who desired once herself to be an actress; so when she discovers a great talent in Jenny Heysten, the child of the decayed aristocrats who take her as a boarder in their disordered, poverty-stricken home, she abets the girl and helps her to the fulfilment of her ambition. Because Margaret is our guide at every step we see not only what happens to Jenny but what it does to Jenny, as measured by her values. And this is to see the stage itself revealed, confessed, as it were. It is, in fact, a discerning, analytical study of the stage in its effect on human beings. But it is also a good story. Every character has texture like that of the Dutch painters, rooted, philosophy and all, in their sense of actuality.

The Scene Laid in Africa

And since we seem to be a-journeying for this list, the next book I shall suggest will carry her to Africa, the South Africa of the veldt. It is "The Bull Whip" by Jane England (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). In spite of the plot being a little inadequate, it carries one into such a mesmeric country with such compelling characters to such competent drama that one may not cavil. The power of making one feel scenery and the lure of lands is so rare. Some books make you want to start instantly to visit the places they tell about. Jane England transports you there without benefit of boat or train. When she adds to that insight into human beings with all their complexities unsimplified, she has done enough.

The author has style, too. And what a joy it is to read these short sentences so compact yet so loaded with meaning. She never tires us but carries us on from act to act, revelation to revelation, with no useless stage scenery or background. I grow enthusiastic. And I am. Emily will find rest from weariness and delight, too, in losing herself in this far country.

Perhaps it is not right to spoil the nice flavor left by "The Bull Whip"—not the best name for it—by following it with "The Innocent Voyage" by Richard Hughes (Harpers, $2.50), which leaves me, at least, dissatisfied. But I shall have to suggest it some place on the list, for it is much talked about, and Emily, always entertaining and "up" on the popular subjects, will want to read it. "The Innocent Voyage" is one taken by five children who are sent by their parents from Jamaica to England on a sailing vessel. It is set upon by pirates, who take the children on their own ship. There they follow their sweet will, are present at a piracy, and are then handed over to a passenger steamer which carries them home. The innocence consists of the entirely unmoral attitude of the children. One of them, Emily Thornton, aged ten, kills the captain of the attacked ship while he is left bound in the cabin where she is laid up with a broken hip. Margaret, an older girl who is a pathological case, is thought to be guilty. After the children come to London and their parents join them, the pirates are brought to trial and convicted and executed for the murder on a bit of testimony by Emily which has been dragged out of her by counsel, the significance of which she does not understand. What she does understand is that murder is an awful crime and so she lives in fear of discovery until the

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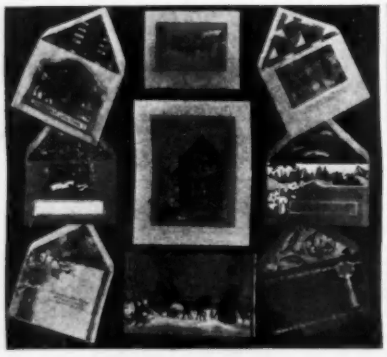

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Books for a Tired Woman

men are dead. The pirates, who used bluff instead of murder to accomplish their ends, are thus punished for their kindness in sending the children home at the risk of their own lives.

Whether this is the natural state of man, and so of children who have not learned the civil code, I have no way of knowing. And how, I can't help wondering, does Mr. Hughes? It is, of course, a satire on the innocence of children. But why he had to spoil an otherwise corking story of piracy as it probably was, and a marvelous Robinson Crusoe voyage, with cynical criticism of life is to me a mystery. His descriptions of the jungle life in the West Indies, of the Spanish morals of their inhabitants, of an earthquake as experienced by imaginative children, and of the boys' enjoyment of piracy are too good to be spoiled by its injection.

"All the Brave Rifles" by Clarke Venable (Reilly & Lee, $2.00) with its conventional pioneers is just the book to follow it. Here no unpleasant questions are raised. All is as it should be—brave men win fair ladies, the pioneer spirit is acclaimed, and the American right to possess the earth is justified. Perhaps I should explain that I do not share Mr. Venable's approval of the war to win Texas. That Mexican American episode is one of which my Americanism is not proud. Granted that one does share it, this is the kind of story that makes one glow with pride. Mr. Venable is what many historical novelists are not—a real student. He verifies his incidents and his historic references by the most meticulous study. And he has the historic sense as well as the scientific one that goes on from cause to effect. In this case, however, he applies it only to the sociological causes, the incidents and the conditions that sent men to Texas, and not to the political ones, and the political ones were, it seems to me, important. But he does reconstruct for us the life and the time and the attitude of the men and women who turned their backs on the East of comfort and orderliness and conquered for posterity a great empire. "All the Brave Rifles" could have been written by a contemporary, and I can believe that the author has so saturated himself with that period that he presents it as the actors saw it themselves. So perhaps I am wrong to complain that he can not do two things at the same time.

Memoirs of High Society

As different as possible are the times and characters presented in "Daisy, Princess of Pless" by Herself (Dutton, $5.00). For this Daisy, as all the world knows, was the product of a highly artificial society that prevailed in the England of the eighties. Her pioneering was to a royal house of Germany, where she attempted, with tragic unsuccess, to be a mediator between the great and noble King Edward of England and the selfish, egomaniac German Emperor, William II. The adjectives are suggested by her record, not out of my knowledge.

This is a book well worth Emily's time. Not only does it take her into the high society of England and the Continent, to endless house-parties and courts and Cowes weeks and hunting parties; not only does it turn inside out beautiful English country houses and German castles derived from the Middle Ages; not only does it introduce kings and queens "in person," with all the kind words they gave Daisy and show them on their good behavior and bad; but it reveals the Professional Beauty at Home and Abroad, the *grande dame* of a period that is past. I could wish that it revealed her more thoroughly; for in spite of a certain frankness that is attractive she leaves so much out. Compared with Margot Asquith's autobiography it is flat and colorless. It is the same with the men who made history. She tells us what they said to her, about her. She gives us her opinions of them, but nothing results that illuminates them for us, makes them alive, gives them personality.

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LET'S face facts!

Each of our children has one pair of eyes. It is the only pair he will ever have. And how these eyes grow up controls how that child's mind develops — for most of his first (and formative) impressions are eye-impressions.

Thousands of specialists are working hard on your child's eyes—now. Not only men and women who know eyes and glasses, but thousands more:

MEN who plan school-buildings so as to let clean sunlight in

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TEACHERS who watch study conditions, and reading lights; other teachers who show them how to watch these vital matters; boards of education, headmasters, parents (of other children), aldermen, trustees

—they total thousands of volunteer guards, a vast national vigilance committee on the eyes of children—yours? *Society is not lagging. But are you?*

Science is not lagging, either. An important scientific laboratory, in the greatest institution in America that has to do with eyesight, has perfected a new type of lens for eyeglasses. It is called the Tillyer Lens, after its author, a man honored in optical science.

As plainly as it can be described, it widens the field of accurate vision in a pair of glasses; it is a distinct improvement in accuracy over ordinary lenses.

Tillyer Lenses make clear vision easier; help eyes to help themselves.

New Tillyer Lenses may be fitted in sturdy and comfortable white gold frames like the one illustrated. These and a variety of other attractive styles designed especially for children are made by the American Optical Company, America's oldest and largest maker of frames and lenses for your glasses.

Decide whether your child deserves the best . . . or not

Two simple, sincere, practical suggestions:

1. INVESTIGATE first. Allow us to send you a terse, plain-spoken description of Tillyer Lenses. Write your name and address on the corner of this advertisement and mail it to us.

2. Have your youngster's eyes examined *now*, and at the same time ask precisely what Tillyer Lenses are, what they do, how they do it, and how they will give your child (if he needs glasses) the very best that modern science has made for modern eyesight.

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY, Dept. 12, Southbridge, Mass., U. S. A.

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Do your children's eyes deserve the best modern protection?

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Of all suedes there's one that has no rival . . . it's Velvetta, *the very finest calf suede. Among fashionable leathers suede is the smartest and most flattering to the tailored woman. Here is an unusual motif in lustrous ebony black . . . and bag to match . . . just what the season demands. Velvetta has so many characteristics! But most important is this feature . . . it will not crock. At the better shops you'll find this elegant leather in the newest models . . . every shade, too.*

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Books for a Tired Woman

This book is a sociological document; more than that it is an historical one. The conversations the author quotes, the letters she includes, are useful in clearing up some mooted points about those negotiations preceding the War. But the lay reader will be perhaps more interested in the Germany she reveals during the War, the millions of dollars spent in building a private home even while Germany was fighting with her back to the wall, lack of knowledge in high places, and most of all how lightly were held the happiness and lives of common men. I am glad that I read it. And so will Emily be for all it does not say.

Since Emily, like many thousands of others, probably has acquired a Susan Ertz habit, I shall put on her list that English lady's newest book, "The Galaxy" (Appleton, $2.50), but with the warning that it is different from her other books. A good craftsman Miss Ertz always is, so it has the carrying quality of all her stories. But unfortunately, it seems to me, she has abandoned the comedy of manners for the tragedy of character—and the result is our loss. Her heroine grows up in a middle-class, Victorian home with a suppressed mother and a selfish, domineering father. She falls desperately in love with a brilliant, rich man-of-the-world, is unable to hold him, discovers his egotism and selfishness, comes to despise him, and after many years forms a *liaison* with a scholar who had married the wrong woman. After many more years her husband dies, she marries the scholar, and they live an idyllic existence. Our dissatisfaction may be traced to the arbitrariness with which the author suits the characters to her theme, their stark black and whiteness. People we know are not so easily apprehended. They are too often taupe grays and mauve tans. Her theme calls for profundity, and she gives us surface interpretations. Yet it may be enjoyed for the accuracy of the picture of that day of transition when children were learning that parents were not gods and human beings were learning that codes were made for men, not men for codes.

An English Wife in America

Henry Channon in "Joan Kennedy" (Dutton, $2.50) was not faced with that difficulty. All he had to do was to transfer to paper a situation, a background, and people with whom he was thoroughly familiar. Perhaps that is the reason that this young English wife, Joan Kennedy, married to a rich young Chicago business man, seems much more understandable to us. The contrast between the two countries and the two peoples is admirably done. And the characters, all of them, except perhaps Joan, are familiar to us. We can place them at once. And Joan herself, thanks to the author's gifts, becomes understandable and real. Emily herself part English, will find it bracing and amusing and, yes, for it has pathos, tragic.

If Emily's English forebears give her an understanding of Joan Kennedy, her Irish blood will thrill to "The Sword in the Soul" (Longmans, Green, $2.50), in which a Frenchman, Roger Chauviré, presents the drama of Ireland, through the actions of individuals, in its "human and social and psychological" aspects, to quote James Stephens, who wrote the preface. Sir Francis Hackville, a descendant of the English conquerors, Protestant, with English traditions, yet sees the Irish viewpoint, and from learning their language and trying to understand their struggle for independence he is led slowly and fatally to taking their part even though he is a Reserve Officer of the English army. James Austin is also a son of the conquerors, but the weakness of sympathy has never been permitted to enter his heart. So when the time comes to sentence his friend to death he does it in the consciousness that he is doing his English duty. Beatrice, his sister, is engaged to Sir Francis and so is torn between her love and duty. Seeking vainly to save Francis from perdition, she finally is forced to abandon him or her own self-respect. What the author has tried to do is to show the integrity

Books for a Tired Woman

of all three, acting on their own premises and true to their own ideals. This is not an easy thing to do, and Irishmen may say his English are not true, while Englishmen living in Ireland will say it is not true of Irishmen. A fair outsider, however, will come away from it with a better appreciation of the conflict, a clearer understanding of both Englishmen and Irishmen in Ireland and, more valuable, what it was that kept rebellion alive and made the English resolute. And every reader will enjoy a moving, beautiful tale that, if it reveals the limitations of character, displays also its capacities for suffering and sacrifice to nobility.

If my list were not already enough for any tired woman I would add two other books that have given me pleasure when I, too, was weary. "The Kingdom of Lu" by Maurice Magre (Cosmopolitan, $2.50), in spite of some voluptuous scenes that will offend the Puritan taste, is an exquisite contrast, told in the Oriental manner, between Confucius, the World Man, and Lao-tsze, the peace seeker. It renewed my faith in the supremacy of the spirit as did "The Coat Without Seam" (Knopf, $2.50), whose author, Maurice Baring, with his sure, certain faith always reports the difficulties of his everyday people according to some pattern that suggests hope in an ordered world.

A long list—but may it serve Emily as it did me, who am sometimes, too, a tired person.

If you can not find in your local bookshop the volumes mentioned in this article, we will buy them for you. Send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Ave., New York City

Quality in Outside Painting

(*Continued from page 49*)

average job the relation is about as one is to three—if the contract is for $400, of this only $100 is for painting materials.

Every manufacturer of paint is striving to perfect his white, outside-paint, since it is the foundation of most of the other light tints. Moreover the traditions of an all-white house are strongly rooted in this country, on account of the precedent set by our finest Colonial examples. To produce a white paint that is very white and not slightly yellow and one which will not turn dark with age is the goal of the paint manufacturers. Various combinations of zinc oxide, white lead, lithopone, titanium, and other pigments have been tried with varying success, the aim being to get such a mixture that the good qualities of one will offset the weaknesses of the other. Attention is even given to the special refinement of the linseed oil, and one manufacturer has succeeded in so treating it that it is practially colorless, heals up the marks of the brush when applied, and dries with a fine, satin-like luster.

However, it would be impossible to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of various ready-mixed paints, for each manufacturer is striving to produce certain properties which are not necessarily comparable; but it is not exaggerating to say that they all will give better service than concoctions mixed up by the painter. Moreover, the high-grade paint manufacturers publish specifications which can be incorporated into the painting contract. As they are simple to understand, any owner can check up the work of the painter to see that he follows them. The purpose of these specifications is to prevent those common errors of painting which will make a failure of the best paint. The painter may know his trade, but pressure of time may cause him to do many things which are fundamentally wrong.

One of these errors is the temptation to start painting exterior woodwork on a new house while it is still wet from a soaking rain or the dampness of the night. Even a wooden house that is still damp from fresh plastering

The Mother of Four Children Writes:

"Our son, 10 years old, was anaemic—never ate or slept well and was not strong enough to play with the other children until we began feeding him 3 MINUTE OAT FLAKES. He is now strong and sturdy and plays like other children and is advancing rapidly in his school work. We know his improved health is due to 3 MINUTE OAT FLAKES for he eats it for supper as well as breakfast. He likes it very much and prepares it himself."

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Ask for a Trial Package and let your child tell the difference

JUST as you are doing this minute, the mother of four children while reading her favorite magazine, became interested in 3 MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) because of the new and different process by which it is made.

She sent the coupon for a trial package and found it entirely different from any oats she had ever tasted. The new nut-like flavor and light flaky appearance in the dish delighted the family. Now it's a part of their daily diet. Like thousands of mothers who have written us, she says the children eat it with relish because it's so delicious and different from ordinary oats.

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Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportion that nature intended—unaltered by man.

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Selected, whole white oats, still in their hulls, are Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours—in their own moisture. The 3-MINUTE process brings out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor, with none of the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass.

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We invite you to actually try 3 MINUTE OAT FLAKES in you own home. Send for your package now.
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Vanilla **Chocolate** **Lemon**
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Quality in Outside Painting

is in no condition to paint. Wood, too, that is not thoroughly seasoned but contains considerable moisture is too wet to be painted. The reason for this is that the oil in the paint will not stick to a wet surface. It will form a film, though, which will be loosened by the water seeking a means of escape. As a result, large areas will peel off.

Strange as it may seem, a new wooden house left unpainted for six months would be in better condition for painting than when just completed. Most owners and even builders, however, have the fidgets if the painter does not get busy and apply a coat of paint as soon as the last nail is driven. They seem to fear that the wood may rot away before the paint can protect it.

If a house is being finished in the late fall or early spring, it is advisable to hold off painting until the temperature is consistently above 40° F. Low temperatures induce the separation of the body of linseed oil, and as a result the paint will "crawl" or separate. The best painting season is when the temperature is fairly warm and dry and most small insects have died. Our fall days usually give us these conditions better than any other time.

Very resinous woods, such as yellow pine and cypress, as well as the resin around knots, may cause trouble in painting. Ordinary linseed-oil paint does not seem to be able to get a good hold on them, and the resin tends to disintegrate the paint and come through on the surface. If the wood is washed with turpentine and the knots are painted over with shellac and a little benzol is added to the first coat, the effect of the resin may be overcome. Certain conditions, though, call for a preliminary charring of the wood with a blow torch to draw out the resin, which then can be washed off with turpentine.

A good painter will not start puttying the nail holes and cracks until the first coat of paint has dried hard. He will use a good grade of putty held together by linseed oil. An unskilful painter will often start his puttying before the first coat is applied and use a cheap grade filled with mineral oil. In six months, after such a job, all the nail holes will turn yellow as the oil from the putty works through to the surface.

Watch the First Coat

The first coat of paint is the most important to apply, for it is the foundation. It should be thin enough to penetrate into the wood, and the painter should work it in thoroughly. To thin it, turpentine and linseed oil are used, but a good deal of the thinning should be done with "elbow grease," which works the paint into the surface.

The second coat should be thinned slightly by turpentine to prevent it from drying with too much gloss, for the final coat will have a tendency to "crawl" or separate when applied to a glossy surface. Realize, even though it may try your patience, that a number of thin coats properly applied, with plenty of time in between for drying, give better results than a few thick coats applied in a short space of time. Two weeks for drying, between coats, is a good allowance. Few painters or owners have enough patience for this delay, so quick driers are often added. These only shorten the life of the paint by speeding up the oxidation of the linseed oil, which, after all, is the cause of the final disintegration of the paint.

For porch floors, seats, and other surfaces that get a lot of rubbing and scratching, paints are made which dry quickly and become very hard. Such paints usually have varnish as a vehicle and little linseed oil. The best types are usually those designed for use on boat decks. They have the property of drying hard in a short time and of developing a tough film. Eventually they dry out to a brittle coat and crack. Before repainting is advisable, they must be burned off.

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MADE right on the table the smart and healthful way . . . in 3 minutes! Silex-made coffee touches only glass, pours clear, lucid and amber with no metallic taste or harmful after effects. Pure, healthful, delicious coffee *every time.*

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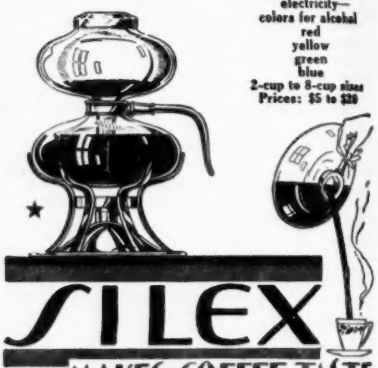

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The Remington Kleanblade (stainless steel) household knife, illustrated, has an 8½", ready-sharp, highly polished blade that will not rust or tarnish, fitted to a fine appearing walnut handle, made in one piece—without the usual unsanitary seam for catching and holding germs and dirt. It is not only a slicer for general purposes, but is distinctive enough in finish to serve as a carver at the dining table.

The Remington Kleanblade Knife, K4508½ is a knife of character, both in appearance and performance.

See it at your dealer's, or if he hasn't it in stock, send us his name with $1.25 and the knife will be forwarded promptly.

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Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington

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SALADS AND SANDWICHES

Every detail of making and serving salads and sandwiches told in one book. Amazingly simple directions. Pictures make every step clear. How to make 35 delicious sandwiches and 80 crisp, appetizing salads, with 9 different kinds of dressings. Just what you need for luncheons, teas and parties. Send only 50 cents and we will send your copy of this book, "Salads and Sandwiches", by return mail. You'll find it worth many times the price. Money back if not satisfied.

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UNUSUAL DESIGNS BY LEADING ARTISTS

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Such cards should sell for 10 cents each and up when colored. Many are earning extra Christmas money doing it. Send for assortment now.

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use the Rapid; for all fruits and vegetables. Indispensable for salads. Grater is a valuable feature. The Rapid is made of steel, light weight, agreeable to use, easy to clean, guaranteed for ten years.

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Rapid Slaw and Vegetable Cutters

Special offer to Agents and Church Societies

Send to BLUFFTON SLAW CUTTER CO., 107 Jay St., Bluffton, O.

Getting Ready For a Fire

(*Continued from page 48*)

you know—or maybe you don't know. It's when a fire happens that you need help, and your agent should be the one to give it to you. Here's what I mean. There's an agent in Westboro who checks every fire-alarm, and if it involves one of his clients he chases after the apparatus. He went to a fire a while ago and found the lady of the house on the lawn in a terrible state. Her husband was in Chicago, she'd forgotten where the insurance had been placed, and she knew that something had to be done about it—but she didn't know what it was or to whom to turn. As it happened, this agent was handling it, and he hopped right in. He had a carpenter on hand to board up the windows as soon as the fire was out, and he told the police to keep an eye on the place until it was put in shape. The next morning he got estimates from two builders for repairing the damage. I turned up the morning after to make the adjustment, and it didn't take half an hour to check up and close with one of the builders. By the time the husband came back from his trip the whole thing was settled and the work started.

Read Your Policy

"That's one side of the picture, and here's another. A family was burned out in the middle of the night; the fire got into the walls, and by the time it was out the house was pretty badly damaged. The insurance had been placed in the city, and the office couldn't be notified until it opened the next morning. Eventually I got word to go out and look things over; but work was heavy, and it was three or four days before I got there. There hadn't been any one to tell the owner what to do to protect the place, and with the fire and a storm that had come up the house was a mess. Then there was a row about the adjustment because it was hard to tell where the fire damage ended and the storm damage began, and with one thing and another it was a month before matters were settled—with the family living on neighbors and in boarding houses. Those two owners paid exactly the same rate for their insurance; but you can see how much more one got for his money than the other did. This insurance business isn't all fun," he went on, "but I can tell you that a lot of trouble would be cut out if people would read their policies."

"I'm going to read mine here and now," said the owner, who by this time had calmed down.

"Glad to have you," responded the adjuster. "And if you have any questions—shoot!"

For a time there was silence, and then came the query: "What's this 80 percent business? Do you pay only 80 percent of the damage?"

"Struck the co-insurance clause, have you? I thought you'd ask about that; it's the most misunderstood thing in insurance. It's this way. Very few residence fires are total, 100-percent losses; almost every community has enough of a fire department to keep things from going as far as that. That being so, we don't expect you to insure to 100 percent value. We say, 'If you carry 80 percent, we'll pay in full for any losses up to 80 percent, but won't be responsible for anything more; if you have a fire that damages you more than that you'll have to stand the difference yourself. That puts you in partnership with us, more or less; we carry 80 percent and you carry 20 percent, which should make you think more about possible fire risks than if the whole thing were on us.'"

"Yes, I guess that's right. But you wouldn't stop me from insuring to 100 percent if I wanted to, would you?'"

"No, of course not. On the other hand, if you don't insure to a full 80 percent you'll be penalized; a loss will be paid in the proportion of the percent that you carry compared to 80 percent. That's where trouble usually comes in the making of adjustments. It isn't that people deliberately insure for less than they should, but because they don't find out what

New Light on an
Old Problem

You've always known the name of PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA—doubtless you know of a *few* uses for it.

But maybe it will be news to you that PARSONS' takes the tedious rub-and-scrub out of *every* cleaning task. That you can clean any fabric, utensil or surface in your home much easier and quicker if you add a little PARSONS' AMMONIA to the water.

Let it surprise and please you this very day! Try it for cleaning . . . .

linoleum dishes woodwork
enamel stoves laundry windows
pots and pans brushes

At all grocers and department stores
4 sizes—from 15c up

Use it wherever you use soap and water

BABY'S FINE NOW

mother's learned to like milk flavored with sugar and half a teaspoonful of

BURNETT'S VANILLA

Genuine German Cooking and **Baking**, by Lina Meier; 416 pp. 5½x8, cloth bound. Retails in English $3.00; German $3.00; English-German (combined) $4.50. **No Kitchen Library complete without it, because it is so different from other good cook books and is in a class by itself.** Ask your **bookdealer** or **Wetzel Bros. Printing Co.**, Dept. GH. 328 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

In using advertisements see page 6

Enjoy the comfort and economy of AN EXTRA FUR COAT *at a cloth coat's cost*

THE modern woman hesitates to wear an expensive fur coat for sports, or during exposure to bad weather. Yet fashion and health combine in decreeing the necessity of a fur coat through the colder season.

Laskinlamb fulfills the modern need for an extra fur coat — a fur coat that has all the style and attractiveness of the most expensive peltries, that costs no more than a moderately priced cloth coat and is endowed with unusual durability.

We will send you a complete volume — showing fur coats in the newest styles inspired by Parisian couturiers — and selected by a jury of leading American fashion experts. This interesting book also outlines which styles are proper for various occasions—and includes full instructions for the proper care of a fur coat

Ask your furrier to show you an assortment of Laskinlamb Coats, whether you wish to own one as a dress coat — or as a utility coat. In the meantime, mail us the coupon below—and we will send you, post-paid, without cost or obligation, the book of fur fashions and fur facts. J. Laskin & Sons, Inc. 130 West 30th Street, New York.

FREE: *Coupon below brings the Style Book by Return Mail. Send It Today.*

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This Label identifies the genuine Laskinlamb Coat. Other Laskin specialties: Laskin European Lamb; Laskin American Wombat; Laskin American Broadtail—described in free book.

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Gentleman: Please send me free style book, G.H.-10

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Getting Ready For a Fire

their property is actually worth—they guess at it. If they guess high they pay more for insurance than they should, and if they guess low they lose on an adjustment. I had a case of that sort last week. The owner had guessed his value at $15,000 and had a $12,000 policy that he figured represented 80 percent. He had a fire, and when I looked the place over it struck me that $15,000 was a low valuation for it. The more I investigated the surer I was, and I finally reported a value of $20,000. The owner kicked at that, and I suggested that he get a builder's idea about it. He did, and the builder backed me up—he said that he doubted if the place could be built for even $20,000. At 80 percent of that value the policy should have been for $16,000, and instead of being in the clear with his $12,000 insurance, the owner found that he had been carrying only 60 percent. On that basis his $4000 loss was paid in the proportion of 60 to 80, and he had to be satisfied with $3000.

"He was angry about it at first and asked me how I could expect him to know his value as exactly as that. I told him that he should be the first one to know what his property was worth and that if he didn't care enough to find out, he couldn't expect any one else to worry about it. I have my own house looked over by a builder every two or three years for an estimate of what replacement would cost, and I readjust my policy accordingly. I do the same thing with my household goods: I have a room-by-room inventory of everything in the house, with a value for every item. If I'm ever burned out I'll know exactly what I've lost and what it was worth.

"I certainly hope that you'll never have another fire; but I hope still more that what I've been saying will sink in and that if you have a fire again you'll be ready."

Plant Your Shrubs Now

(*Continued from page 47*)

incorporating pulverized peat moss with the soil to the extent of at least one third by bulk. A six-inch mulch of leaves, preferably oak, is desirable each fall.

The same principles of wide spacing must be carefully observed, as the evergreens, even more than the deciduous shrubs, resent crowding. They must have sufficient room to develop and a free circulation of air. Otherwise your planting will have to be replaced within a few years.

The dwarf varieties of coniferous evergreens suitable for foundation planting are found among the Yews, Junipers, Arborvitæs, and Retinosporas. Pines, with the exception of Pinus Mugho and the Spruces, Firs, and Hemlocks, are out of place in foundation plantings. You can not keep them small, for they are naturally large trees and you can not change their habits. The Yews and many of the Junipers and Arborvitæs, however, can be depended upon to stay within bounds, as they are naturally small and slow of growth.

Evergreens of the dwarfer kinds may be pleasingly combined with deciduous shrubs. They add color and texture to the winter landscape and variety of form to the foliage groups during the rest of the year. In selecting them be sure that they will stay within the size limit and that they are suitable for the soil conditions and the exposure of the location. It is generally safest to follow the advice of your local grower in this respect.

Probably within a few years we shall see the brilliant-flowered Azaleas used more freely in our plantings. It is only recently that they have become available at more reasonable prices. Few shrubs are more effective in foundation plantings than Azaleas, especially when they are placed against a background of greenery. Their cultivation differs from that of ordinary shrubs, as they demand an acid or sour soil and a mulch of leaf mold or similar

....."The Doctor would tell you *what this free book states so plainly.*"

Feminine Hygiene, what it constitutes, and its vital importance to every woman. Clearly explained in this 20 page book. Send for a free copy.

TYREE'S METHOD OF FEMININE HYGIENE APPROVED FOR 40 YEARS

EVERY physician knows Tyree's Antiseptic Powder as an effective antiseptic. Laboratory tests have proven its *phenomenal* strength. Yet it is soothing and healing, not poisonous, not irritating.

For more than 40 years Tyree's has been used by prudent women, aware of the importance of hygiene routine. They know it is such a *thorough* antiseptic and they like it for its delicate odor, easy measuring, quick dissolving and economy. Stainless and harmless to colored materials. Ask your druggist for Tyree's. The blue tissue-wrapped box with complete directions for use, comes in three sizes—small—medium—large.

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A powerful antiseptic, and germicide to safeguard against infection and contagion. Deodorizes the sanitary pad and relieves irritation.

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J. S. Tyree, Chemist, Inc., Washington, D.C.

☐ I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me a large size sample package of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and your free booklet, or:

☐ Please send free booklet "What Every Woman Should Know About Feminine Hygiene."

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, New York

Mother! They like to read

Have you a child between 4 and 15 years of age? Those are the determining years—exultant, baffling, romantic, dangerous. Then, the young mind seizes on books, to read, *read*, READ. Do you know exactly how to meet this problem? A wonderful way has been found. It helps mother. It saves money in the purchase of books. It stimulates the child with keen interest. This plan is directed by leading child experts

Ask for details. No obligation. Give name and age of your child.
CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB, Box 302, One Park Ave., N. Y. C.
Representatives! We will pay liberally for your help.

MOTHERS-TO-BE

Send for free Style Book One

Clothes specially designed to allow for changing figure without loss of smart lines. Special corselette $5.
MISS CREED, 234 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Jane Alda whose vivid beauty inspires genius · Says

....I use the Melba ABC of Beauty because its lovely shades are Nature's own!...

Jane Alda

YOU know Miss Jane Alda. Her radiant loveliness attracts you time and again—flashes at you from every magazine stand. She is a favorite model of Rolf Armstrong, the noted artist. Her skin has the exquisite texture of a flower-petal, the sun-kissed bloom of fascinating youth. The happy curve of her warm red mouth is enchanting. But there are times when Miss Alda does not *feel* very radiant; long hours of posing are tiring—cheeks pale, lips droop—yet she conveys a brilliant impression of colorful loveliness *always*. That is because she uses the Melba A B C of Beauty, as she frankly tells you:

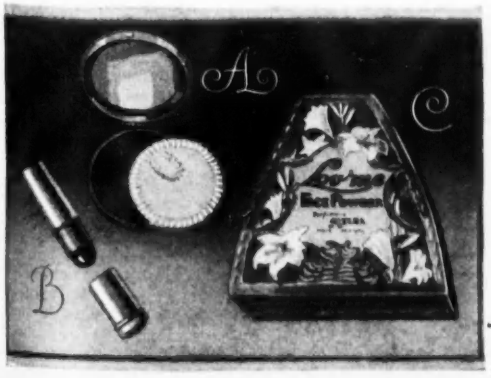
"I *use the* MELBA *A B C of Beauty* —the Face Powder, Lipstick and Rouge —because their lovely shades are Nature's own. They accentuate one's charm without intruding artificial tones. They lend that harmony and warmth of color that wise Mother Nature, who is very much of an artist herself, intended us to have."

ROLF ARMSTRONG, *whose brush translates Miss Alda's beauty into striking magazine covers, says*

"Miss Alda's skin has a satin beauty, her cheeks and lips a warmth of color, which make her brunette type truly an inspiration." Colors must be carefully selected, perfectly blended, in painting varying types of beauty ...And you, too, must "select", "blend" with the same care and artistry—to perfect *your* natural coloring.

A striking "back-stage view" of Miss Alda and Mr. Armstrong at work in the Bayside, L. I., studio of the artist.

In the Melba A B C of Beauty there is a tint especially developed to bring out the charm of *your* type. The Melba *Harmony Chart*—a fascinating booklet—is an authoritative guide to your shades of Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder. Send for your copy ...*It is free.* With the Melba A B C of Beauty in shades most flattering to your skin tones, you will achieve gloriously colorful loveliness.



MELBA *Lov'me* ★

PARFUMERIE MELBA, INC. 235 SPRING STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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For flawless beauty of skin use the specialized Melba Creams—Skin Cleanser, Tissue Cream, Vanishing Cream—a complete home beauty treatment.

In using advertisements see page 6

A Royal Road to Extra Money!

Mrs. Ralph Goodyear

Miss Daisy D. Williams

Mrs. Fannie H. Jones

Pearl Jacobus Thiel

Mrs. Florence M. Caffee

Miss Rachel Stannard

Learn the Secret of Earning in Spare-time!

THOUSANDS of women, young and old, in small town and city, have discovered that through our plan they can easily turn their leisure moments, otherwise wasted, into ready cash. They have built homes of their own, bought new cars, radios, and finer wardrobes, sent their children to college, and earned money to pay for countless other pleasures and necessities, simply by acting as local spare-time subscription representatives for the magazine you are now reading, and the other famous publications of the International Magazine Company, Inc.

Read about some of our thousands of representatives who have taken this Royal Road To Extra Money. Just as they are turning their spare moments into gold—*YOU CAN TOO!*

A Mother —
Mrs. Ralph Goodyear

Mrs. Ralph Goodyear of Illinois is the mother of a family of girls and boys and plans to send them all to college. She says: "My magazine work has meant so much to me that I feel I am a different person than I otherwise would have been. It has given me the best of reading, outdoor exercise and recreation, and a host of friends. I have always enjoyed the work so much that I often felt I would continue it, even though I received no pay."

A School Teacher—
Miss Daisy D. Williams

Miss Daisy D. Williams is a busy school teacher in a little town in Illinois. Yet for years she has been finding a few spare hours every week to devote to our easy money-making plan. She recently built a new five room home entirely with magazine money and says: "I find the work very interesting and easy. I have made and kept many dear friends whom I would never have known were it not for my magazine business."

A Grandmother—
Mrs. Fannie H. Jones

Mrs. Fannie H. Jones of California is a grandmother who uses our plan for earning money for her charities, club funds, etc., and recently celebrated her twentieth year of successful spare-time earning through our plan.

A Business Girl—
Pearl Jacobus Thiel

Pearl Jacobus Thiel of Illinois writes: "It is surprising to me why more have not taken advantage of the wonderful opportunity which is theirs merely for the asking. I have been in the game two years and have increased my business 100% over the previous year."

Another Mother—
Mrs. Florence M. Caffee

Mrs. Florence M. Caffee of Wyoming is a busy housewife with five children to care for. Yet she found time to earn $150.00 in a single month with our pleasant money-making plan, and says: "I am very grateful for the advertisement that called my attention to this work, for it has earned me several hundred dollars. Nothing would induce me to give up my magazine work for it is such a nice way for a mother to get the little luxuries that mean so much for both the kiddies and herself, aside from the feeling of confidence and independence which is a very comfortable one to have."

Miss Rachel H. Stannard

Miss Rachel H. Stannard writes: "The work has built up my health wonderfully, has helped me renew many old friendships and make many new ones and has netted me good profits. I am sincerely grateful to the IMC."

Simple—Convenient—Experience Unnecessary

This spare-time side-line (or full time, if you wish) is simple. It is convenient. It is dignified and pleasant. Business training is unnecessary. There is no interference with your regular duties in home or office. You can earn good money in your leisure hours of day or evening, indoors or outdoors, whenever you please, and there are no obligations entailed. All you need is the desire to earn, and your profits start **AT ONCE!**

Take this Royal Road to Extra Money! Mail the coupon for a description of our interesting plan at once!

Don't Put This Off!

Dept. 1029C, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send me at once, without obligation, details of your spare-time, money-making plan.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Plant Your Shrubs Now

material to keep the soil sufficiently moist.

A shrub used as a specimen on the lawn should have some outstanding quality, such as brilliance of bloom, to warrant such a conspicuous position. The flowering Almonds and Peaches, the Japanese Cherries and Crabs, and the Dogwoods are ideal for this purpose. The last, of course, are more like small trees than shrubs. They all show up to the best advantage when placed against a background of taller trees or shrubs, especially evergreens.

Another group of shrubs especially good for specimen planting is the French Hybrid Lilacs. These have been so highly developed that today they are among the most glorious of the spring-flowering shrubs. As they grow quite large, they are not suitable for foundation planting unless the group is to be very large and tall. For the background of the flower garden they are ideal, and they can be combined with other things to make lovely garden pictures.

A specimen shrub, which should be, as its name indicates, the most perfect specimen possible, should receive the best planting and care you can give it. In selecting a specimen plant, try to get one characteristic of the variety and perfect in every respect. The particular variety you use will be such as your taste dictates; but beware of garish, freakish things. Suppose you desire to plant a specimen rose that would be one of the outstanding shrubs of your garden—I refer to the species roses that are really shrubs and should be treated as such. A careful survey of the available varieties will probably find the hybrid Rugosa Conrad Ferdinand Meyer the most desirable. It is a shrubby rose of enormous vigor and hardy enough to withstand all but the most severe winters without protection. The vigorous canes, sometimes twelve feet high, bear profusely large, well-built flowers of a light, silvery pink.

Be careful not to overdo the planting of specimens. The yard should not be a mêlée of isolated groups, but a complete picture, each part of which should aid in making the whole more beautiful. Specimens should not be planted to display their particular charms, but, by the protection of their charms, to make the entire planting more beautiful.

Fall Planting

Shrubs may be planted in either spring or fall, though it is generally conceded that the latter is more satisfactory. The shrubs are naturally dormant in the fall and transplanting does not check their growth; while in the spring they start growing early and feel the shock of transplanting much more. Fall-planted material has also the great advantage of being in place, ready to start growing immediately in the spring. Don't forget that all plants moved in the fall must be lightly mulched after the ground is frozen to prevent heaving by the frosts. This is very important. Large specimens should be securely supported by guy wires, so that the winds of winter can not loosen them. Be sure that the wires are so placed that they will not injure the bark or branches.

I think that generally too little care is used in planting shrubs. They are not particular as a class; but if you will give them the best possible soil conditions and care for them properly they will reward you. Perhaps the greatest mistake is not giving them sufficient water. Their roots go deep into the ground and must be watered thoroughly. The best way to water is to remove the nozzle from the hose and allow the water to run for two hours or more upon the soil around the roots. It is almost impossible to water them too much.

In planting, try to give shrubs good soil, dig the hole sufficiently deep and large to allow spreading the roots naturally, and work fine soil carefully in around them, firming it well. Be sure to prune back the top at least one-third to make up for the loss of feeding rootlets. All these seemingly minor things are important, and you will find that it pays in the end to look to them carefully.

Home Lights

(*Continued from page 46*)

can be saved if all the electric needs of those who are to live in the house can be foreseen when the house is being built. The first thing one does when entering a house after dark is to turn on a light. The same thing is true of entering a room, or going up or downstairs. One wants to be preceded by light, and to be able to turn out lights after himself. This means a careful selection of switches—choosing the one which will be most economical and efficient for its purpose. For example, the switch which controls the porch light should enable one returning home at night to turn on the light from the outside of the house, so that he can find the keyhole easily. At the same time, one should be able to turn on the light from indoors in order to light departing guests. The 3-way switch which would make this possible would be the proper one to install in this case, and in several other parts of the house, such as the stairs.

Plan for the Future

In planning for convenience outlets for electric-operated apparatus, it is a good idea to provide not only for the appliances one possesses, but for those one is likely to have in the future. Thus, the sewing room should have an outlet for a power motor. Provision for chafing-dish and percolator should be made not only in the dining-room, but also on the big living-porch where the young people in the family like to serve supper. There should be an outlet for the vacuum cleaner in the hall as well as in each room. The little things, such as the curling iron and the baby's milk-bottle warmer, should be as thoughtfully planned for as the electric washer and ironing machine in the laundry. If there is an invalid in the family, a maid, or any one who can not share the radio programs in the living-room, a radio extension with a loud speaker in her room will add to her contentment.

An architect always tries to learn the way his client lives and how he will furnish his house, and he uses this knowledge in making the preliminary wiring plan. He will avoid the usual mistakes of the amateur—putting a base plug in the center of a long wall or directly behind some large piece of furniture where it is either unusable or undesired. But obviously the architect should have some help from the owner in deciding where fixtures will be needed. The lighting of the modern living-room is largely a matter of base plugs, and there should be plenty of them—preferably duplex, so that if the owner wants to change the arrangement of his furniture or wants more light, he has only to attach a lamp. The main switch should turn on the lamps, not the brackets in the living-room, because the important lights in any modern living-room are from portable lamps.

The lighting of the dining-room has always been a difficult problem. The low-hung central chandeliers directly over the dining-room table which used to be considered necessary not only lighted the table, but threw a hard and uncompromising glare in the eyes of the diners. They were discarded in favor of brackets which left the table in shadow. Modern dining-rooms are generally lighted by brackets, supplemented by the charm of candles burning on the table, or they are lighted by a central fixture placed flat against the ceiling and giving adequate but not overpowering light.

The bedroom also presents a problem which has not been satisfactorily solved. Lamps at the bedside and on the dressing table, and possibly a central light for those who like strong light for dressing, make the general scheme simple enough, but the lighting of the mirrors is more difficult. Well-placed brackets at each side of the mirror may light it perfectly, but I have found that tall lamps on the dressing-table, with shades that may easily be adjusted so as to throw the light where it is desired, are more dependable.

Pohlson GIFTS

NEW pleasure attends Christmas giving and Christmas shopping when it is done the Pohlson way. Each gift is daintily packaged . . . you may choose from hundreds . . . many priced as low as 50c, and a dollar will accomplish wonders.

Service
5818—What an attractive and convenient service for cigarettes when you entertain. Made of wood, hand decorated. Holds just 20.
Postpaid **$1.00**

Beauty
5822—A lovely bottle of smelling salts with hand-colored rose stopper. In artistic box of French design. A charming gift for particular friends. Safely packed.
Postpaid **$2.00**

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5859—Brush with shaded bristles and handle of wood in sea pearl finish beautifully decorated. Height 5 inches. In rose, green or lavender.
Postpaid **$1.50**

Dainty Gift
5837—PowderBowl beautiful. Like an open tulip of roselin glass with exquisite puff finished with handmade wild rose. A delightful gift.
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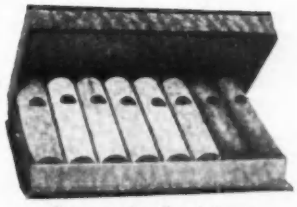

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Eight tubes of the finest bath salts beautifully packed in silvered box of modernistic design. A fragrant gift and beautiful.
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Set of six lovely coasters in white glass with beautiful color decorations. Of superior quality. Used under tumblers to protect the table. Set of six safely packed.
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A Friendly Call
810—This Ivorex plaque is a special importation and carries with it a spirit of friendship. In old ivory with hand decoration in color. Size 6¼ by 9¼.
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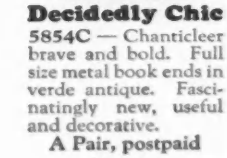

InTulipGlass
5821—Who would not take lemon with their tea when offered on this lovely server with fork of glass. In pink or green. Packed in gift fashion.
Postpaid **$2.00**

POHLSON'S House of Gifts

Department 69 Established 1895 Pawtucket, R. I.

Ask *Your* Doctor about This *Safe* Slumber Suit

Your doctor will undoubtedly agree with the 247 physicians who have certified to the fabric and design of the CertoSafe Slumber Suit. He will tell you that your children need protection at night, while their vitality runs low and winter temperatures endanger their health.

The CertoSafe Slumber Suit is beautifully made from soft, woolly fabric that gives plenty of warmth without too much weight. Warm, snug neck—wide, roomy drop-seat—side vents that cannot gap open on cold nights—rip-proof seams—long-wearing rubber buttons—special reinforced fabric soles—here are some of the CertoSafe features which have contributed to the immense popularity of this garment. You can tell the genuine CertoSafe by the Bunny in the pocket.

FREE—*for You and the Children!*

A truly helpful booklet, "Safety for the Little Ones While They Sleep," with suggestions for night time care of small children, sent free on request, with name of nearest CertoSafe dealer. Also a free copy of the well-known "Bunny Bedtime Story Book" for your children.

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Scranton - - - - Pa.

Certo Safe
TRADE MARK
HYGIENIC
SLUMBER SUIT
GUARANTEED

For Tomorrow We Die-t

(*Continued from page 38*)

But the Elite's insulted customer intended to do all the talking necessary.

"Who sprung this crazy idear that little, skinny runts of women are the only ones worth looking at? The skinny runts *themselves*, if you ask *me*. Look at *my* teeth! Not a filling in one of 'em, and my color's *fast*. I never admired *bones*, nor George, my husband, don't either. He says, 'Teeny'—that's short for Hortense—'we only live once. You've never been sick a day in your life, so why kick about a little fat? If you subtrac' good eats from your schedule, where *are* you?' he says. 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for *tomorrow* we die-t,' he says, being a great kidder. Well, I'll go on down to this fresh joint. On Main Street, I bet it is."

A whistle sounded from the Hardinge porch, and a voice followed the shrill notes.

"Goo-*by!* I'm wanted *right spang off*," said Genevieve Gertrude thankfully, and went up the path like a runaway comet.

ON THE top step stood Isabel Hewitt Hardinge that young matron who was her idolized teacher of yesteryear, and beside her smiled that plump, blue-eyed widow, Mrs. T. Effingham Howells.

"Hon-bug," wheedled Isabel Hardinge, dropping on one knee before the flushed runner, "we want to lend you out again. Suppose you quit this lemonade business, and earn your thrift money much more easily. Mrs. Howell's Katy has gone off to a jamboree of some kind and so she's alone in that big house. She offers you a job as companion and watch-dog over her diet *at your own price*. Think of it! You can make up your Thrift Club balance, sugar."

"But—but," faltered the potential watch-dog, lifting longing eyes to the windows of that delectable yellow and brown room which was hers every week-end. "Why—why the baldy editor couldn't *spare* me! We was a-going clamming tonight—right after supper. The tide's 'way out. Maybe there'd be eels, too, and you *know* you love *eels*."

The baldy editor's spouse sighed and rumpled the mop of ruddy curls so near her shoulder.

"Tough luck, lamb! The old press went temperamental today, and our boy friend is due to stick on the job till all hours. Be a good sport, G. G. Trot upstairs and grab your little bag. You'll have a simply elegant time, earn your missing money, and be elected third vice-president at the very least, regulations or no regulations."

"But, honest, will I be *a-earning* that money, just by being comp'ny? I *could* do the dishes, or look over ole spinach 'what I hate worser'n anythin'. Irma and the rest wouldn't be snooty 'bout my getting paid, would they?"

Mrs. T. Effingham Howells laughed archly and patted Genevieve Gertrude's sticky hand.

"My *dear* child! Of course, you will earn it. I'd have to have *some* one, for I'm such a coward, and the papers have been just full of burglaries lately— Oh, not *here*, darling. No, no indeed. This is a perfectly safe place, isn't it, Isabel? You shall have the loveliest room next to mine, and we'll manage a delightful time, only you must be very, *very* cross with me if you see me letting up on my diet."

"Well-ll," reluctantly conceded the dietician, "I'll go—just this *once*—but I s'pose you know *crossness* is ketching, don't you?"

She plodded slowly up the stairs, stopping on the first landing to gaze gloomily at the shifting groups of women in the dining-room. . . . Hm'm. Only half-past five! Twelve—fourteen—prob'bly *sixteen* hours you'd gotta wear your best Sunday school manners and stay with that lady what laughed up the scale—do, mi, sol, do—so terrible sweety all the time.

Oh, well, you could sleep *some* of it, and you was *dead sure* of your Thrift Club money, anyways.

Corned Beef LORRAINE

by a Celebrated Director of Cookery

TESTING in her own experimental kitchens, Sarah Field Splint discovered a series of appetizing new ways to serve Anglo Corned Beef. These originations will delight you. They make even more delicious a corned beef noted for its distinctive flavor and tenderness. Anglo is specially cured and includes the porterhouses and sirloins. Cooked in the tin, and ready for the pantry shelf, Anglo retains all the nourishing meat juices and saves you time in preparation. Mail the coupon below for Miss Splint's booklet. Please include your dealer's name.

ANGLO CORNED BEEF ★

This Coupon **brings you an invaluable booklet on corned beef cookery.**

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A Find in Switzerland

—that may make your child over

A Swiss Discovery in Child Development That Has Spread Over 54 Different Nations. Not a Medicine, but a Super-Delicious Food-Drink

Accept 3-Day Supply—Watch Your Child's Weight Go Up a Pound or More a Week; See Nervousness Lessen Day by Day

Here is another unique development in child health from Switzerland; the nation which has done so many wonderful things in child health.

The discovery of a scientist of world-note, it has spread over 54 different nations—the delicious food-drink Ovaltine. Now in America, over 20,000 doctors are advising this utterly new-type health beverage.

It will mean much to your child. For it marks one of the most important scientific discoveries of years. Weight *increases*—nervousness *decreases* quickly and noticeably.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every vital food element necessary to child health.

"We Were Amazed at the Results"

Some weeks ago my children suffered from colds and tonsilitis. They lost considerable weight and were naturally very much run down after their sickness, so we determined to give Ovaltine a trial. We were amazed at the results. The kiddies picked up at once, put on weight and seemed to have once again their old-time pep and energy. Now we give them a cup of Ovaltine each day after school and again at bedtime.—Thomas J. Dunnford, 518 S. 6th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in easily digested form so that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine such as iron, lime and phosphorus, build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh, and thus constantly increase weight—as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Others foster richer blood, and thus combat conditions of anemia. Important vitamins are supplied also to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but actually increases the effectiveness of *all* starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what Ovaltine means to you and yours. Give at breakfast always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you. Delicious as a cold shakeup drink.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

Finding Health Thru Ovaltine

A group of healthy young tobogganers, near Davos, Switzerland. Here a world-famous child's sanitarium employs Ovaltine regularly in building the sturdy vigor that enables children to really enjoy winter snow and winter sports.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

C

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. M-7
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... *State*.....
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE ★

THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK

530R

In using advertisements see page 6

soft

So soft... a mantle of peace and beauty descends upon your hands ... the hush of Pacquin steals over taut nerves... its whipped-cream coolness drenching thirsty pores.

In this invisible glove of relaxed beauty, tired hands will meet the playtime world unashamed... challenging the ivory satin of your gown.

And, remember—"hard" water takes no toll, when after each washing, you smooth in velvety Pacquin's Hand Cream.

Send 10 cents to Jane E. Curran, Inc., Dept. A3, 101 West 31 St., New York, for the Introductory Pacquin Jar — containing sufficient for two weeks.

★ Pacquin's HAND CREAM

FOR YOUTHFUL HANDS

4 oz. jar $1.00 1¾ oz. tube 50¢
Introductory jar 10¢

ALSO MAKERS OF PACQUIN'S COLD AND VANISHING CREAMS

For Tomorrow We Die-t

MRS. T. EFFINGHAM HOWELLS' house made most people think of a pink birthday cake elaborately iced. There was so much fussiness about it. She herself said it was *bijou*. At all the windows and everywhere else that taffeta and lace could be hung, lace and taffeta were hung. Everywhere that a pretty, frilly lamp could be placed, a frilly, pretty lamp was placed. Tiny, silken pillows, in the palest of pastel tints, lay like a cloud of butterflies upon the satin coverlet of her bed, and her dressing-table was a miniature beauty shop in amber and ivory.

The small guest of the buxom widow Howells looked down the length of the daintily set supper table and sighed. . . . Well, say! What was the use of sporting your *lace doilies* when there wasn't no grand eats? The *kitchen* was plenty good enough for just rice and milk and baked apples, wasn't it?

"You're not eating, dear," said the lady of the house, nibbling a piece of dry toast. "Let me give you some more rice."

Genevieve Gertrude shook her red head.

"It's—it's very nice for them what *likes* it," she observed politely, "and of course it makes the Japanesers awful strong, but, honest, when I taste somepin what don't taste like nothing, I know it's *rice*."

"Well—suppose I fix some potato salad," suggested Mrs. Howells, brightening. "I'm sure Katy made fresh mayonnaise this morning, and I saw the most heavenly coconut meringue pie in the pantry. Just a wee little *sliver* won't hurt—"

"Lissen!" The visiting dietician's tone was firm. "You know what potatoes *is* at putting on fat, don't you? Well, then! And pie's worser'n anythin'! Just today I seen a *perfect whopper* of a lady—big enough to go in a circus—and the laundry made wise-cracks 'bout her clo'es. *You* don't want to get like—"

But the shrill staccato of the hall telephone cut in upon her words, and the mistress of the house, in a flutter of mauve draperies, rushed to answer it.

The young person left alone at the table folded her arms and gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"I'm kinda sorry *now* I didn't get filled up on all that i-scream and cake what them bridge ladies left," she mourned. "*My* thrift money is a-going to be *earnt* all right, 'cause it certainly looks like I got to diet for *two*. Who's that on the telefoam? Her beau, prob'bly, or maybe somebody what she's a-wishing *was*, anyways."

THE laughing conversation over the wire suddenly ceased. Mrs. Howells' pink face was downcast when she came back into the room.

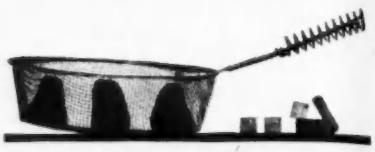
"Just a little disappointment, ducky," she explained. "I expected a caller, but he's had to go out of town. Business keeps him away so often. Such a spendid fellow—Mr. Prentiss! You see, my dear husband and I were wonderfully congenial—he always said, 'Dulcie, you have the *sweetest* spirit'—and it's fearfully lonely now in this big house. Sometimes I think I'll just *have* to marry again. That would end this silly dieting, too. Love, they say, is blind."

"Well, *husbands* ain't," remarked her mentor bluntly. "Lots of 'em can't see a-tall when their wives need new clo'es, but they can spot *fat*, and they don't go behind no door to *say* so, neither. And lissen: If you're a-going to pick a new one out, you want to be *awful careful*. Look 'em over long and plenty first. They's only two kinds of husbands anyways—the ones you *can* stand and the ones you *can't*—but the good brand is a-getting terrible scarce. Not near enough to go 'round."

"But *how* does one recognize the right variety, you worldly-wise child?" The widow's glance was coy. She shook a finger sparkling with gems at the earnest eyes opposite.

"Well," replied the matrimonial expert gravely, "of course, in the moving pitchers and the talkies this lovey-dovey stuff is all you need

'STEERO" SECRETS



SAVE MONEY on meals and still serve tastier meats

SOME of the most inexpensive cuts—a shin of veal, flank steak, corned beef—can be transformed into the tastiest dishes ever set before a family—by the magic of "STEERO" bouillon cubes. It's really miraculous the big difference these little cubes make. With meats that lack flavor, soups that lack zest, with sauces, salads, and sandwich spreads. Just add "STEERO" bouillon cubes and any everyday dish takes on a new deliciousness!

They're a dish in themselves, too, a piquant appetizer. Just read the name again—"STEERO" *bouillon* cubes. Ah! there's the secret of their success, for in themselves these cubes contain the very essence of the choicest beef. No wonder they will add a tempting flavor to the cheapest cuts of meat. No wonder that women from towns and cities everywhere are writing us for samples of these magic menumakers, and the "STEERO" recipe book—"101 New Dishes." May we send you both with our compliments? Please use the coupon.

"101 new dishes" and samples of "STEERO" bouillon cubes FREE

Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes.

G. H.-10

American Kitchen Products Co., 281 Water Street, New York, N. Y. *Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.*

NAME_____

STREET_____

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This offer not good in Canada

Saves Repair Bills

Costly repairs or a little 3-in-One; which do you prefer?

Oil your vacuum cleaner, sewing machine and other household mechanisms with 3-in-One and unnecessary wear will be unheard of.

3-in-One has remarkable lubricating qualities obtained by combining the properties of three different highly refined oils—*animal, mineral and vegetable.* It penetrates tightest bearing, spreading in a thin, wear resisting film between all moving parts.

Sold everywhere by grocery, drug, notion, hardware, department and general stores. Look for the Big Red "One" on the label. It's your protection.

Manufactured since 1894

Three-In-One Oil Co., 130 William St., New York

FREE—*Generous sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.*

3-in-One

M820

For Tomorrow We Die-t

to get married on, but when it comes to *housekeeping* it's darn' different. What you'd *ought* to do is find out does he pick up the newspapers 'thout being jawred a nawful lot, and if they's pot-roast for Sunday dinner will he eat it sliced cold Monday, and made in hash Tuesday and stew Wednesday 'thout cussing blue blazes. Then *if* he sings when he's a-shaving, and if he don't keep his—"

The sibyl paused, her color mounting in a flood clear to her red crest. . . . Why, that Mr. Dick Prentiss *did!* And on the Labor Day picnic he joked 'bout a *perigee tide* when Mrs. Howells went in a-swimming. Hm'm. And her so awful sweety on him, too!

"I—I guess maybe I better not tell you the rest right *now.* Ain't you a-going to eat your baked apple?"

"No, dear," sighed the martyr to diet. "I don't care for apples unless they're smothered in whipped cream. I can't think where you picked up your quaint ideas about husbands, but I do recall that poor Effingham *loathed* pot-roast. Now what shall we do to amuse ourselves? Are you fond of the radio, girly?"

"I *was*," admitted her guest with candor, "but now I got 'em *over, under,* and *side* of me in the 'partment where I live from Mondays to Fridays, you see."

"Then"—T. Effingham's relict covered a yawn with a soft, white hand—"we'll just stack these dishes in the sink ready for Katy, and perhaps you can find an interesting book in the library. I'll dash off a note or two and we'll go to bed early. Children *should,* and I must say I find this dieting business *very* exhausting."

THERE was a small electric light directly across the street, and this sent its rays into the fluffy blue room where the watch-dog over Mrs. Howells' diet lay flat in the canopied bed, for she had discarded the tiny silk and lace pillows and piled them on the window-seat.

The hands of the French gilt clock on the dresser pointed to three when she awakened and bounced upright, to hug her knees and stare about the unfamiliar place in sudden panic.

"Now I *know* I wisht I'd filled up to my eyewinkers on that i-scream and things," she murmured morosely. "I'm all hollow clean down to my *toes.* If she'd tole me this job meant *a-starving*— Where's the door? I'm turned spang round. Where's the chair with my clo'es? The window's *there,* but where's—"

From the hall came the creak of a loose board, the rustle of stealthy steps, followed by silence, profound and unbroken. The occupant of the bed, her scalp prickling, promptly slid her slim feet to the floor and crawled under the satin valance. Here she lay for an eternity, gazing wide-eyed into the darkness above her. No one entered. There was no noise of any kind in the house, and presently a milkman's truck thundered by, stopping at a gate farther down the avenue.

The prisoner under the bed raised the valance and crept out. From the dressing-table she picked up a heavy silver hairbrush, its handle long and shining.

"Pooh! 'Twasn't nothing *a-tall,*" she assured her dim image in the mirror. "Rats, prob'bly. But she *did* say there'd been burglars in the paper. I'll just take a squint—Oh, my country 'tis of thee! I left my Thrift Club money hid back of them ole books in the liberry! And burglars looks *everywheres!* Well, I hope to tell the world, burglars or no burglars, they ain't a-going to snitch *that!*"

She went down the broad stairs as a cat does, just the balls of her feet touching the deep pile of the velvet carpet, her left hand clutching the bannister railing, her right arm rigid before her, the heavy silver handle of the hairbrush projecting like the barrel of a pistol.

The intense darkness which precedes dawn shrouded the lower floor. The great living-room, the more formal parlor, the music room,

100 YEARS *in the making*

Grasp the slicer! So light and easy to handle... well balanced...so sharp...lastingly sharp. ¶ It's a Russell Royal Blue Arrow knife with a right-royal ancestry of five-score years. *Examine it!* Correct in dimensions... lacquered over wood of handsome grain with generous brass rivets and a charming little ornament in blue. ¶ *Send for it!* Just mail us a single dollar bill and we will send the slicer. ¶ *And then!* You will want your dealer to sell you the entire Royal Blue Arrow assortment. ¶ *Today!* Send for the slicer and know what Russell Cutlery is like.

RUSSELL

GREEN RIVER CUTLERY

Manufactured by

JOHN RUSSELL CUTLERY CO.

***of* Turners Falls, Massachusetts**

In using advertisements see page 6

24 Leading Biscuit Companies—

—from Maine to California —from northern Canada to Mexico— bring you

VEGETIZED* *Whole Wheat* WAFERS

RECOGNIZING the high obligation to supply the public with the latest improvements in food as determined by leading authorities on nutrition and dietetics, 24 of America's foremost biscuit companies are collaborating in the manufacture of Vegetized Wafers.

The vital necessity of Vegetables in the daily diet has become fully recognized during the past few years and their increased consumption is encouraged by doctors and all well-informed persons. But only recently has a practical way been found to incorporate fresh vegetables in Bakery products without the loss of their essential health-giving elements. After an exhaustive investigation, these 24 leading manufacturers recognized in the vegetization process the most outstanding development in foods in a decade.

One of these— 24 Leading Biscuit Companies serves your territory and will supply you if your grocer cannot.

EAST
T. A. Huston & Co., Portland
J. S. Ivins' Son, Inc., Phila.
Ontario Biscuit Co., Buffalo and Pittsburgh

CENTRAL
The Felber Biscuit Co., Columbus
Hekman Biscuit Co., Grand Rapids
Lakeside Biscuit Co., Toledo
Manchester Biscuit Co., Fargo, N. D. and Sioux Falls, S. D.
Merchants Biscuit Co., Denver
Purity Biscuit Co., Salt Lake City
Quality Biscuit Co., Milwaukee
Sawyer Biscuit Co., Chicago
Strietmann Biscuit Co., Cincinnati
Union Biscuit Co., St. Louis

SOUTH
Martin Biscuit Co., Birmingham, Alabama
Vories Baking Co., New Orleans

PACIFIC
Bishop & Co., Los Angeles
Mutual Biscuit Co., San Francisco
Tru-Blu Biscuit Co., Seattle, Spokane and Portland

CANADA
Canada Biscuit Co., London, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

Vegetized Wafers are delicious, non-fattening whole-wheat cookies containing milk, eggs, and vegetable shortening together with the equivalent of one-fourth of their weight in Spinach, Carrots, Celery, Lettuce and Tomatoes as grown.

Children who don't like vegetables may now be assured a constant and plentiful supply of health-protecting, body-building vegetable vitamins and mineral salts through regular eating of Vegetized Wafers. Adults who are troubled with acidosis or other digestive disturbances find the strong alkaline reaction of the vegetables in Vegetized Wafers of great benefit. Ask your doctor. He knows. Vegetized Wafers are sold by leading grocers in sanitary packages only, never in bulk.

VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc.,
Union Insurance Building, Los Angeles

*VEGETIZED—The exclusive vegetization process removes only the water from the vegetables without losing the vitamins and mineral salts. Every Vegetized Food contains these essential elements of five fresh uncooked vegetables.

Send for this Free book—An interesting free book describing the vegetization process and giving delicious recipes for the use of Vegetized Wafers and other Vegetized Foods is yours for the asking. Send the coupon.

VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc., 1GH1029
Union Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

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For Tomorrow We Die-t

the library, the dining-room, the kitchen were black and still as she inched her cautious way through them.

"A-scairt for nothing!" reflected the intrepid explorer, in disgust. "Where's that 'lectric switch? I guess it's safe now to hunt for my Thrift—"

With her hand on the button she stopped short, a pulse beating painfully in her throat. *There was some one in the house*—for across the kitchen a thread of light showed through an almost closed door!

Gripping her hairbrush even more tightly, Mrs. Howells' companion tiptoed over Katy's immaculate linoleum, dropped to her knees, and applied a dilated eye to the opening.

On a high stool sat that sweet spirit, Dulcie Howells, wrapped in a gorgeous brocaded negligée, her feet, in frivolous pink mules, tucked up on the lowest rung. Before her on the pantry shelf was half of that heavenly coconut meringue pie of which she had spoken. In her right hand she held a fork; in her left was a generous wedge of cheese; and on her face was the blissfully dreamy look of a just-fed infant.

Bitterness welled in the soul of the watcher as she contemplated the picture. . . . *Sweet mama!* Only *half* that pie *left!* That fat dame's husband George was dead right: "*Tomorrow* we diet." Hm'm! Prob'bly that was the way *all* them bridge ladies done their dieting—*tomorrow!* Why, you couldn't even take your eyes off'n 'em or they'd be a-eating somepin. You *would* think when you'd got 'em safe to *bed*—

Mrs. Howells serenely cut herself another piece of cheese, lifted the lid of a white box, and proceeded to unwind tin foil from a fruit cake. Without a sound her keeper turned and fled.

She dove into the tumbled bed and pulled the sheet over her stricken face . . . Oh, *dear!* Now you couldn't belong to the Thrift Club! You *couldn't* take no money for a-making that sneaky ole Mrs. Howells stick *on* her diet when she was down in the pantry 'way *off'n* it. *Half* a pie, cheese, *and* fruit cake—and prob'bly *potato salad* before you got there!

In burning, tearless silence she waited for the stealthy steps to ascend the stairs. Presently they came, slowed by her door, went on to the next room.

Genevieve Gertrude lay still in her pretty nest and composed a note of farewell. At half-past six she arose, snapped on the light, tore a piece of ruled paper from the pad she carried in her week-end bag, unearthed a stubby pencil from its depths and got down to brass tacks.

"DEAR MRS. HOWELLS:

"I seen you in the pantrey and I ca'nt take no money from dyet ladys what sneeks eats like pie and big hunks of chees at three oclock in the morning. I fell down on the job I gess. tomorrow we dyet is all write for you but I only got 4 more days left now to get my thrift club mony in. so I am on my way home to put my lemonaid stand up agen. I do'nt think you can land that Mr. Dick P. and if I was meen I cood tell you a lot but all I will tell is that other thing I left out about hussbands. do'nt marrey nobudy what keeps there dimes and 5 centses in a little pockitbook sted of there pants pockits. if he does he is dubble skotch and I seen Mr. Dick P. once when he had to get out a nickul for the papper boy.

Yours truely
GENEVIEVE GERTRUDE"

THE scribe read this over, her lips a straight line, a wrinkle between her eyes. She stood on a chair and stuck the letter between the mirror and its frame, got into her few garments quickly, put the bed to air, and cautiously opened the door. The stairs she negotiated on her hands and knees, backward, and three minutes later she had retrieved her thrift money from the library. Then she went noiselessly down the side steps.

For Tomorrow We Die-t

The weather had changed during the night. A heavy dew sparkled on the grass. From the northwest a wind was springing up with the coming of the sun—a cool wind which would ring the death knell of summer. At the lower edge of the lawn the departing guest turned, lifting somber eyes toward the dreaming house.

"And there I *earnt* that money, too," she mused bleakly. "Wasn't I comp'ny overnight when I didn't *want* to be none? Ain't I most a-starving? But that didn't keep *her* on the ole diet. Betcha I can't sell no more lemonade neither. I wonder would they p'raps let me switch to hot choc'lit. Anyways, I don't take no more jobs with them tomorrow-we-dieters. *They skin*—and I'm off'n 'em for life."

A quarter of a mile farther on, just where the broad avenue flowed into the still wider expanse of the Post Road, the dejected traveler became conscious of a sharp nail in her right shoe. She sat down on the top of a convenient stone wall and removed the scuffed, brown-leather object.

The nail was a stubborn fellow and stoutly resisted all attempts to dislodge or bend him. Grumbling, the pilgrim hunted about until she found a stone narrow enough to insert in the toe, and another which could be used as a hammer.

AT SEVEN o'clock of a late September morning, traffic between small towns is not heavy even on a highway, but presently a rather shabby blue car, zipping along at a furious pace, pulled up abruptly and came to a standstill in front of the industrious cobbler. The driver took out his watch, frowned at it, cast a furtive glance back over the ground he had covered, and throttled down his still roaring engine.

"Mother know you're out so early, kid?" he inquired pleasantly. "Live around here, do you?"

The cobbler raised her red head and regarded her questioner with an unfriendly stare.

"I *used* to live in N'Yawk, but now I do in that town just 'round the next corner. I mean I do when I ain't a-being lent out to ole bossers and *tomorrow* dieters," she added gloomily, out of bitter remembrance.

The young man in the blue car threw her a suddenly keen look, but he kept his eyes on the road to the rear as he spoke.

"In the next town, eh? Well, then, perhaps you've seen a nice brown bus pass by. A gray-haired chap drove it—friend of mine—tall, thin, glasses on a black ribbon. No? You see, he promised to meet me just along here, and somehow I've missed him. *Sure* you haven't seen him? Still no, eh? Then how'd you like to ride home with me? Everybody in town knows *you*, I suppose. Maybe they'll think I'm your rich uncle from Alaska, just arrived for a visit."

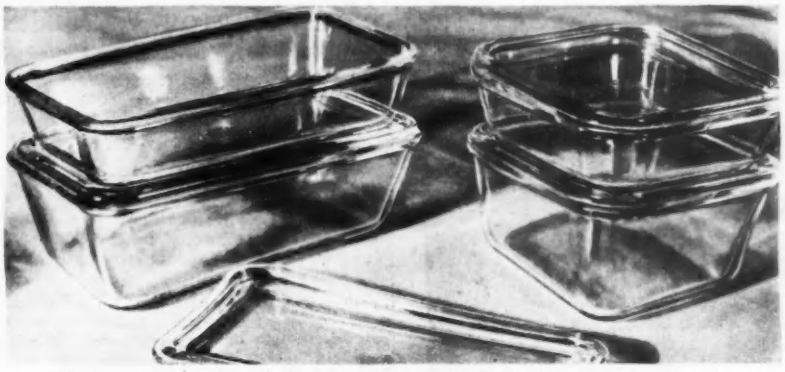
The young lady on the wall pitched her cavemen tools into the field behind her and drew on her shoe.

"Lissen!" she said coldly. "Don't you talk 'bout *uncles*. Irma's got uncles, and the rest of us *ain't*. Besides, I seen *you* a-coming, and I don't ride with nobody what steps on it like you do, less'n I got my very *best* underclo'es on, 'cause it's ten to one I'd wake up on the sidewalk with a tire 'round my neck. Say! Maybe this is your boy friend *now*. He's a-moving some, but it kinda looks like a *brown* bus, don't it?"

If it were, the missing boy friend appeared to be in a quite desperate hurry. Humped low over the wheel, he slackened speed for just a second at the other's hail, while he shouted a fierce command, and the next moment he had completely vanished.

Genevieve Gertrude drew in her breath at the change which swept over her would-be uncle's face. All the pleasantness died. The eyes became mere slits, the lips snarled. He stamped on his clutch, and the motor came to life on the instant.

"Say!" exploded the deserted damsel on the



Modern economy! Three-purpose dishes for keeping foods fresh in refrigerator, for baking and serving. Ideal for baking cakes and puddings as well as casserole dishes.

New!

⋆ PYREX three-purpose refrigerator dishes

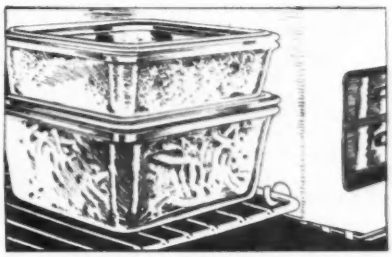
for refrigerator . baking . serving

One dish that does the work of three!

Cleverly designed for storing foods in the ice box, for baking, and serving—the new Pyrex refrigerator dishes save time, work, and money. Never before has a single dish given such versatile service.

You can prepare your foods in the morning and keep them fresh in the refrigerator in these tightly covered dishes until you are ready to cook them. Then bake them and serve them—all in the same dish.

Guarantee: Every Pyrex refrigerator dish is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from refrigerator cold or oven heat.



IN THE REFRIGERATOR: Designed to stack so that they double up on space. Counter-sunk covers prevent interchange of odors and keep foods fresh. Transparency enables you to see the contents without unstacking or removing covers.

Sold separately or in Sets

Deep Square	$1.00
Shallow Square	.85
Deep Oblong	1.40
Shallow Oblong	1.15
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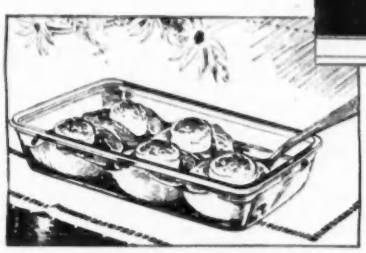
BAKING: Just the thing for cooking and serving casserole dishes and left-overs—these handy dishes are equally perfect for baking cakes, puddings, and desserts.



SERVING: Foods keep hot so much longer, and your table looks so attractive—when things are served in these sparkling glass dishes. There is no better way to serve casserole, au gratin, and scalloped foods, creamed fish, fruit Betty, fruit cobbler, ginger cake, soufflé, baked fruits.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Send me FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals — each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

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The achievement of tone engineers and home furnishing specialists. What Peck & Hills means to furniture it now brings to *radio*. Superb *quality*, genuine *value*, in a *style* to fit your home.

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For Tomorrow We Die-t

wayside seat, making a telescope of her fists the better to watch his course. "Somebody must be a-dying in his fambly! Betcha that brown auto was a-doing sixty-five easy. If he don't look out for hisself, the cops on Main Street—Well, sweet *mama!*"

The blue car had stopped. Its driver looked back over a stretch of asphalt momentarily empty in both directions, raised his hand, and hurled something it held straight into a copse of white birches growing in a neighboring meadow. Then, with the speed of the wind, he was gone around the curve.

Blind to a road suddenly full of racing motors, the eye-witness of this peculiar happening sat bolt upright on her throne and solemnly meditated on what she had seen. Then she slid down into the rocky lot behind her and made a beeline toward the grove of slim and ghostly trees.

Few leaves had fallen for there had been no frost, but a tangle of hazel bushes and wild blackberry vines caught at the lacers of her ties, and she left fluttering rags from her thin dress on each of the four fences she climbed.

With a wand broken from the hazels, the investigator poked energetically among the long grasses under the trees, but only an old cigar-box, a broad band wound twice around it, rewarded her efforts. This she regarded with extreme disfavor as she plumped herself down and tugged at the strips of rubber.

"Hm'm! If *that's* all he throwed," she complained in disgust, "I tored my dress for nothing. But he chucked *somepin* in here and what *for?* Now I hope it won't be like what that ole Pandora turned loose— Say! Enough blue cotton to stuff a pillow— Oh, *Fido!*"

Her dazzled eyes rested on the green flame of emeralds in a bracelet, sinuous as a snake; on all the tints of the rainbow imprisoned in a huge square diamond when the sunlight coquetted with the ring which held it; on the cool, pale mystery of dew and of moonlight mingling in the luster of a rope of matched pearls; and on the blood-red splendor of a ruby's heart, dripping from a tiny platinum chain—

"And in a ole *cigar-box!*" marveled their finder, round-eyed. "I betcha *these* didn't come from no Five and Ten. No, *sir!* Why—why, *maybe they was stole!*"

SHE closed her lids and the box to digest this staggering thought . . . A *burglar!* That Mrs. T. Effingham Howells had talked 'bout 'em. A burglar. *Two* burglars, prob'bly. And the first one had ast you to ride down town in his car. Hm'm. So as nobody would know he *was* one! Pretty darn' slick. He could go right spang by the *p'lice* even, and they wouldn't yip.

The p'lice! Why, of course, the elegant rings and things had got to be took to the p'lice, and they would find the lady what they belonged to. Of course!

"But first off," said the discoverer of stolen goods resolutely, "I'm a-going to see how it feels to be *rich as mud.* I'm a-going to put them all *on!*"

She twisted the gleaming pearls through the curling masses of her hair. The bracelet fitted her upper arm, the ring her thumb. In the delicate hollow at the base of her slim, brown throat the ruby glowed.

"Now, Jeems," drawled this vision of wealth, holding her rags haughtily about her, "you might as well drive the car home as I have a 'portant errunt in the village, and I shan't need you, Jeems. You can have the day off, Jeems, but you *must not* take the Rolls Royce, *nor* the Pierce Arrow, *nor* the Packard, Jeems, but any of my ten other small cars you *can* take, Jeems. Hand me my gold jewel-case, Jeems, and then you can go, Jeems."

She received the cigar-box with her right hand, lifting it graciously from her left, and swept toward the boundary wall. Chin up, eyebrows raised, she mounted it and sat down to reconnoiter.

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Lovely, silken skin . . alluring complexion . . how to gain and keep this priceless charm has been revealed to hundreds of thousands of women by Krank's Beauty Teachers, who introduced Krank's Beauty Preparations into their homes. Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream is known to fastidious women the world over. Each Krank preparation is of surpassing excellence and precisely suited to its need. Each blends with the others to keep your skin always clear and smooth. Krank's aids to beauty may be obtained wherever quality beauty preparations are sold. Mail coupon and 10¢ for trial jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream and booklet.

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Enclosed is 10¢ for a trial jar of KRANK'S LEMON CLEANSING CREAM and your book, "Beauty and Health."

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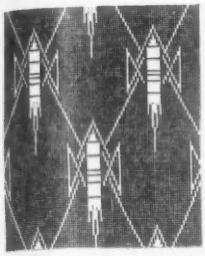
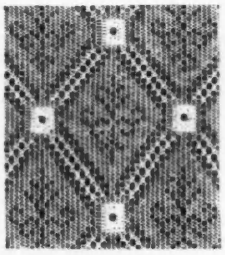
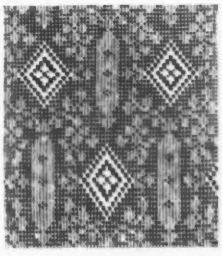


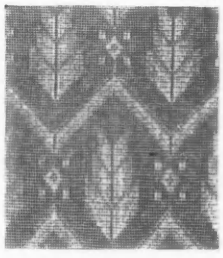
No. 65—Moderne Design Filet Net—Ivory and Natural—26 inches wide.



No. 54—Shadow Net—Natural color—35 inches wide.



No. 43—Fine quality Shadow Net—Ivory and Natural—23 inches wide.



No. 84—Moderne Design Lustre Filet Net—Maize and Peach—23 inches wide.

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THE smartest windows wear net. Buy it by the yard at Woolworths and make your curtains just the way you want them to be.

If you can run a hem and insert a curtain rod, that is all that is necessary.

Select either Filet, Shadow, or Panel Net in Ivory and Natural; or Lustre Filet in Maize and Peach. Moderne designs. Smart, durable, easily laundered and a typical Woolworth value.

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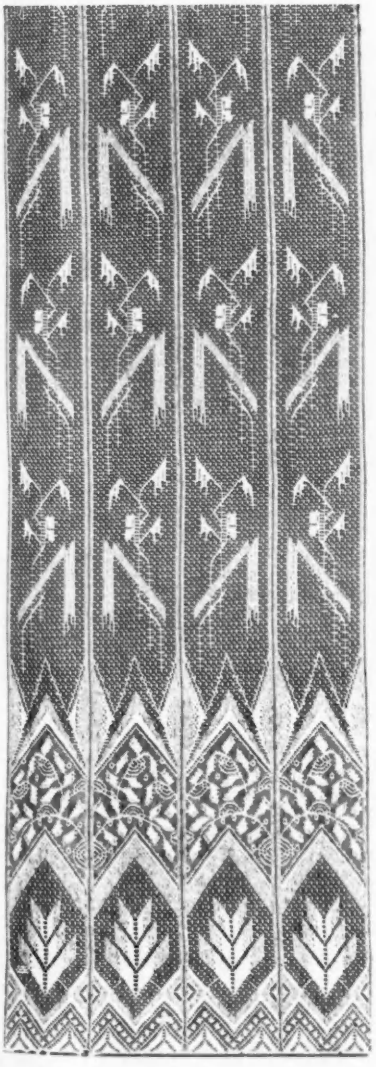
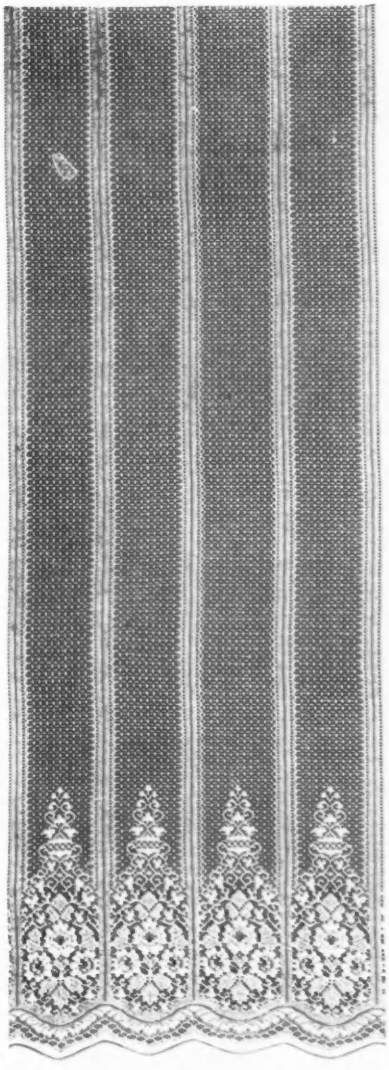


No. 107—Sectional Panel Net—80 inches long—Natural color.



No. 104—Sectional Panel Net—80 inches long—Natural color.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

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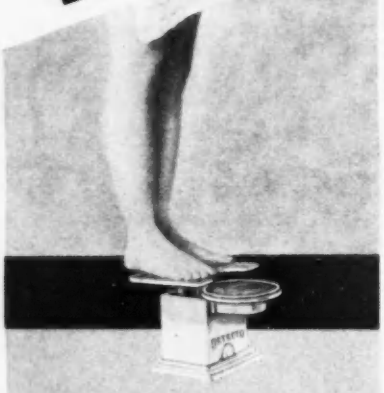
This Winter Guard Your Family's Health With

DETECTO

WATCHES YOUR WEIGHT



WOMEN are finding this compact, accurate, *guaranteed* little scale not only a marvelous aid in reducing or gaining, but also a splendid protector of the family's health. In more than a quarter of a million American homes Detecto is today a household necessity. Obtainable at department and hardware stores or direct from The Jacobs Bros. Co., Inc., Dept. 10,—318 Greenwich Street, New York City.

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White, orchid, blue, green, mulse and rose. Guaranteed for five years.

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A sane, sensible thirty-day reducing course *on daily cards;* approved by competent authorities; given free with every Detecto Scale.

The Jacobs Bros. Co., Inc.
Dept. 10-318 Greenwich St., N.Y.C.
Please send me literature on your Detecto Scales (250 and 300 lb. capacity) and Detecto Charm Box.

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Address_____

For Tomorrow We Die-t

A queer little pain which had been zigzagging here and there suddenly began a business-like gnawing, while its twin began to buzz in the top of her head.

"I don't seem to care *one single smitchereen* 'bout having di'monds and swell jew'l'ry on me," dismally reflected the rich-as-mud lady, twirling the ring on her thumb. "They don't make my stummick feel no better. Oh, dear! I want my breakfast—no ole *diety* one, neither. I could eat just *bushels* of muffins and a million eggs— Oh, Terry! Hoo-hoo, Terry! Come here, *quick*. I gotta get to the p'lice station before I starve to death."

Big Terence Aloysius O'Connor, the school traffic cop, and himself the father of five, stopped his runabout at the frantic hail and eased his girth from under the wheel.

"An' how's my best girl? Out good an' early for Sattidy morning, an' all dressed up like a Christmas— Meek Moses! Look here, youngster! Come clean. *Where did you get this stuff on you?*"

His best girl rubbed her arm where his hand had gripped it.

"Out'n a cigar-box," she explained promptly. "Honest! I was just a-wearing it to see how did it feel to be rich."

Sergeant O'Connor, late of the A.E.F., squared his bulk between the wearer of jewels and any inquisitive passers-by. Gently now he unwound the pearls from the shining hair and slid the emerald bracelet down the slender arm.

"Get them off of you then! All of them. An' it's lucky for you I come along instead of the crook that lifted them."

"But *he* come *first*," protested Genevieve Gertrude, her eyes darkening. "He ast me did I want a ride home, and I had reasons why I didn't. Then his friend in the brown bus just *flew* up and yelled and swored *somepin awful*. So they both beat it, but the one in the *blue* car, he stopped and chucked out the box. Cross my heart and hope to die, Terry."

MR. O'CONNOR took off his cap and looked into it. He rubbed his round head and mopped his moist forehead.

"Mother of God!" he said simply. "Great, strong men, armed to the teeth, tearing up an' down the state for nigh a week—here, yon, an' everywhere—looking for them two birds an' them jools—an' a girl kid sets innocent-like on a wall an' they falls into her lap!"

"Not into my *lap*, Terry! Into the birch woods," corrected the kid girl plaintively. "I hunted *and* I hunted till I found the box. Now *why* did he throw it away?"

"Because their smart game of passing it was blocked, an' they knew it," replied Terence O'Connor, reaching into the tool-kit for a piece of adhesive tape. "You see, sister, the ace-high rule for crooks is never to get caught wit' the goods *on* you. Remember that, if you ever take up burgling. There! I guess we'll not see none of Mrs. Van de Something's sparklers a-lepping out of that box now. Hop in. Belike the chief'll have a stroke when he sees them."

Genevieve Gertrude slipped like a shadow to the farther side of the car. Sergeant O'Connor, who had added a mezzanine floor to his personal architecture since the lean months of service in the Argonne, grunted as he squeezed in beside her.

"How come you was on the wall, talking to crooks and such like?" he demanded severely. "How come you wasn't keeping your steady date wit' them nice people on the hill?"

The steady dater sighed profoundly. She opened her pocketbook and refreshed herself with a glance at her earnings.

"I was lent out *again*. To keep a fat lady on her diet. But she skinned, and so I came out early to get my lemonade stand a-going, and right spang off I felt a nail in my shoe. I—I guess I can't never raise the rest of my Thrift Club money *now*. You see, I need two dollars and seventy-three cents."

"Constance," No. 453—$17.

Modern *timekeeping-better housekeeping*

FOR the kitchen, bedroom, nursery . . . for every room in your home . . . you will find Telechron Springless Electric Clocks a real aid to better housekeeping.

Simply plug these clocks into an electric outlet and set the hands correct . . . the electric current keeps them correct! You do no winding, oiling or regulating . . . a tiny patented Telechron motor drives the hands continuously, silently, furnishing accurate electric time.

Authorized Telechron Dealers display such a variety of Telechron Clocks (many with chimes) that you are sure to find just the design you want. Priced from $14 to $1200.

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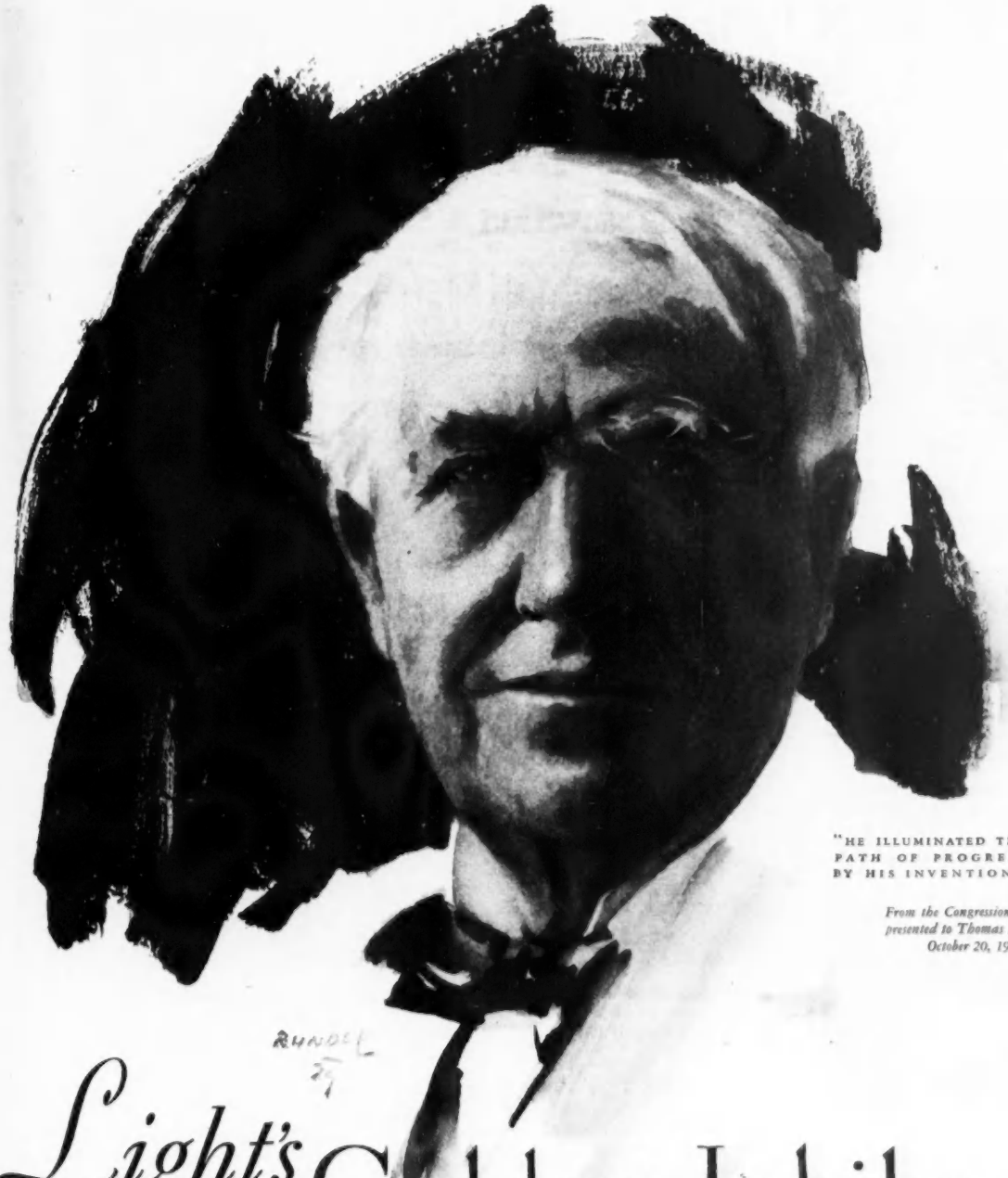


"HE ILLUMINATED THE PATH OF PROGRESS BY HIS INVENTION"

From the Congressional Medal presented to Thomas A. Edison October 20, 1928.

Light's Golden Jubilee

MANKIND is indebted to Thomas A. Edison for many notable achievements, among which his incandescent lamp and the system he invented for the distribution of electric light and power possess outstanding importance. Those triumphs alone would constitute an enduring testimonial to his genius.

Edison MAZDA Lamps, developed directly from the lamp which Edison invented fifty years ago, exemplify supreme advancement in artificial illumination. With deep sincerity we join in paying tribute to the great man who wrought so marvelously in giving light to the world.

MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

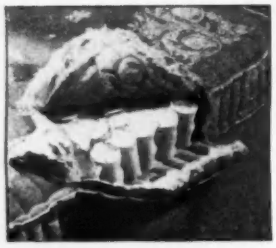
In using advertisements see page 6

To "La Chosa"
the Palm Beach home of
MRS. JOHN SARGENT PILLSBURY
this Spring and Mattress bring fitting Comfort

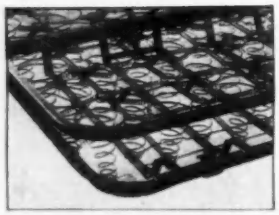
The Patio at "La Chosa"

MRS. JOHN SARGENT PILLSBURY. She is lovely, with masses of wavy brown hair, vivid eyes, a statuesque carriage. She has wide social connections in Minneapolis, Palm Beach, wherever she goes, and she is a moving spirit in the musical and cultural life of her own cities. She is much sought after, yet unspoiled, as charming as she is lovely.

For this lovely Spanish bedroom Mrs. Pillsbury chose Simmons Bed No. 1581, Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring. She says, "For the well-ordered home I consider these mattresses and springs an absolute necessity."



Inside of the Beautyrest—Hundreds of finely tempered coils in separate pockets insure individual action, are stitched to edges to keep sides from crushing. Over coils, thick upholstery. Damask covers, choice of six colors, two designs. Ace Box Spring matches Beautyrest in superior construction and finish.



Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring—Hundreds of closely placed coils, marvelously resilient. Governor springs prevent side-sway; banded border protects sheets.

"LA CHOSA," the Palm Beach home of Mrs. John Sargent Pillsbury, is furnished with the luxury of old Spain, yet maintains the modern standards of well-ordered American living.

In this colorful bedroom sunlight streams through many windows, suffuses creamy rough plaster walls, vivid hand-blocked linen hangings, rare antique embroideries, and enriches the old carved Spanish pieces.

Mrs. Pillsbury chose Bed No. 1581 by Simmons, most harmonious for this setting, and fitted it with the famous Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring.

"For above all," in Mrs. Pillsbury's own words, "I wanted complete comfort. The buoyant Beautyrest is exactly right with the resilient Ace Box Spring. For thoroughly restful nights there is no equipment like Simmons."

Simmons is proud of this wonderful mattress. Its unique inner construction—hundreds of resilient coils which give proper distribution to body weight—insures complete, unbroken rest. The Ace Box Spring matches it in construction and finish.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00; Bed No. 1581, $32.75. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. B-6, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with photographs of bedrooms of distinguished women, and ideas for home decoration.

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SIMMONS

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

For Tomorrow We Die-t

"Hear her!" implored the sergeant of the increasing tide of traffic. "Out of me way, fellah, or I'll make an accordjun of your shiny fender. Hear her! Two dollars an' seventy-three cents, she says. An' what do you plan to do wit' the reward?"

The finder of stolen gems turned a startled gaze toward his grim smile.

"Huh, Terry? *Reward?*"

"Reward, I said. At last reports the beaut'-yus Mrs. Van de Something in her grand marble palace on the North Shore was keeping four nurses an' seven doctors busy watching her throw pea-green an' lavender fits over the loss of them same jools in the box on your knee. Reward it is, girl—an' a big one. Have a piece of gum. No crank school-ma'am can make you park it today."

The chewing-gum in its pink wrapper was left untouched on the seat between them.

"Not—not *twenty-five* dollars?"

"Chicken-feed!" snorted Mr. O'Connor. "Them pearls was *matched* an' had come from the very highest Rooshan nobility on its last legs. I'll leave the chief tell you how much—*Half* the road, Mr. Ima Hogg, or you'll think the sausage grinder's got you at last!"

Genevieve Gertrude slumped in her place and closed her eyes to consider her whirling world . . . Sweet *mama!* Why, if you earnt twenty-five dollars you could be a officer! P'raps even Irma hadn't got *that* much, with all her ole uncles' quarters. Say! Them smarty girls would come 'round *now.* They'd— But *would* they?

THE tiny car sped importantly uphill, nosing cumbersome trucks and darting by them. Sergeant O'Connor continued to exchange pleasantries with numerous drivers, but the young person at his side was ominously silent, sunk in her own reflections.

At the last curve, just as the spire of the Congregational Church came in sight, she pulled herself erect.

"Lissen! I've made up my mind not to take no reward—only the two seventy-three," she announced firmly. "The rest would be a present, but my tored dress was worth *that* much, if it *wasn't* so terrible new. I *could* be a officer for twenty-five but it's lots better just to belong."

"For the love of heaven," demanded the dazed Mr. O'Connor, "when you could be the high jinks an' all the rest down to the office boy, *why* be an also-ran?"

"'Cause I want to keep *some* friends!" retorted his passenger with decision. "Nobody likes it if you have *too* much good luck. They say ain't it grand, and then they go in the corner and drawr down their mouths, and whisper behind their hands where the devil did you get your *pull.* No, *sir!* I'm just a-going to *belong* and then I won't get no knocks."

The philosopher gathered up her pocket-book, week-end bag, and the precious cigar-box as the car drew close to the curb. Briskly she alighted.

"Now I hope I don't have to stay here long," she said earnestly. "I know *just* how them tomorrow dieters feel—kinda all gone in the middle. But, you see, Terry, if that Mrs. Howells *hadn't* snitched the pie and cheese prob'bly I'd been there *yet,* and the Russian pearls and things lost in the birch woods for-evernever."

"Meek Moses!" muttered Sergeant Terence Aloysius O'Connor, following her up the long flight of steps. "God send you know what you're talking about, girl—because I don't."

They traversed the hall in silence, but at the court-room door, Genevieve Gertrude spoke, a worried line between her eyes.

"Say, I forgot somepin in my note. If that Mrs. T. Effingham Howells ain't dead *aready,* I guess I'd better telefoam her to take a lot of soda bicarb. *Half* a pie *and* cheese! Yes, *sir! She's* a-going to *need* it!"

She Was Blind—But Her Friend Made Her See!

Could you have helped her with your story? Are you one of those who know this great secret? Then let us hear from you.

She was a girl who had good features—but her skin was sallow and yellowish. She had a good education—but she never felt like talking. She was a good dancer—but she never wanted to go out. Blind, she was, to the beauties of life and happiness. Then her friend told her the secret. Told her what was keeping her back. Told her she was poisoning herself every day. No wonder she was low in her mind—no wonder she had "the blues." No wonder she had "no pep." Once she learned the secret, she became a different girl. Health brought her happiness, as it always does. She learned to clean the poisons out of her body—we all have them—and mother nature did the rest.

If you have enjoyed the joyous happy health that goes with regular bodily elimination, you know how Nujol has changed your whole outlook on life. Tell us about it. Your letter can still reach us before this contest closes.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine. It has no taste, no odor, and is colorless as water. It contains absolutely no drugs of any kind. It is simply internal lubrication, which the human body needs as much as any machine. Your doctor will tell you that internal lubrication is a modern and common sense aid to good health. Nujol is not absorbed. It is non-fattening. It simply passes helpfully through the body, absorbing and cleaning out the poisons that make us tired, nervous, irritable, "down in the mouth."

The most world-famous athletes tell us that they have taken Nujol for years—if they need it you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly—but surely. Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

TRUE STORIES

wanted of how Nujol has helped you to happiness, success, good looks, seeing the bright side of life. To the millions of people who have enjoyed the health of Nujol regularity prior to the opening of this contest we offer 110 prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE
$1,000

Second prize $500 **Third prize $250**
Fourth prize $100 **Six prizes of $50 each**
One hundred prizes of $10 each

Write a letter describing what Nujol has done for you. You can include physician's endorsement, if you wish. Contest open to physicians giving either their own or a patient's experience. Give full name and address—and state that you give Nujol Laboratories the right to publish complete or in part. Contest closes November 1, 1929. Address:

Contest Editor, Nujol Laboratories
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A New Job for the Public Schools

(*Continued from page 35*)

to make school a success for every child is the function of education. Tomorrow these children will be citizens for weal or for woe, and their shortcomings, if left uncorrected today, may have a dire effect on their characters and on the communities in which they live.

"Now, the public school, because it reaches all the children, is in a favorable position for discovering these early signs of conduct disorders and for dealing with them when they first appear, before they become so serious as to menace the child's chance for a useful and happy career. Catch them young—that's the idea. Catch them in school which all children are forced by law to attend, and go after the behavior troubles when the first symptoms emerge and bad habits are not yet clamped to a child like a ball and chain which he must drag through life."

"But who is to do this corrective work?" I enquired. "The teachers?"

He shook his head. "Regular teachers can not perform this task unaided, though they may cooperate. Lack of time and energy and the pressure of class-room work prevent them from concentrating on the difficulties of any one child. And, moreover, often it is not in the class-room that the source of the trouble lies. After all, the child spends only twelve percent of his time in school during the eight years of his elementary education; the remaining eighty-eight percent is spent outside; and the root of the difficulty may extend far beyond the school walls, in the home or the back alleys of the community. So what we need here is a specialist, some one who can give his entire time to disentangling these snarls; some one with deep knowledge and understanding, whose business it is to deal with all children who for any reason are not getting what they should out of school life, and to guide them out of their difficulties.

"Some progressive boards of education, realizing that the schools are the logical places in which to begin work for the prevention of delinquency, have already equipped their schools with these trained specialists. They are called visiting teachers, or school counsellors. Usually they are women with a teacher's experience and also specially trained as social investigators. In a word, they are child guidance experts with a scientific background. A visiting teacher is teacher, counsellor, and friend all rolled into one."

Twisted Personalities

"You might say, then," I suggested, "that the visiting teacher's task is to nip delinquency in the bud while it is still a-budding?"

"No—because not all problem children become delinquents. For example, a child may be quiet, depressed, unable to make friends, turned in upon himself so that he grows up unhappy, eccentric, soured, out of step with his fellows, a social misfit all his days—and yet he may never become a menace to the community. The damage in that case is to himself. Nevertheless, though not all problem children become delinquent in later life, there is undeniable evidence that adult criminality has its roots in childhood in the same factors which cause these early disorders of behavior. The adjustment of those children whose conduct suggests some underlying physical or mental trouble should therefore make for the prevention of juvenile delinquency and also of later and more serious criminality. So by throwing this wide net to include all children who are not getting what they should out of their school life, we catch not only the potential delinquents, but also those with twisted personalities who may grow up warped and embittered for life."

"How do these visiting teachers go about their task?" I asked. "How do they know who the real problem children are?"

"To answer that, let me give you a concrete

A New Job for the Public Schools

case. Miss Gordon, let us say, is the visiting teacher for a certain school where she keeps office hours, and teachers refer to her what they consider problem children. In comes Miss Jones, teacher in the Fourth Grade, and says:

"'Oh, Miss Gordon, will you look at John and tell me what's the matter? He's the worst boy! He's fifteen and can't learn a thing! And he's so surly and stubborn and unruly that he just keeps the whole class in an uproar. He's a terrible influence on the other boys.'

"Well, Miss Gordon makes friends with John in a casual, informal manner by asking him to do something for her, maybe to raise a window which has stuck. She discovers that he loves to do things with his hands. He likes map-drawing and fussing with tools. She visits his home, talks with his parents, and discovers he runs with a tough gang. He is slouchy, sullen, big for his age, and resents being kept in a class of 'kids' who are about half his size. His school history reveals one failure after another. He has had to take two and three years to each grade. Mental tests show that he is dull normal, not feeble-minded, but below average. He has had to compete with children brighter than he is all his life. His parents, anxious to give him a good education, have dinned his successive failures into his ears. Fail, fail, fail! Nag, nag, nag! At this point John is the raw material out of which delinquents are made. He snarls at everybody and everything. And who can blame him? Wouldn't you snarl? Wouldn't you try to escape from it all with the gang?

Success is Good Medicine

"Miss Gordon realizes that what John needs is a little taste of success. She explains this to his class-teacher and suggests that John make the window-boxes for flowers and receive public credit for the same. She advises the parents to stop nagging for a while. In the meantime, to head off the gang activities, she introduces John to the Y.M.C.A., where he learns to box and can have legitimate companionship. And presently she transfers him to a pre-vocational school where he is competing, not with his superiors, but with his intellectual peers. John is enthusiastic, for he loves working with his hands.

"'I can see some sense to this,' he says. 'It's going to do me some good on the outside.'

"In a few months John is a changed boy. His energies have been drained off from bad channels and turned into useful ones.

"Miss Jones, his former teacher, is amazed at the transformation. 'What have you done to him?' she exclaims.

"And when the matter is explained, she comments: 'You visiting teachers can get in behind the scenes and see the why of bad boys. Here in the class-room I see only the is-es.'

"That is why the visiting teacher's position in a school is so important; she has rare opportunities to do preventive work with children who are showing the first signs of a drift toward delinquency and to guide them back to normal ways.

"And now let us analyze just what Miss Gordon did for John. First, she made friends with him and learned his point of view. Physical and mental examinations helped her to put her finger on the sore spot. Then she made an investigation of his home and neighborhood situation to see what forces were influencing him there. Then she interpreted John's needs to his parents, to his teacher, and worked out a plan of adjustment, making use of whatever social agencies the case required. And finally she talked over John's troubles with John himself, encouraged him, gave him back his confidence and self-respect which he had lost through repeated failures. The conversion to useful activity of even one so-called 'bad boy' may change the atmosphere of an entire school, raise the morale of the whole family, and send ripples of relief throughout the neighbor-

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THINK OF IT! Coffee—greeting you in the morning with its appetizing fragrance—cheering you at night with its spicy flavor and steaming warmth.

A tempting picture, you may say, but coffee affects my sleep, my digestion. No. It is caffein, a single ingredient of coffee, that affects you. And now there is a genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It is Sanka Coffee.

Is it good? Just taste it!

Take one cup of Sanka Coffee and you will discover that it is uncommonly delicious. You will discover too, that caffein adds nothing to coffee's delightful flavor and aroma—that it doesn't even contribute to the immediate sense of satisfaction a cup of coffee brings you.

Sanka Coffee is *real* coffee—a delicious blend of the finest Central and South American Coffees grown. Nothing is added—nothing but caffein is removed. It is spicy in flavor—tempting in aroma—full of coffee's old-time goodness. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

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Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance, on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not satisfied, return what's left in the can and we'll refund the full purchase price."

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today!

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A New Job for the Public Schools

hood. It's white magic of the best kind, based on the scientific study of human nature and the way human nature reacts.

"And now," he concluded, "I want you to see this new type of specialist in actual operation in a progressive city which has a visiting teacher department as part of its public school system. Dr. Blank, the head of this department, is a well known child guidance expert, and he has achieved a signal success in this field."

The next day I set out for the city of X. For obvious reasons, and because this is a frank, inside record of actual conditions, real identities have been suppressed. I found Dr. Blank in his office with the map of the city on his desk.

"First of all," he began, "I want you to get a picture of the community in order to see the kind of human material with which the visiting teachers have to deal. X is a big industrial center, with a large foreign population working in the mills, and also a fine residential district with public schools which are attended by children of the well-to-do class, chiefly native Americans. So X is a typical industrial city, with its rich element and its poor element, its foreign element and its native-born element, with practically all the children attending the public schools. The city is rich and progressive, and the visiting teacher department is part of the public school system, supported by the taxpayers, who believe in what we are trying to do. And of course we have school nurses and doctors and special pre-vocational classes for dull normal children—but we don't call them that; we call them 'children with poor learning ability.' It sounds better!

Poverty Is Only One Factor

"Now, when we first started this department, certain people said, 'Oh, but surely you don't need any visiting teachers for the schools in the fine residential district! They're all right for the poverty-stricken slum families and the foreign-born; they're a fine thing for the poor, but they're not needed by the prosperous classes.'

"That is not true. Schools located in the best sections, attended by well-born children, have just as many and just the same types of behavior problems as schools in the poor, congested districts. The son of the captain of industry with yachts and half a dozen country houses is just as likely to possess abnormal traits of behavior or conduct as the son of his chauffeur or of his cook. So poverty is not a primary cause of behavior difficulties; it is just an added factor to be considered in clearing up a case. Discordant homes, broken by divorce or marred by unhappy marital conditions, account for far more behavior troubles in children than mere money distresses.

"And now about our own visiting teacher department. It consists of a staff of highly trained social investigators who are really child guidance experts. The visiting teacher must be highly trained if she is to serve any useful purpose; half-baked amateurs can do more harm than good. In addition to these specialists we have a mental hygiene clinic, also part of the public school system, to which children with behavior problems are referred for examination or diagnosis. Such a clinic, of course, would not be possible in a small community; but in that case the nearest hospital or the County Health doctor might be called on for help. Even one visiting teacher in a community, if she is good, can accomplish wonders; she can change the whole moral atmosphere, wipe out little plague-spots like bad pool-rooms and low-grade movie-houses, start recreation centers and get the social agencies of the town functioning for the welfare of the children. That is a by-product of her job.

"And now we are ready to see how this department actually operates. Miss Smith, the visiting teacher of a school, has behavior

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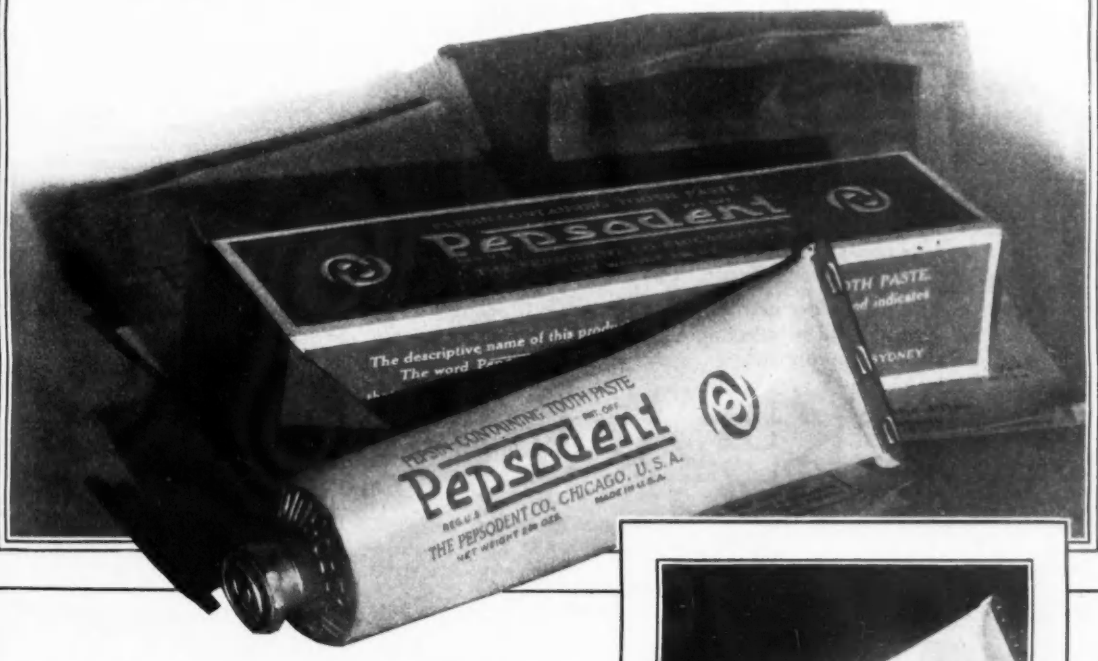

Made to remove the dangerous film that forms on teeth—that stains and darkens teeth and is a source of decay and pyorrhea. Urged widely by dentists. Will you accept a free supply to try?

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You can feel film with your tongue—a slippery, viscous coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it . . . germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are a cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

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Ordinary brushing ways are not successful in removing film from teeth. You should employ the scientific method that first curdles film so that light brushing can easily remove it in perfect safety to enamel.

You marvel at the natural whiteness of children's teeth. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

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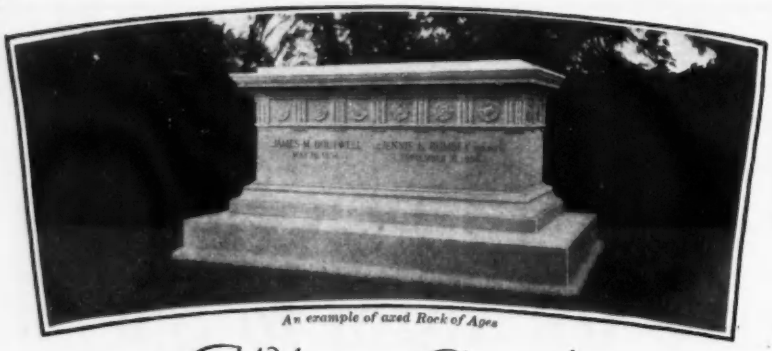

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Illustrates DE LIS' new creations for babies, styles for girls to 14, clothing for boys to 6. Write for your copy.

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INTERIOR DECORATION

Study at Home

Practical Training—New Simple Method

A delightfully arranged course for cultural or professional use. Intensely interesting. Covers draperies, color harmony, period and modernistic furniture, all fundamentals. Personal instruction by New York decorators.

Send for Catalog 3 C

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION
578 Madison Ave., New York

A New Job for the Public Schools

problems referred to her. She has no classroom duties, of course, for her work takes her all over the city; her business is to find out why Johnny or Jane is not succeeding in school and to iron out the difficulty. Sometimes this is a simple service; sometimes it requires long, patient months of work in the home, with the teacher and with the child. In the beginning only the most obvious and acute cases were turned over to us; but little by little, as the teachers caught the vision of what we were trying to do in preventive work, they began to refer children who had not yet developed into bad problems but had shown symptoms, trends of getting on the wrong road. We were trying, you see, to nip the trouble in the bud. And so we began to concentrate our efforts on the kindergarten and the first and second grades. That surprises you? Well, it surprises most people. But it is a fact that these behavior troubles have their roots in early childhood; they are like noxious weeds, easy to pull out in tender soil; but if left to grow unchecked, they twine their vicious coils about the very soul. So although we take problem children right up to the Junior High, we specialize with the very young where preventive work has the best chance of success. The teachers cooperate with us whole-heartedly in this corrective work. Some of them have become so alert at detecting symptoms that they can often tell the very first day a child enters school whether it is likely to have behavior troubles. Certain symptoms stand out to the seeing eye."

"For example?" I queried.

"Well, there is the child whose mother insists on accompanying it to and from school, doing everything for it, dressing it up too fine. She doesn't want it to associate with other children or run around and soil its clothes. This is the over-protected child. That mother is doing a deadly damage to her most precious possession; she is robbing it of initiative, robbing it of companionship with children of its own age, robbing it of the strength that comes from standing on its own feet and taking the buffets that arise on the playground. How is that child going to fight the battle of life when he grows up, if he is isolated from all the give-and-take of human intercourse now? He will be running to cover all his life. And then there is the spoiled child, the youngster with superior brains who is an intellectual snob, the little day-dreamer, and the emotionally unbalanced young neurasthenic—all these children are riding for a hard fall in later life unless their troubles can be straightened out.

The "Dull Normal" Child

"I should like to speak for a moment of the child of dull normal intelligence whose name is legion in the United States—as the tens of thousands of failures every year in our elementary schools show. And to make the situation absolutely clear, let me discriminate a bit at this point as to what I mean by the 'dull normal' child. Simply, it is the child whose intelligence is a little below the general average. In every other respect—in character, in emotions and affections and the ability to get along with his companions—he may rank perfectly normal.

"Now, there is a group—and luckily a very small group—of highly subnormal children who not only are below average in intelligence, but also are born so lacking in the ordinary human emotions and feelings that they belong to the dementia praecox type. They are moral imbeciles. This is the true gangster type. He is born lacking in the ordinary human emotions, and he can not be cured because there is nothing on which to work. But this group, emotionally subnormal, is very small, and almost invariably the public records in such cases show a bad family history of delinquency and feeble-mindedness for generations back. Let us rule out that extremely small group, for we can not cure such cases.

A New Job for the Public Schools

"But for the child of normal parents, whose only handicap is that he is a little less intelligent than the average, there is much to be said. Often he is a child of great promise in solid character, social gifts, and industry. I want to make a plea for him because he is so often misunderstood, persecuted both at home and at school, and in many cases practically driven into delinquency. He becomes a behavior problem because of his repeated failures, his rebellion at the situation, and his attempt to make a success in some anti-social way.

"Such a child must have a school program suited to his needs. To face failure, ridicule, and reprimands week after week, month after month, and year after year is something that human nature simply can not stand. Grown-ups won't stand it. See how quickly they crumble, lose confidence and self-respect, under the heavy bludgeon strokes of repeated failure! Then how shall we expect a child to endure such a drive? A youngster in this plight will try to escape from the unbearable situation; he will run away in body or in spirit, evade it by hook or crook. He is bound to gain a sense of importance and self-respect somehow—if not by good conduct, then by bad. If he can not shine in school, he can perhaps become the terror of the neighborhood.

How One Boy Was Helped

"There is only one possible treatment for this type of child, and that is to offer him a legitimate channel of successful expression. If he has a chance to do something, he will work for social approval just as before he gloried in social disapproval. All you have to do to prove this is to put such a child in a school that gives him work at which he can succeed. He quickly ceases to become a problem. I remember a case of this kind in another city. The boy was regarded as a desperate character in his community; his parents could do nothing with him. He seemed headed straight for the reformatory. With the consent of his parents who didn't understand him and were ashamed of the notoriety they had been subjected to, we put him with a sympathetic family, gave him work in school at which he could succeed, and when he showed honest effort we encouraged him. In a short time the change was almost magical. He began to improve in conduct as well as in his lessons and personally adopted a fourth-grade boy who couldn't get his arithmetic! That lad discovered for himself that there's just as much kick in being good as there is in raising hell and having everybody down on you all the time. And the simple recipe the visiting teacher used was to give him success in a field of endeavor which was not beyond his powers.

"Let the dull normal child with poor learning ability use his hands first and his intelligence second. Put him with his peers, not his superiors, and in the great majority of cases his troublesome conduct disappears. I have seen this happen in literally hundreds of cases. Children with a low intelligence quotient can pick up geography in pre-vocational schools by learning where the timber comes from; they learn arithmetic by measurements and figuring costs. And because it's real, practical, they love it. So you can lay this down as a fundamental law in dealing with a child—any child. Don't let him fail repeatedly. Don't accustom him to the habit of failure. Give him success after effort. Not without effort, mind you. But after effort. After he has honestly tried to do his best, let him feel that he has accomplished something. If he is dull normal and is failing with his head, give him something to do with his hands. Help him to make a success. Don't damage his self-respect by constant nagging or ridicule or holding him up to scorn before his companions. Both parents and teachers are apt to commit this grave error, thinking to spur such a child to greater effort; but he becomes sullen, rebellious, and

GENUINE Duro Gloss RAINCOAT FABRIC

SMARTLY DRESSED
On the Rainiest Days!

Style has come to rainwear! Style as smart as Paris itself, and just as distinctive. Style that has made "Gray Day" coats of Duro Gloss the choice of particular women everywhere. • In any clime, in any kind of weather, you can be smartly dressed with a "Gray Day" coat. This famous rainwear is styled in Paris to please the most critically fashion-minded. Its thorough waterproofing assures complete protection on even the rainiest day. • Slim and youthful of line, Duro Gloss "Gray Day" coats are a revelation of what rainwear can really be. Beautifully finished to give the intriguing effect of leather, tweed or silk moiré. And available in shades of all your favorite colors. • Wet, windy days are coming. Let your retailer show you how well you look in a Duro Gloss "Gray Day" coat. • We'd like to send you our attractive booklet which tells you all about "Gray Day" coats. The coupon brings it—with the name of your nearest retailer. Send it now.

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"GRAY DAY" COATS
Rainwear and Sportswear for the Entire Family

J. C. Haartz Co., New Haven, Conn., I'd like your booklet describing the new "Gray Day" coats of Duro Gloss. Please also tell me where I can see them.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

G.H.K. 10

In using advertisements see page 6

This housewife's Dwight Anchor sheets have given extraordinary wear—as did those in our own washing tests

"These sheets have seen constant wear every week . . . *for seven years!*"

"SEVEN years ago I started housekeeping with Dwight Anchor sheets," writes Mrs. Walker Wellborn of Birmingham, Alabama. "They have had constant wear every week and they only now need replacing."

This experience, typical of many thousand Dwight Anchor users, bears out the results of severe washing tests we had made . . . We purchased seven well-known brands of sheets and, together with Dwight Anchor, sent them to a steam laundry, where they were washed and ironed repeatedly until they had received the equivalent of many years' wear.

At the end of this gruelling test, Dwight Anchors were whole and sound even at the hem, selvage and center fold, while many of the other sheets were in ribbons!

These sturdy Dwight Anchor sheets will give even better wear if you buy them with equal hems, making them reversible from top to bottom. And the 108-inch length keeps your blankets fresh, too!

Tinted sheets in fast colors

The smart colored sheets that every woman wants, come in hemstitched Dwight Anchors in shell pink, blue, nile, maize and orchid; also in white with hems in these tints.

Your dealer will supply you with Dwight Anchors, laundered and ready for use. We will send you the name of a near-by dealer, if your own shop does not have them. Address Dwight Manufacturing Company, Minot, Hooper and Co., Selling Agents, 11 Thomas Street, New York City.

This magnified photograph shows center fold of Dwight Anchor sheet, still strong and firm after the severe washing test described above.

Dwight Anchor

SHEETS · SHEETING · PILLOW CASES · TUBING

Manufactured since 1840

A New Job for the Public Schools

seeks to regain his prestige in some dangerous, anti-social channel. It is the function of the school to find out the child's needs, find out why he is failing, and then remedy the situation. It is because we are not doing this that the annual crop of delinquents is increasing steadily year by year.

"Now, when a youngster of this group becomes a problem child, there are two roads open to him. First, he may become a delinquent, violate the laws and drift into a criminal career; or, second, he may withdraw into himself with a strong inferiority complex, become unhappy, depressed, and grow up soured, eccentric, with chances of an emotional blow-up later on. In either case he is not a useful citizen. And the pity of it is that the great majority of these unfortunate children could be saved so easily if teachers and parents would but take the right method with them!

The Brilliant Child

"So much for the dull normal child. And now let us take a look at the child with superior brains, who may become a behavior problem in school. His life is no bed of roses either. Nothing is the matter with his mental equipment, but he may have emotional disorders; in fact, he is rather more likely to have them than the youngster with the low-grade intellect. Children of superior brains, for example, those with intelligence quotients above 130, present as large, if not a larger, proportion of emotional difficulties than children whose I.Q.'s are 70 or below. And this unstable emotional quality breaks forth in a variety of acts which hamper progress in school and later in adult life. Restlessness, irritability, failure to get along with playmates, egotism, withdrawal from sports, isolation or dependence on adult companionship—the precocious child may suffer from one or all of these defects. Everybody has observed the puzzling phenomenon of the brilliant chap in college who fails to make good in later life, while some plodding, mediocre classmate passes him on the road to success. Why is this? It is because intelligence is only one factor in the race, and the mediocre fellow may be better balanced emotionally, better able to mix and mingle with his fellow men, readier in the give and take of companionship, with fewer sharp angles to his personality.

"Parents of brilliant children should beware of pushing them so fast that the little prodigies lose touch with companions of their own age and feel at home only with grown-ups. For example, here is James with an I.Q. of about 150—pretty close to genius, that! His father is a lawyer. James is so precocious that he has been advanced to a class with children twice his age. He is a skinny, nervous little lad, his nose always poked in a book and constantly egged on by his adoring parents. In the classroom he shines, but out on the playground and in sports the small boys of his own age run circles around him, and he is too little to consort with the big fellows of his class. Consequently, he loses out, becomes isolated, and is thrown even more upon himself—a kind of intellectual outcast, shunned by normal lads. What that boy needs is a course in human companionship with normal children of his own age. Teach him to swim, to box and wrestle and play ball. He'll soon get over his superiority, learn to compete on the playground, and cease to take refuge in his books.

"We had a case of a youngster, a lad with a very high I.Q., from a wealthy background, an unpopular, anemic little wisp of humanity without a single friend of his own age in the world. The father was worried about his nervousness. It didn't take the visiting teacher long to diagnose his case. He was a perfect little misfit with the big huskies of his grade. She advised taking him out of school for a while, teaching him swimming, tennis, and hand-ball. She shifted the emphasis, you see, away from his brain, which was over-developed,

A New Job for the Public Schools

to his body, which was under-developed. The next year he came back to school completely changed. He had learned to compete with other boys in sports and, learning, had made friends. It isn't always necessary, of course, to remove the brilliant child from school; sometimes just a shift in emphasis will turn the trick. So here are two generalizations based on wide experience: Don't isolate the precocious child by locking him up in solitary confinement in the prison of his intellect, and don't let the dull normal child constantly fail."

"Have many schools assumed the responsibility of the prevention of delinquency by installing visiting teachers?" I enquired.

"These are distinct signs of progress along this line," he replied. "Progressive school superintendents have introduced widespread changes in their systems after studying some of the results reached by this new clinical method of placing the emphasis on the child's welfare, rather than on a rigid adherence to the school program. Here and there, dotted all over the country, this new type of specialist with child guidance training is being tried out with excellent results. But taking the country as a whole, we may say that in this field even the surface of the ground has scarcely been scratched as yet. Far too many schools are still proceeding in the old orthodox fashion of fitting the child mercilessly to a rock-ribbed program without study of individual needs, and committing the incorrigibles who have rebelled at the system to a reformatory. To change this situation, communities themselves must be roused.

"And now let me give you an illustration of how one man can influence an entire state and start a progressive movement. It was my friend, Dr. L—, an able physician and psychologist deeply interested in the welfare of children, who felt that in America we were putting the cart before the horse, and spending more time, science, and taxpayers' money on criminals after they had gone wrong than we were on the prevention of crime. So he preached in season and out of season the right of the child to have the best psychiatric attention *before* he became a criminal. He was an influential man, and the result of his missionary work was that presently the juvenile court of his city was one of the finest in the whole Union. Then the Board of Education installed a visiting-teacher department. Then a neighboring town wanted a visiting-teacher service, but could not afford a clinic.

"'All right,' said Dr. L—. 'You pay for the visiting teacher, and I'll give my medical services free one day a week.'

"So the town installed a visiting teacher. Presently they found that one was not enough.

"'All right,' smiled Dr. L—. 'You pay for two visiting teachers, and I'll give two days a week.'

"This was done. But two teachers were not enough as the work grew. They wanted three.

"'Fine!' laughed Dr. L—. 'Now you see the value of this work, get your own full-time psychiatrist and start your own clinic. You don't need me for your pace-maker any more! Do your own pioneering.'

"And they did! What Dr. L— accomplished in his own state to arouse public attention can be done by other progressive-minded members of communities. Somebody must volunteer to be the trail-blazer in all pioneer enterprizes. For that is how the world moves on!"

The Metals in Our Foods

(*Continued from page 96*)

laboratory. Like aluminum it doesn't help anemia; but a distinguished French scientist has advanced data to the effect that the behavior of one of the most important digestive organs may be dependent upon the daily intake of cobalt and nickel.

Some of the above discoveries are still to be

WHAT IS THE VITAL NEED OF LOVELY SKINS TODAY?

PRACTICALLY everyone, sooner or later, is troubled by enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, yet until recently no one preparation had been evolved which could be used on *every* type of skin for refining its texture. There were preparations intended for that purpose, but if used often enough to be effective they were entirely too *drying* except for very oily skins. Moreover, they contained no cleansing properties, and perfect cleanliness is absolutely essential to refining the skin . . . particularly in these dusty modern days.

Exquisite cleanliness, freshness and clear fine texture are the greatest beauties any complexion can possess — and yet no one preparation had been created that would assure this loveliness to every woman.

But now there *is* such a preparation! It is called Texture Lotion.

Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion will actually refine the texture of even the coarsest skin, and it can be used daily on *every* type of skin. Moreover, it cleanses superbly. Besides that, it removes the last lingering suggestion of greasiness after any sort of facial cream has been used. It leaves your skin cool, refreshed, tingling and gloriously alive!

Texture lotion is a lightly scented liquid, in color the faint orchid of young lilacs. You will find it at smart shops everywhere and at the Dorothy Gray salons. Its price is surprisingly moderate; there is a one dollar size and a much larger two dollar bottle.

© D. G., 1929

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

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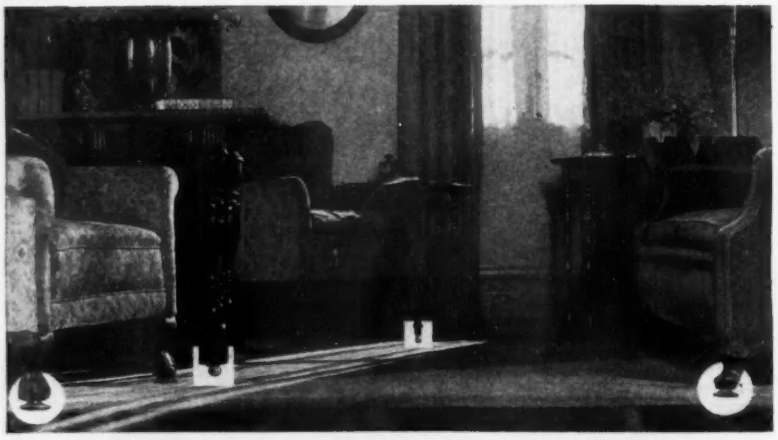

Guard the legs of furniture, if you would save your floors and rugs

DRAG a table across the room . . . and the beauty of a glistening hardwood floor is ruined. Place a heavy divan on a rug . . . leave it there a day or two . . . and the surface is pitted with ugly spots where the divan has stood.

That's a discouraging condition to face if you love beautiful things. Fortunately, there is a remedy—an easy remedy, at hand. It's just this; put Bassick Casters and Bassick NoMars on your furniture. It's ever so easy to do. And once done your floors are safe, your housework is lighter, your furniture is far more readily moved. Try a few sets and you'll see.

NoMar Rests save floors and floor-coverings

NoMars have broad bases that spread the weight of furniture so it can do no harm to the floor. You can get them in just the right size. Ask for "Socket" NoMars, if your furniture legs have caster socket-holes. If not, ask for "Drive-on" NoMars,—they drive into place as easily as a nail is driven.

The smooth brown bases nestle close to the floor, a pleasant finishing touch. Rounded edges insure easy movement. Not a single sharp angle to scratch or tear. You can't break them. You can't wear them out. Once on, they're on to stay.

By all means try them. Let your hardware or house furnishing dealer show you. Or mail us the coupon below for more details.

Furniture rolls so easily on Bassick Casters

There's no need to drag and tug at furniture. No need to lift it lest it scratch the floor or tear the carpet. Bassick Casters are easy to apply, and inexpensive. And what a difference they make in housework. At a touch almost, they roll heavy furniture smoothly across the floor, leaving never a mark as they go.

There's a right size and type for every piece of furniture,—upstairs and down,—heavy or light. Ask your hardware dealer for them. Afterward you'll wonder how you ever got along without them.

If you want more details, mail the coupon. You'll find the floor-protection booklet well worth reading. Shall we send it?

BASSICK

NO MAR RESTS

NoMars are packed 4 to a set. Both types—"Socket" and "Drive-on" come in the following sizes:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Width	1¼"	1½"	2"	2½"
Price	$.50	$.60	$.70	$1.00

CASTERS

Bassick casters are packed 4 to a set, with sockets. Many styles, for heavy, medium and light furniture. Write for the new Bassick Caster and NoMar furniture rest booklet to guide your selection.

Bassick Casters, NoMar Rests and Bassick Period Hardware are the finishing touches of excellence for fine furniture.

THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

You may send me the illustrated new service booklet which tells where and how to use Bassick Casters and NoMar Rests

Name .....

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City ..... *State* 6-5

The Metals in our Foods

confirmed, of course. The copper story is already fairly well established, and the other reports may be sustained facts tomorrow.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING tries to keep its readers informed as to facts about diet, to apply new information in its censorship of advertising copy, and to safeguard its readers against worthless or potentially harmful manufactured products. Our readers' faith in the sincerity of these aims is evidenced by the large number of personal letters we receive asking for definite judgments. Some of these queries are embarrassing! In certain fields we have enough knowledge to warrant categorical statements. In other fields new data is appearing daily. Nutrition is not a finished subject. The evidence isn't all in, and the judge can not give a decision. Particularly is this true when it comes to inquiries about metals.

Even in the fields where the rôle of the metal in diet is clearly admitted by everybody, advice as to how to use it must still be qualified. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING mothers know that milk is probably our best source of lime and that a given quantity of lime in the form of milk is better utilized by children than is the same quantity in the form of vegetables. Today, however, these same mothers are interested in ultra-violet rays and the lamps that produce them, in cod-liver oil, and in irradiated foods. Why? Because we are learning that the mere quantity of lime swallowed is only one factor in determining the good it will do. We are still in the midst of active study of the conditions which control our use of lime. The more we study, the more diverse these factors appear to be. Sunlight and cod-liver oil may each in its own way be quite as important a factor in deciding whether swallowed lime becomes bone as is the selection of the food source of lime.

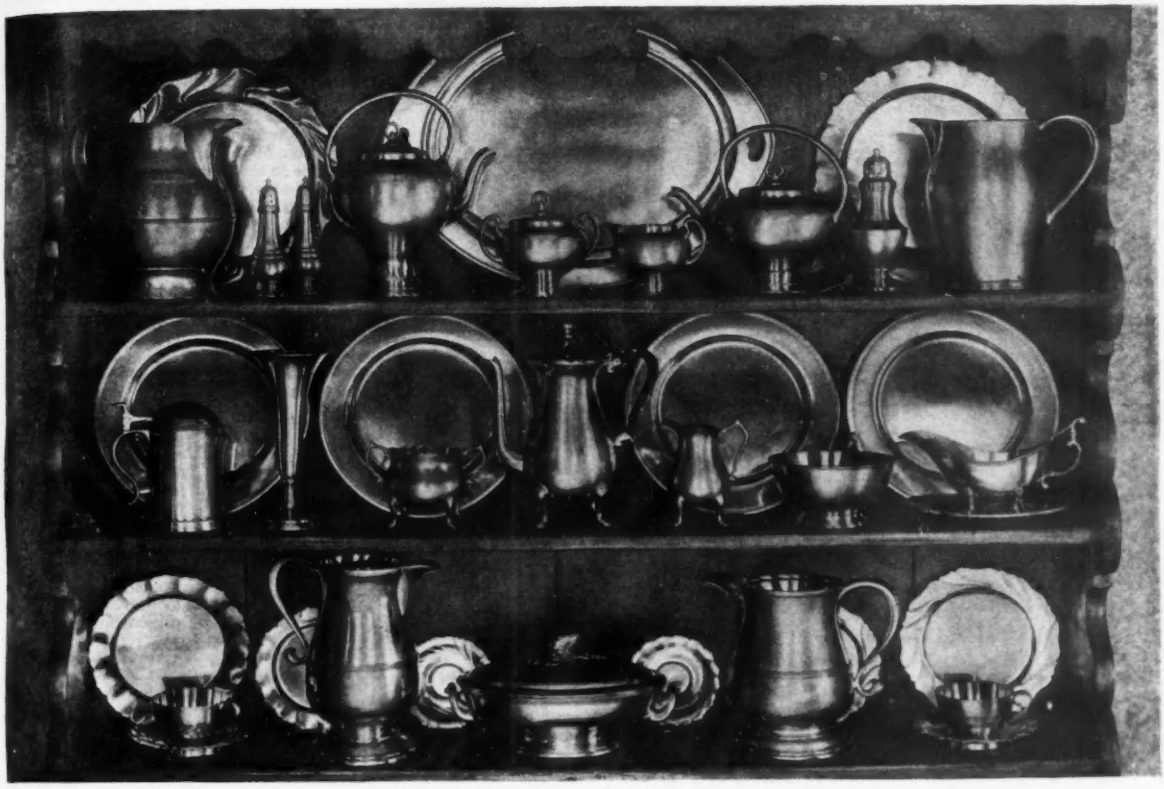
If this is true about lime, what about other metals? No week goes by without such questions from readers as: "What do you advise about alum baking-powders?" "Is it safe to cook food in aluminum ware?" "Will the copper that gets into tomatoes when they are cooked in copper kettles hurt me?" "Does the chromium used to plate the new-style cooking utensils dissolve in the food, and if so will it hurt me?"

Three Salient Questions

It must be evident then that, even with very limited data on the rôle of metals in diet, we can no longer assume that the mere presence of copper, aluminum, or chromium in food or diet constitutes a certain menace. It is, of course, still true that there is such a thing as a toxic dose of these metals; but that is also true of iron and lime. Today we need, *and have not*, complete answers to the three following questions: First, how much per day of metals do we need for normal health? Second, if we exceed the normal health quota what does the body do with the excess? Third, is there a minimum for each metal above which it is dangerous to go, or do the form in which the metal is swallowed and the presence or absence of other conditioning factors so alter its behavior in the body as to make prescripton of both safe and dangerous limits impossible? Frankly, I know today of no metal of proved or unproved value in diet which has been sufficiently studied to supply complete answers to all these questions. Without such answers who is wise enough to settle your natural curiosity?

People began to raise these questions about aluminum as soon as that metal appeared in the manufacture of baking-powder. Trade wars between tartrate and aluminum-compound powders have both stimulated research and colored the evidence produced with accusations of partisanship. The famous Remsen Board of Consulting Experts in 1914 rendered a report which has been the basis for the acceptance of aluminum-compound powders by the Federal Food and Drugs Bureau and for regulations by that Bureau as to how much alum may be used to stiffen pickles, etc. The

PEWTER PATTERNS new and old are blended here in a harmonious composition. You'll find these pieces in good shops everywhere



Pewter

Its Rich Lustre and Simple Patterns Are Supremely Smart Today

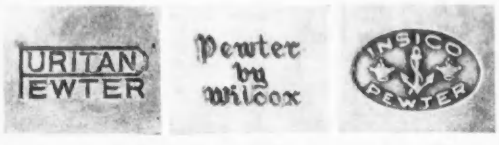
WROUGHT into its finest forms by the master craftsmen of Colonial America, forgotten for nearly a hundred years, pewter is very much in vogue again today. Inherent beauty has brought about the rebirth of this pleasing ware. Its satin finish and mellow lustre are unmatched in other metals. The distinctive designs which it inspires, by their simplicity of line and economy of detail, are in perfect harmony with present trends.

Faithful reproductions of the pewter which the brides and matrons of '76 polished so proudly are now available to their modern sisters. There are platters and pitchers and porringers, graceful bowls, quaint candlesticks, complete tea services and other interesting pieces in rich profusion. With the Colonial, are included English, French and Scandinavian designs. Those oldest in origin are thoroughly modern in spirit. And the most recent have the ageless quality that is truly pewter.

In choosing pewter for your home, look for the three "touch marks" shown below. They indicate authentic design and honest craftsmanship. They assure you pewter that will grow richer and more mellow with the years. And they assure you moderate prices also.

The story of pewter is a long and glamorous one. You'll find it told in a free booklet called "Pewter Through the Centuries." Write for it—Booklet P-51. PEWTER DEPT. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

PEWTERERS' "TOUCH MARKS" TO GUIDE YOU IN YOUR PURCHASES



Pewter's simplicity permits an infinite variety of arrangement. Ancient, modern, Irish, Flemish, yet combined in rich good taste.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

In using advertisements see page 6

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"

One PERFECT COOK for a Million Homes

Where once there were a million cooks in as many homes. . .

Where once there were long tedious cooking hours and uncertain cooking results. . .

—there is now *one perfect cook for all*

—one way to capture and hold the flavors and juices formerly lost

—one way to save you hours of kitchen time and labor

—now brought to your home through Flavor-Sealed cookery, an exclusive Hormel achievement declared by food experts to be the outstanding contribution of the age for more savory, quicker, better meals.

By the Flavor-Sealed process a selected mildly cured ham* is first vacuum sealed in its individual container and *then* vacuum cooked. Thus, all those natural flavors, delicate juices and valuable vitamins which escape in water and steam by usual cooking methods are saved—cooked in—not out.

Flavor-Sealed Ham is instantly ready to serve cold. Fries deliciously tender in 3 minutes. To bake, simply heat through and brown (60 minutes for whole ham; 30 minutes for half size).

A masterpiece for the formal dinner. An ever-ready reserve food. Economical. No bone, no skin, no surplus fat, no waste. At leading stores, or write naming dealer.

Geo. A. Hormel & Co.
Austin, Minn.

Flavor Sealed
HORMEL
HAM

* Flavor-Sealed Good Food Products also include: Whole Milk Fed Chicken; Spiced Ham; Luncheon Meat; Pork Tongue and Pigs Feet. Cooked and sealed in vacuum they are always available to you—fresh—flavorful—tender—ready to serve.

October 1929 Good Housekeeping

The Metals in Our Foods

debate still goes on, however, stimulated by the increasing use of aluminum cooking vessels.

I have recently gone over in detail both the researches prior to the Royal Baking-Powder hearing before the Federal Trade Commission in 1916 and new studies made since. Among this new material I find work by Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University which purports to show that a daily intake of aluminum not exceeding 600 parts per million of the day's diet is handled by test animals without any sign of bodily injury. I find, on the other hand, that Schaefer of France reports claims of definite injury to animals with aluminum administered as a baking-powder. His amounts, however, were definitely larger than those McCollum used. Scwartze of the Mellon Institute tells me that when a soluble aluminum salt, prepared by him, was used, animals ate a certain amount without visible injury. Larger amounts produced damage.

Aluminum and Baking Powder

Victor Meyers and his co-workers at Western Reserve University have studied intensively, with a new technique, the distribution of aluminum in animal tissues and blood, and the effect of variation in amounts swallowed. Their work seems to show that rats fed natural foodstuffs with no baking-powder addition always show some aluminum in blood and tissues, and assays of common foods practically always show aluminum to be present in such natural foods. When their rats received increased dosage of aluminum, however, the tissues did not show a corresponding increase in stored aluminum. Apparently the excess fed is excreted to a large degree. Failure to store aluminum is, of course, not proof of harmlessness; but in one series of tests the diet of rats was actually supplemented with two milligrams of aluminum per day, and these rats ran through four generations with no signs of ill effects. These two milligrams in a rat's diet represent a higher percentage than would 150 milligrams in our diet. The latter amount the Remsen Board found without harmful effect in its 1914 studies.

But do these new studies clear up the matter? They strongly support the view that in the case of aluminum, as with copper and iron and lime and perhaps a wide range of other metals, there is a minimum amount that you and I actually need, a certain amount we can swallow with impunity because our machinery knows how to get rid of excess over need, but that there is also an amount that our defense mechanisms are powerless to reduce below the injury effect. Have we today data that permit a clean-cut formulation of these limits?

When McCollum says that alum baking-products would have to approach 25 percent of my entire diet to carry me over 600 parts per million, my personal reaction will be that in my use of baking-powders in my own home I would never exceed this quantity and hence I may be indifferent to the kind my cook buys. On the other hand, when I am shown that practically all foods contain some aluminum I can not ignore the possibility that the selection I made of my baking-powder might be a determining factor in pushing me over my safe limit.

The Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health will continue to exercise vigilance in the interests of dietary health, to watch new discoveries, and to bar from our advertising pages products that can be shown to be definitely harmful or worthless. We believe, however, that it is quite as criminal to condemn products against which evidence of harm is lacking as to fail to take such action when proof is at hand. In such cases we prefer to present, as here, some of the reasons why we suspend judgment. In the case of metals we have only the beginnings of the study of their effect on health. Truth is in the making. Like good war correspondents, until the issue is clear we can only report engagements, but we are at least on the firing line and watchful.

Winter Modes in Patterns

(*Continued from page 78*)

peplum of an oyster-white moiré dress with scarlet moiré. Scarlet crêpe de Chine slippers should be worn with it.

The evening wrap of velvet, collared and cuffed with fur, is cut with raglan sleeves.

The costume slip shown at the right of the group at the bottom of the page is simple to make. It is cut like a bib-apron in front and has no back above the waist. The darts on the hips at the back, and the groups of tiny inverted tucks, insure an excellent fit.

The third pattern at the top of the page is for a formal afternoon dress. The blouse is gathered to a fitted, asymmetrical hip-yoke. The slightly circular skirt falls from this yoke in graceful folds, but is not gathered to it. For those who prefer it, a slightly diagonal V-shaped neckline is included in the pattern, as illustrated at the right of page 78.

No one can have too many becoming blouses to wear with the suits which are so smart this fall. The one at the left of the page is new.

Fashions

(*Continued from page 65*)

of hand sewing lend charm without bulk to the still slender figure, for in spite of this mass of detail, the smart dress will accent the figure.

These points of the Paris autumn openings have been given you one by one. They will guide you in what you will want for your autumn and winter wardrobe. When you buy that smart, new, tailored street frock for early autumn wear, look for one that has a lovely white collar, and choose wool crêpe or jersey or a light-weight tweed for the fabric, one of the new, rough fabrics, and as we said, the new colors are green, brown, blue, and dark red. For your every-day town or country ensemble, select one in tweed—perhaps a combination of brown and white and red, or blue and white and black, the coat to be fur-trimmed with nutria or beaver, or it need have no fur at all. For the more formal ensemble, the newest coats are three-quarter length, straight to the hem, where the frock or skirt underneath them juts out into some kind of discreet flare or circular cut. With these formal, dressmaker suits, the lovely new blouses are worn. They are not tailored, rather they are soft; some are long like tunics, while still others tuck in, in a more youthful fashion. These formal suits are made of velours materials, in brown, black, dark greens, reds, or in blue effects, the blouses often contrasting.

The Art of Creating an Atmosphere

(*Continued from page 53*)

light-colored, and little if any woodwork is shown around window and door openings. Ceilings are high.

In the French houses, plain plaster or paneled walls painted soft gray or putty-color prevail as background. Sometimes the woodwork of walnut is left in the natural color.

For each type there is a different style of background, which, though it may be varied, must have some of the characteristics of the type to which it belongs to obtain a distinctive effect. If the walls, woodwork, and floor, which are the background, are not right no amount of beautiful furniture will overcome the defect.

To make a room livable, it must have in it the things that pertain to the life which you lead and which we all more or less lead.

In choosing furniture, it is of first importance that it should be of a size—or scale—that suits the room. This is more important even than that it be of one period, for today some of the most charming rooms show English, French, and even Italian pieces which go happily together because they are in scale. Frequently they are the work or design of the same century in different countries. The Gothic period had a distinctive character all over the world, although its forms were different. Therefore a Gothic English oak table may be used with a Gothic solid wood Italian table. In feeling and scale they suit each other. The same principle is true of the 18th-century, with its delicate furniture and fine veneers.

Study periods. Know them if only to discard them. No matter how simple the house or the room you want to furnish, know the best, and then furnish a room with the things you like.

Unconsciously you will express yourself to some extent. If you like formality, your rooms will show it. If you love color, you will use it, even if restrained in a formal room. If, on the other hand, you like quaint, gay rooms full of interesting small things, you will soon collect them. It is not so much a matter of money as of taste—desire—personality.

This month the two rooms shown, which were built by the Studio, have a different character—an informal, gay Colonial bedroom, and a rather formal pine-paneled living-room. The five principles of type, background, color, scale, and individuality were applied to each.

The living-room illustrated is formal in type. Pine-paneling, showing an 18th-century formal English feeling forms the background. It could have been paneled informally, had a low ceiling, and a quaint, irregular effect would have been gained. But that was not the atmosphere wanted for the office of the Director of the Studio. The wood, which is modern pine, has been given a soft tone (which will be the subject of a separate article later) and waxed. Fortunately we were rewarded for a great deal of work, thought, and experiment in that its color really looks like old pine, though it is a trifle more opaque.

Although the paneling is English, the furniture is a mixture of French and English of the same century—the 18th. The scale is right. A French chair, upholstered in striped velvet, on one side of the fireplace is balanced on the other by a modern overstuffed chair enlivened by a gay slip-cover with a bluish-green background. This chintz is repeated at the windows in the overdraperies. An English sporting print, crystal chandelier and sidelights with the French touch, a leather-covered French table desk, a commode of walnut, a drum table of inlaid mahogany are the other essential pieces which make a comfortable, restful room.

The parquet floor is of oak stained a walnut tone and waxed, while over it is a velours rug of dark taupe. The color, though far from somber, is restful. The small things—a pair of green soapstone elephants as bookends, vases, lamps, paper-weights, and ever and always plants and flowers to make it alive—give to this room the last of our five principles of decorating—individuality.

Cooperating with the Studio are the following firms: Furniture, The Cassard Romano Company, Inc. The paneled walls of clear and knotty pine, Arkansas Soft Pine Bureau; specially stained and waxed by The Studio. The specially prepared parquet hardwood floor, laid, stained, and waxed by Cellized Oak Flooring, Incorporated

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Shirts and Bands for Babies

Early Paneling and Wallpaper in America

(*Continued from page 57*)

characteristic paneling across the fireplace end of the room and walls papered above the dado. Two rooms of the post-Revolutionary period, distinguished by the use of landscape papers and by a new and more refined architectural treatment of the room, will follow in an article next month.

Let us turn first to the paneled room above, the oldest of the four mentioned. It dates from 1730 and was formerly in the Orne House at Marblehead, Massachusetts. The appeal of the room is largely due to the use of a few simple, well-rounded moldings advantageously placed, and to well-proportioned paneling. The room was conceived by the builder as a unit, no single detail attracting attention out of proportion to its importance. The wall is painted a soft *café-au-lait* color, believed to be the original tone and uncovered by Museum workmen who removed successive coats of paint to the original size. The fireplace is surrounded by a simple bolection molding with fluted pilasters flanking it on each side. There are arched doorways at the ends of the wall with doors delightfully paneled, one opening into an adjoining room, the other concealing a charming, shell-top cupboard painted blue inside. The supporting beams are cased and appear as an overhanging cornice, while a simple paneled dado surrounds the lower part of the room. The walls above the dado are paneled and broken by windows, doors, and window-seats. The wide floor boards are painted a dull greenish-gray, and on them is laid a sixteenth-century Ispahan rug.

Just here it may be interesting to note again that rugs, when used at all, were of the Oriental type, hooked rugs coming much later and being an inferior product found only in the country or in farmhouses. Most of the furniture in the Marblehead room is of walnut in the Queen Anne style with characteristic cabriole leg. The carving is in low relief and almost modeled in its feeling, while the curves of the furniture have a definite spring about them. This modeled quality of the carving and the spring of the curves are helpful to me in distinguishing the work of the early cabinetmakers from that of their later imitators. The furniture in this room, sufficiently varied to have made a most exacting person comfortable, includes sewing tables, tea tables, side chairs, arm chairs, a desk, fire screen, a tall clock of English manufacture such as might have been imported for many American homes in 1730, a large gilded mirror, and smaller pieces in brass, bell-metal, Chinese porcelain, and Delft ware. In the shell cupboard beside the fireplace are typical pieces of Worcester, Leeds, and Staffordshire ware decorated in soft brick colors which contrast attractively with the blue background.

Probably the earliest American rooms hung with wallpaper were treated much as is the Museum's room from the Jaffrey House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on page 56. Three walls above the dado are covered with a paper of Chinois design, while the fourth, or fireplace wall, is entirely paneled as in the Marblehead room. Except for the somewhat more ornate carving and a definite refinement of the round molding seen in the Marblehead room, the architectural arrangement of the two rooms is essentially the same. The difference lies in details, the Marblehead room representing the interpretation of the Renaissance motives by American builders in the first quarter of the century, while the Portsmouth room is characteristic of the second and third quarters.

The Chinese influence, entirely absent from the first room, is seen here in the crimson brocade hangings of Chinese design, in the coverings of the cushions for the window-seats, and in the American embroidery hanging above the fireplace. The wallpaper was printed in Paris after a design based on Chinese textiles, which together with various Chinese products were in great vogue in Europe and America. The paper was printed from wood blocks in rectangles measuring about sixteen by nineteen inches and was sold in quires of 25 sheets or reams of 500 sheets. While this is not the original paper of the Jaffrey House, it is of the same period and almost similar in design.

Paper was sold by American booksellers at the time this room was built, but it is probable that Mr. George Jaffrey sent his order to the Faubourg St. Antoine district in Paris, the center of the French wallpaper industry, giving the size of this room and requesting that "a fit wallpaper for a gentleman's house" be sent.

The furniture in the Jaffrey room is of walnut and mahogany in an advanced Queen Anne style. The broad, comfortable chairs and somewhat ornately carved tables are soon to be followed by elaborate designs of Chippendale, and the work of his successors who made lavish use of curves and rococo ornament. The various wing chairs, side chairs, curved front desk, piecrust table and handsome steepletop andirons stand poised midway between the simple pieces in the early Queen Anne style seen in the Marblehead room and furniture to come within the next forty years. The fireplace is faced with old Dutch tiles, decorated with Biblical subjects.

Because of political unrest and a growing resentment against English imports, American interiors showed few decisive changes until the end of the century. It was not until publications by the Adam Brothers, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite found their way to this country that a new style was developed. The new ideas of these apostles of another phase of classical art were warmly received. In the hands of Samuel McIntire, Bulfinch, and other able builders the new style was readily adapted to American needs, and there developed on native soil one of the most distinguished eras of building and cabinet-making that has been enjoyed in this country. The solid, comfortable furniture of the eighteenth century gave way to slender, graceful chairs, tables, sofas, desks, and the newly developed sideboard built along straight lines. Under the influence of Sheraton and Hepplewhite, the rococo carving and curved lines of furniture gave way to the fluted and reeded decoration, and to the use of inlays and veneers.

Autumn's New Fabrics

(*Continued from page 77*)

Security samples. The Stehli printed silk also suggests a knitted weave in its design. The figures on page 77 show three of the season's most important evening fabrics. First, Mallinson's panne velvet, adaptable to evening wraps or dresses; second, Cheney's all-silk, satin-back moiré faille which is outstandingly smart, and third, Haas' metal embroidered overprinted chiffon, also shown in an enlarged sample in the circle at right on page 77. Moiré may be supple or crisp, and the Bemberg Renaissance sample in one of the new fibers and silk is the stiffer variety, as is the Celanese moiré in a warp-printed effect. That metal brocades are returning to favor, but in supple, overprinted effects, is proved by the Cheney sample, second in circle on page 77. Rayon satin Splendor has also its place in the evening mode.

Mallinson's printed crêpe Ibis, in circle on page 77 shows one of the crêpe weaves so smart for tailored dresses. Corticelli's printed Amora velvet will be worn for afternoon, as will the Darbrook prints. Haas' Crêpe Morro bespeaks the winter's vogue for silks in dull crêpey weaves.